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BURNET ROSE. Rosa spinosissima.

B

WEEDS AND WILD FLOWERS:

THEIR

USES, LEGENDS, AND LITERATURE.

BY

LADY WILKINSON.

ILLUSTRATED BY TWELVE COLOURED ENGRAVINGS, AND TWENTY-SIX WOODCUTS.

LONDON:

JOHN VAN VOORST, 1, PATERNOSTER ROW,

MDCCCLVIII.

LONDON:
H. W. HUTCHINGS, PRINTER,
63, SNOW HILL.

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*** I am indebted to Mrs. Berrington, of Woodland Castle, for the coloured illustrations. The woodcuts are taken from the "Dictionaire Élémentaire de Botanique," of M. Emile Le Maout.

ERRATA.

Page 5,	line 8,	for	Kamschatka,	read	Kamschatska.
„ 15,	heading,	„	*Spanish*, Jinestra,	„	Ginesta.
„ 15,	„	„	*Portuguese*, Giesta,	„	Ginesta.
„ 41,	„	„	*Spanish*, Coda de mula,	„	Cola de mula.
„ 42,	line 4,	„	Hylæosauri,	„	Hylosauri.
„ 63,	heading,	„	Maseliebchen,	„	Massliebe.
„ 63,	„	„	Syngenesia superflua,	„	Syngenesia polygamia superflua.
„ 70,	line 18,	for	Maseliebchen,	„	Massliebe.
„ 258,	heading,	„	Cressulaceæ,	„	Crassulaceæ.

A PREFACE OF MOTTOES.

* * "S'ADOPRA in sua salute,
Il qual de l'herbe, e de le nobil' acque
Ben conosceva ogni uso, ogni virtute."
"*Ger. Lib.*" c. xi, s. 70.

* * "In every plant
There lives a spirit, more or less akin
Unto the spirit of humanity.
Some heal diseases dire; others wake
Strange whimsies in the busy brain of man."
From the German of LUDWIG TIECK.

"And God sent flowers to beautify
The earth, and cheer man's careful mood;
And he is happiest who hath power
To gather wisdom from a flower,
And wake his heart in every hour,
To pleasant gratitude."
MARY HOWITT.

* "By the breath of flowers
Thou callest us from city throngs and cares,
Back to the woods, the birds, the mountain streams,
That sing of Thee—back to free childhood's heart,
Fresh with the dews of tenderness."
MRS. HEMANS.

"Where does the wisdom, and the power divine
In a more bright and sweet reflection shine,
Where do we finer strokes and colours see
Of the Creator's real poetry,

Than when we with attention look
Upon the third day of the book?
If we could open and intend our eye,
We all, like Moses, should espy
Ev'n in a bush, the radiant Deity!
But we despise these, His inferior ways,
Tho' no less full of miracle and praise,
Upon the stars of Heaven we gaze,
The stars of earth no wonder in us raise."

COWLEY.

"Oh! to what uses shall we put
The wild-weed flower that simply blows?
And is there any moral shut
Within the bosom of a rose?
But any man that walks the mead,
In bud, or blade, or bloom, may find,
According as his humours lead,
A meaning suited to his mind."

TENNYSON.

"Small service, is true service, while it lasts—
Of humblest friends, bright creature, scorn not one.
The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dew-drop from the sun."

WORDSWORTH.

"There is religion in a flower,
The still small voice is as the voice of conscience:
Mountains and oceans, planets, suns, and systems,
Bear not the impress of Almighty power,
In characters more legible, than those
Which he hath written on the tiniest flower,
Whose light bells bend beneath the dew-drop's weight."

BELL.

"To me, the meanest flower that blows, can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

WORDSWORTH.

"Blame me not laborious band,
For the idle flowers I brought;
Every aster in my hand
Comes back laden with a thought."

EMERSON.

"I read the word of God in the flowers, in the little verdant plants."—FREDERIKA BREMER IN "*Nina*."

"An eternal book
Whence I may copy many a lovely saying
About the leaves and flowers."

KEATS.

"And he who perpetually reads good books, if his parts be answerable, will have a huge stock of knowledge."—BP. TAYLOR.

"How delightful it is in early spring, after the dull and tedious time of winter, when the frost disappears, and the sunshine warms the earth and waters, to wander forth by some clear stream, to see the leaf bursting from the purple bud, to scent the odours of the bank perfumed with the violet, and enamelled, as it were, with the primrose, and the daisy.—SIR H. DAVEY.

"Pleasant it is to note all plants from the rush to the spreading cedar,
From the giant King of Palms, to the lichen that staineth its stem."

TUPPER.

"Perchance 'tis very childishness that weaves
Fancies with flowers, and borrows from their hues
A colour for my thoughts—but if it be,
It is a weakness that will win a smile,
Nor tempt a frown from sage philosophy.
Or if he frown, in sooth, he's not the sage
Men take him for—I would not give the love

My heart can feel for these frail harmless things
Of green and gold, to be enshrined in all
The dusty grandeur of his worm-ate lore."

BELL.

"Nothing which gives us a happy hour can be insignificant."
—DR. GEORGE JOHNSTON.

"And if some things are set down which many may think trivial, let it be considered that the smallest incidents are often as useful to be known, tho' not as diverting, as the greater, and profit must always share with entertainment."
—ROGER NORTH.

"If our virtues did not go forth of us, 'twere all one
As if we had them not."

SHAKESPEARE.

"What if each little rain should say,
So small a thing as I
Can ne'er refresh the thirsty plain,
I'll tarry in the sky?

What if each shining beam of noon
Should in its fountain stay,
Because its feeble light alone
Cannot create a day?

Doth not each rain-drop help to form
The cool refreshing shower?
And every ray of light to warm
And beautify some flower?"

ANON.

* * "The one supreme,
The all-sustaining, ever-present, God,
Who clothed the soul with immortality,
Gave also these delights, to cheer on earth
The fleeting passage: therefore let us greet
Each wandering flower-scent as a boon from Heaven."

MRS. HEMANS.

"Doubtless they are the admirable work of the most Omnipotent God, who hath sent as many kinds of medicines as of maladies, that as by the one we may see our own wretchednesse, so by the other, we might magnifie his goodnesse towards man, on whom he hath bestowed fruit for meat, and leaves for medicine."—GWILLIM'S "DISPLAY OF HERALDRY."

"With holy awe I cull the opening flower,
The hand of God hath made it, and where'er
The flow'ret blooms, there God is present also."
LADY FLORA HASTINGS.

"Oh attend
Whoe'er thou art, whom these delights can touch,
Whose candid bosom, the refining love
Of nature warms; oh! listen to my song;
And I will guide thee to her favourite walks,
And teach thy solitude her voice to hear,
And point her loveliest features to thy view."

"Herbs, woods, and springs, the power that in you lies
If man could know your properties!"
FLETCHER.

"An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds."
"*Midsummer Night's Dream.*"

"Blessed be God for flowers!
For the bright, gentle, holy, thoughts that breathe
From out their odorous beauty, like a wreath
Of sunshine in life's hours."

"Of these most helpfulle hearbes, yet tell we but a few,
To those unnumbered sorts of simples here that grew,
Which justly to set down, euen Dodon short doth fall,
Nor skillfulle Gerarde yet, shall euer find them all."
DRAYTON.

"Of simples in these groves that grow
We'll learn the perfect skill;
The nature of each herb to know,
Which cures—and which can kill."

DRAYTON.

"The power of herbes, both which can hurt and ease,
And which be wont to encage the restlesse sleepe."

SPENSER.

"Blumen, ach Blumen, die heilen jeder Schmerz,
Drum drückt man ein Kind gern an das wunde Herz."

"How behovefull the knowledge of the vertues and operations of trees, plants, herbs, and other vegetables are for the extolling and manifesting the omnipotency, wisdom, mercy, loving-favour, and fatherly providence of our most gracious God toward sinfull man, is, in that He hath created for the behoof and use of man, as well touching his necessary food, and rayment, as for recreation and delight; we may evidently perceive by Solomon's industrious investigation of the virtues and operations of all sorts of vegetables for (besides other his admirable qualities wherewith he was richly endued) he had surpassing knowledge in the virtues, operations, and qualities of herbes and other vegetables, in so much as he was able to reason, discourse, and dispute, not onely of beasts, fowles, and creeping things, and fishes, but of trees, alsoe plants, from the Cedar in Lebanon, to the Hyssope that springeth out of the wall."—GWILLIM.

"We will now enquire of plants, or vegetables; and we shall doe it with diligence. They are the principall part of the third daies worke * * * They are of excellent generall use; for food, medicine, and a number of mechanicall arts."—BACON, "*Sylva Sylvarum.*"

"Serving no haughty muse my hands have here
Disposed some cultured flowrets (drawn from spots
Where they bloomed singly, or in scattered knots.)"

WORDSWORTH.

"No more telle I zow yane I fynde."

"*Stockholm Med. MS.*"

WILD FLOWERS.

COMMON NETTLE.

Urtīca dioīca.

Welsh, Danadlen.—*French*, Ortie.—*German*, Brennessel.—*Dutch*, Brandenetel.—*Italian*, Ortica.—*Spanish and Portuguese*, Ortiga.—*Polish*, Pokrzywa.

LINNÆAN.	NATURAL.
Monœcia tetrandria.	*Urticeæ.*

THE least ornamental objects are certainly not always the most useless, nor the least interesting; an observation which especially applies to the nettle. Growing in waste and neglected places, boasting no beauty to attract the eye, no pleasant fragrance to delight the sense, shunned and dreaded on account of its painful sting: it is yet, when more closely considered, not only a plant of the greatest utility, but one which most amply repays microscopic examination by the surpassing beauty of its structure, while it acquires additional interest from the circumstance of its belonging to one of the noblest and most highly prized families of the vegetable kingdom.

It is of that family which, under the general name of *Urticeæ*, contains the precious bread-fruit (*Artocārpus*), the mulberry—the hop—the hemp—the fig tribe, with its many caoutchouc-producing members —the fustic of the dyer—the far-famed poison-tree, or upas, of Java—the stately banyan, with its thousand-rooting branchlets ; and innumerable other individual species, each celebrated for some powerful, and most frequently some valuable, product or peculiarity.

We must, however, relinquish the contemplation of these glorious vegetable wonders, to consider a few of the practical uses to which the more humble plant, which is their representative in the British Isles, has been applied.

From an early period it has been largely employed in rustic medicine ; having been administered in scurvy, gout, jaundice, nephritis, and various other complaints ; especially in such as were attended by hæmorrhage. In fact, a modern authority, Dr. Thornton, found the practice of placing a portion of lint steeped in nettle-juice, in the nostril, as prescribed by Gerarde, to be effectual where all his other remedies had failed.* This physician also states that thirteen or fourteen nettle-seeds ground to powder, and taken daily, will, without in any way deranging the general health, effect a cure in that most distressing disease, the goître. The burning irritation produced by the nettle-sting, has been found useful in paralysis, and other cases of local

* A nettle-leaf placed on the tongue, and pressed against the palate is said to have a similar effect.

torpor; while "nettle-tea" forms, at the present day, one of the most esteemed of those cooling spring medicines which our peasantry hold in such high repute. At the same season of the year, the young shoots, when boiled, are eaten with meat in some parts of this country, and, I believe, more generally on the Continent; they are wholesome and anti-scorbutic, and are said to resemble asparagus in flavour, though I will not pretend that I could ever discover the similarity. It will be remembered that during the last famine in Ireland, hundreds of the poorer people were for days—nay, perhaps for weeks—without any other sustenance. Loudon speaks of the nettle as a most delicate pot-herb, even when unforced, and recommends it as one of the best and most rapid plants for early forcing with which he is acquainted. Who does not remember the exclamation of Andrew Fairservice, in "Rob Roy:" "Nae doubt I suld understand my ain trade o' horticulture, seeing I was bred in the parish o' Dreep-daily, near Glasco, where they raise lang kail under glass, and force the early nettles for their spring kail!"

"Gin ye be for lang kail,"

Says the old Scotch song,—

"Cow (pluck) the nettle, cow the nettle early;
Gin ye be for lang kail,
Cow the nettle early.

Cow it laigh, cow it sune,
Cow it in the month of June,
Just when it is in the blume,
Cow the nettle early.

The auld wife with ae tuith,
Cow the nettle, cow the nettle,
The auld wife with ae tuith,
Cow the nettle early."

And doubtless the almost toothless "auld wife" would find the pottage so produced a very comfortable and appropriate food.

The poet Campbell in his "Letters from the South," writes, "last of all my eyes luxuriated in looking on a large bed of nettles. Oh, wretched taste! Your English prejudice perhaps, will exclaim; 'is not the nettle a weed, if possible, more vile than even your Scottish thistle?' But be not *nettled*, my friend, at my praise of this useful weed. In Scotland I have eaten nettles; I have slept in nettle-sheets, and I have dined off a nettle-table-cloth. The young and tender nettle is an excellent pot-herb. The stalks of the old nettle are as good as flax for making cloth. I have heard my mother say, that she thought nettle-cloth more durable than any other species of linen."* The writer was not, however, aware that in the county of Shropshire a similar use is made of the plant, as is also the case in Ireland; the stalks being dressed

* Vol. ii., p. 150.

Since transcribing the above I have extracted the following note from the "Dundee Advertiser:"—"I enclose a small piece of cloth, a bit of the flag of the Tailor Incorporation, Arbroath, made in 1670, as recorded in the minute-book of the craft, from the common nettle. The cloth, you will notice, is very fragile—a mere rag, in fact—but this may be accounted for by age and exposure to the weather, when the worthy craft celebrated gala days by processions, &c."

for the purpose in the same manner as those of flax and hemp, to the last of which, as before stated, the nettle is allied. The French make a peculiar and excellent paper from these fibres. In America, where the nettle is one of the weeds which so singularly and so constantly follow the "footsteps of the whites," it is manufactured into linen; as it is in Siberia, also. The natives of Kamschatka use it to form their fishing lines; and in Hindûstan the delicate and far-famed "grass-cloth" (*Chū Mā*), is woven from the fibres of an indigenous nettle; while the old German name for muslin, *nesseltuch* (nettle-cloth), shews, as Schleiden observes, how general must formerly have been the use of this substance. This name recalls to us the tale of Hans Christian Andersen, of the loving sister, who trod out, with her naked and tender feet, the stinging nettle-plants, in order to prepare the fibres with which to spin the web, that alone could restore to their human forms, the brothers who had been metamorphosed by the spells of witchcraft. It raises recollections of the old legend of the Rhine Castle of Eberstein, and of the hard-hearted castellan, who refused to let his little maiden marry until she had spun her own wedding-shirt, and his winding-sheet, from the nettles which grew on her father's grave, though he would never allow her time to weed or adorn it; of how her heart was almost broken—so the story goes—as she brooded over her, apparently, interminable woes; until a good, little, old woman —the ancestress, it is to be supposed, of all the thrifty spinners and knitters of modern Germany—

heard her tale and undertook the task, producing from the substance which had been hitherto believed to be so useless, two pieces of linen of extraordinary fineness. So the ill-natured castellan was called upon to redeem the promise which he had made on the conditions thus performed; while, with that literal fulfilment of the requirements of justice which is peculiar to the realm of the imagination, the same hour in which the bells rang out merrily, in the bright, clear air, for the maiden's bridal, was also that in which they sounded their solemn wail for the hard-hearted founder of the now ruinous Eberstein.

It is really to be regretted that the fibres of the nettle are not more extensively used in our own country, as the plant thrives everywhere, and may be grown in places which can be rendered subservient to few other purposes. Though, in order to produce a truly fine crop rich land is indispensable.

An excellent rennet is procured from the nettle, a saturated solution of salt being made with a decoction of the plant, which is then bottled for use. A spoonful of this liquid will coagulate a large bowl of milk without imparting to it any disagreeable flavour, a desideratum not always attainable with the ordinary rennet. The expressed juice also imparts a beautiful and permanent green dye to wool, while the roots, boiled with alum, yield a good yellow. Both these dyes are constantly employed by the Welsh peasant-weavers. And the modern Greeks use the

last to stain the eggs which they present as offerings at the Easter festival.

Many animals will not eat this plant when in a growing state; but, when partially, or wholly dried, it forms a most valuable fodder in the scarce time of early spring. It is more especially adapted for cows, as it increases the quantity, and improves the quality of their milk; and a pint of milk is, in rustic districts, an equivalent for the permission to cut nettles for each day's feed for a cow, in the months of April and May. That is, those who have cows give this quantity to their neighbours for permission to cut the nettles in their hedge-rows, rick-yards, &c. In Russia, Sweden, and Holland, it is largely cultivated for this purpose, and is mown five or six times in the year. In the north of England it is boiled as food for pigs; and every thrifty farmer's wife knows how eagerly, and with how good a result, the chopped leaves are devoured by poultry. Indeed, they are almost an essential article of diet to young turkeys, although their *sting* is usually fatal to the tender little creatures, who, if not regularly supplied with them in their food, seem, as if by an instinctive want, to wander off to the nettle-beds, where they perish miserably.

The great amount of heat evolved by the nettle during the process of fermentation makes it one of the best substances for the formation of "hot-beds," for which purpose it is much prized by market-gardeners.

The English name of nettle is derived from the Saxon, or Anglo-Saxon *Noedl*, or *Nœdle*, a needle;

and the botanical appellation, *Urtīca*, from *urendo*, "burning;" on account of its stinging or burning quality, because, as Gerarde says, "it stings with his hurteful downe;" nor

> "Without desert his name he seems to git
> As that whiche quicklie burns the fingers touching it!"

One of those curious examples of armorial bearings taking their rise in a play on the name of their bearers, which are of frequent occurrence amongst the older heralds, is instanced by Gwillim,* in the case of the Devonshire family of *Malherbe*, now, I believe, extinct, who bore three nettle-leaves proper.

Three, or according to the "Edinburgh Catalogue," four, species of nettle are considered indigenous to Britain; though the largest, and most acrimonious of them, the Roman nettle (*U. pilulīfera*), has apparently been imported. It is very rare in this island, and is said by the older botanists to have been *purposely* introduced by the Romans. Ray, however, terms this an improbable legend; nor is it proved to be true by these two facts: namely, that Julius Cæsar landed at, or near, Romney—or as it was originally called, *Romania*—and that this nettle formerly abounded in the streets of that town, from which, however, it is now extirpated, though it still flourishes in the immediate neighbourhood, near Lyd or Lidd Church. Camden says that the Roman soldiers, "brought some nettle seed with them, and sowed it there for their use, to rub and chafe their limbs; being told, before they came from

* Display of Heraldie.

home, that the climate of Britain was so cold that it was not to be endured without some friction to warm their blood." The principal argument against the tradition appears to be, that even the hardy Romans would scarcely regard the stinging of nettles as a pleasurable warmth. But in urging this, we forget that the seeds were probably brought over, not for the sake of mere comfort, but as a remedy in extreme cases of paralysis and insensibility from cold; and also, that though the sting is most virulent when so lightly touched as to permit the finely-pointed but yielding hairs to make an orifice through which to pour their poison into the system, yet, that when firmly pressed, their power of penetrating the skin is lost, and the acrid juice is harmless; merely imparting, when employed in friction, a gentle sensation of warmth. Or, to speak in the truthful words of Withering; "Would you touch a nettle without being injured by it? Take hold of it stoutly. Do the same by other annoyances, and hardly anything will disturb you; grapple with difficulties, and you overcome them." We have, moreover, positive information that the nettle has been used as a counter-irritant, as well as a stimulant in paralysis; and Cardan recommends brushing with nettles to "let out melancholy;" respecting which prescription Lord Bacon says, "We have no good opinion of it, lest thro' the venomous quality of the nettle it may, with often use, breed diseases of the skin." A more reasonable objection than that already stated, appears to us to be the account which Cæsar himself gives of the

climate of this country; but again it may be justly replied that, as Camden says, they were "told before" they sailed from sunny Italy that they should suffer from severe cold, and accordingly they provided for an emergency which they were afterwards fortunate enough to escape. The question is one, which, of course, can never be satisfactorily settled, neither is it of importance; yet it should be remembered that there exists a singular, yet constantly acting, dispersional law, by which, as has been already hinted, certain plants seem spontaneously to follow man from their native spots, to such distant lands as he may make his home. Thus the thorn-apple (*Datūra Stramōnium*) has tracked the gypsies out of Asia into all parts of Europe. The middle-age incursions of those wild hordes which advanced from Asia into Central Europe, were marked by the more permanent migration of the Tartar kale (*Crāmbe tartārica*). The keenly observant North American Indian, terms our common road-weed (*Plantāgo major*) "the footstep of the white," so distinctively does it mark his path in the new world. I might adduce numberless instances of a similar nature, but it is sufficient here to remark that the plants most certainly following the European, are the nettle and the goosefoot (*Chenopōdium*).* May we not therefore reasonably allow that the nettle in question might possibly migrate to Britain with the Romans, even though we reject the traditional record of the *motive* for its introduction?

* See Schleiden "The Plant."

The remaining British species are the great, or common nettle (*U. dioīca*), which is too well known to need a description, and the small nettle (*U. ūrens*), which is almost as frequent, and which may be distinguished, not only by its diminutive growth, but also by the greater simplicity of the flower racemes; which in the common nettle are much branched; and, lastly, by the firmer and less flaccid appearance of its whole texture. The sting is much more severe than that of the common nettle; but I scarcely suppose the reader to be so zealous in his botanical pursuits as to attempt to identify either plant by this test. I simply mention the fact; concluding that he will, probably, take it on trust, and shall, therefore, merely append the very characteristic remark on nettles made by that quaint old herbalist, Culpepper, who assures us that it is their peculiarity, that they "may be *found by feeling on the darkest night.*"

The fourth species, which is given as British by the "Edinburgh Catalogue," is the *U. Dodartīi*, or Dodart's nettle, which is a native of the south of Europe.

Before quitting the subject of the nettle-sting, I cannot avoid mentioning that, in common with many other evils, it has a remedy within itself. Its own juice instantly allays the irritation. And we rarely see a bed of nettles growing without some neighbouring dock-plants (*Rūmex*), which, as every little child knows, are a speedy antidote to the poison, as is recorded in the old charm with which peasant children accompany

its application; and, as they believe, increase its virtues:—

"Nettle in, dock out,
Dock in, nettle out,
Nettle in, dock out,
Dock rub nettle out:"

or, as the children in Wiltshire word it,

"Out 'ettle,
In dock;
Dock shall ha' a new smock,
Ettle shant
Ha' narrun:"

—a familiar charm; the antiquity of which is shewn by its employment in old English writings to express instability of action; thus, Chaucer says:—

"But canst thou playen racket to and fro,
Nettle in, dock out, now this, now that, Pindare?"
Troilus and Creside.

And again,

"I have not plaid raket, nettle in, dock out
And with the weather-cocke waned."
Testament of Love.

Bishop Andrews, also, in his sermon "Of the Resurrection," says, "Off and on, fast or loose, in docke out nettle, and in nettle out docke," &c.;* while Middleton, in his "More Dissemblers besides Women," has the passage:—

"Is this my in dock, out nettle?"

The poor nettle has, I fear, been but disrespect-

* See "Notes and Queries;" "Athenæum," &c.

fully treated by poets in all ages, who seem to feel gratified when they have called it by a few hard names, or made a few ungoodly comparisons respecting it; yet, if it boast no great outward beauty of its own, it, at least, gladdens our eyes with the bright and beautiful butterflies and other gorgeous insects to which it affords shelter and nourishment. For entomologists tell us, that in Britain alone, upwards of thirty species of insects are nurtured solely by the nettle-plant. Amongst these are our most beautiful butterflies, namely, the brilliant Red Admiral (*Vanessa Atalanta*); the Peacock butterfly (*V. Io.*); the familiar, but not less attractive, Tortoiseshell butterfly (*V. urticæ*), and the *Nymphalis gemmatus*, which is so pre-eminent for the gorgeously gemmed feathers which adorn its wings.

Shakespeare makes the nettle one of the plants wreathed by the hapless Ophelia into her death-garlands :—

> "Corn-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples.*"

And he records an old superstition while he makes the significant moral reflection :—

> "The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,
> And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best
> Neighboured by fruit of sadder quality."

Such of our readers as may have been in the habit of weeding their own strawberry-beds will, we think, vouch for the accuracy with which this wondrous student of Nature noticed even so mere a

* Orchises.

trifle as the very frequent occurrence of the nettle plant wherever strawberries grow in any quantity.

I have already said that the nettle is an object of exquisite microscopic beauty, alluding more especially to the dense, fine hairs with which it is clothed, and which will most amply repay minute investigation. They are the myriad stings, which in their mechanism closely resemble the poisoned tooth of the serpent. This examination is not one which can be made by proxy, and, therefore, in lieu of describing its objects, I earnestly recommend the student of God's works to make it for himself; assuring him that neither this, nor any other amongst them, can be productive of disappointment to him who investigates them in humility and the love of his Creator. And thus I leave him, deeming that the very nature of his pursuits will be his best preservative from the hapless doom of those whom Waller sings:—

"Some so like thorns and nettles live
That none for them can, when they perish, grieve."

BROOM.

Cȳtisus vel Genīsta.

(*Sarothamnus* of "EDINB. CAT.")

Welsh, Aurfanadl, Melynog-y-waun.—*French*, Genêt.—*German*, Ginster.—*Dutch*, Brem.—*Italian*, Ginestra.—*Spanish* Jinestra.—*Portuguese*, Giesta.—*Danish*, Genista.

LINNÆAN.	NATURAL.
Diadelphia.	*Leguminosæ.*
Decandria.	*Papilionaceæ.*
	Genisteæ.

Oh, the broom, the yellow broom,
The ancient poets sung it,
And still the poets love to lie
The summer hours among it.

NOR is it very wonderful that they should do so; not alone on account of the golden glories of its radiant bloom, but because it grows in spots which are a very paradise to the poet's heart. Shunning the tranquil meadows and fertile corn-lands of better cared-for tracts, it lives away on the breezy hill-side, where no maledictory glance from the eye of the practical agriculturist turns upon its beauties. And there, with the breezes of heaven blowing all around, it bathes in the flooding sunlight, and opens a very sea of blossoms, whose tints seem to have been won from that light itself. There, too, in its taper branchlets the linnets build,

and seem to furnish it with a living voice of joy and gladness, so that ceaseless hymns of thankfulness and praise rise like incense from its groves. And there the "heart of the observant poet" learns in the "summer hours" those lessons, which, with unerring instinct, those creatures to whom reason has not been given

"Have taught so long and well;"

creatures from whom he may learn much, that it is his especial mission, his especial glory to impart—whether in actual song or in the oft-times nobler *poetry* of prose—to the less keenly observant, less quickly sensitive amongst his brother men. What wonder, then, if he seek the broom-lands for his musings; the tracts for which, the flexible and poetic language of Italy furnishes a distinctive word, *i ginestreti?* What wonder if modern poets, too, have sung it? Thus Chaucer says:—

"Amid the broom he basked him in the sun."

Wordsworth points out, that

"The broom
Full-flowered, and visible on every steep,
Along the copses runs in veins of gold."

Thompson sings:—

"Or where Dan Sol, to slope his wheels began,
Amid the broom he basked him on the ground,
Where the wild thyme and camomile are found.'

Cowper tells of

"The broom
Yellow and bright as bullion unalloyed."

Darwin shews where

"Sweet blooms *genista* in the myrtle shades."

Coleridge wanders

"Down
Amid the fragrance of the yellow broom;
While o'er our heads the weeping beech-tree stream'd
Its branches, arching like a fountain shower."

And the northern ballad—sweeter than all in its strong feeling of *home*—declares,

"More pleasant far to me the broom
That blows sae fair on Cowden Knowes,*
For sure so sweet, so soft, a bloom,
Elsewhere there never grows."

Again, the old Welsh bard, Dafydd ap Gwillym, in his *Banadl lwyn*† dwells lovingly on the beauties of the golden copse, in the poem commencing;—

"Y fun well ei llun a'i lliw
Na'r iarlles wn o'r eurlliw;"

here presented to the reader in the English version of Mr. A. Johnes, which will, at least, convey to him an idea of its sentiments.

* Golden Knolls; *Cowden*, being, as Dr. Johnston, of Berwick-on-Tweed, tells us, a corruption of Gowden, or Golden; a derivation which appears more probable, when viewed by the light of the above stanza, than that given by Mr. Robert Chambers, of *Coldeen*, a wooded height; though it is to be remembered that it was formerly spelt Koldenknowys. See "Botany of the Eastern Borders."

† "The broom grove." This poet died about the year 1400.

* * * * *

"Its branches are arrayed in gold
Its boughs the sight in winter greet,
With hues as bright, with leaves as green,
As summer scatters o'er the scene.

* * * * *

Green is that arbour to behold,
And on its withes thick showers of gold!

* * * * *

Oh! flowers of noblest splendour, *these*
Are summer's frostwork on the trees!

* * * * *

A house of passing loveliness,
A fabric of Arabia's gold——
Bright golden tissue, *glorious tent*
Of him who rules the firmament;
With roof, of various colours blent!

An angel, 'mid the woods of May,
Embroidered it with radiance gay—
That gossamer with gold bedight—
Those fires of God—those gems of light!

* * * * *

Like gleam of starlight o'er the skies—
Like golden bullion, glorious prize!
How sweet the flowers that deck that floor,
In one unbroken glory blended."

Nor is the "bonnie broom" less conspicuous in the annals of Heraldry, and consequently in the history of dress; although, under this head it is difficult, indeed impossible, to separate the very distinct, though closely allied, plants, the *Genīsta*—properly so called—or greenweed, and the *Cȳtisus*, or real broom. In fact, either appears to have been indif-

ferently used. Ordinary history tells us that Henry II. of England, wearing the broom—*planta genista*—in his cap, assumed, and transmitted, the now royal surname of Plantagenet. But there is strong evidence to prove that Fulke, Earl of Anjou, the grandfather of Henry, wore the plant as the symbol of humility, in his penitential pilgrimage to the Holy Land; while it is certain that the son of this earl, Geoffry, surnamed Pulcher, or Le Bel; both used the crest, and bore the name, or more properly *soubriquet*, surnames being then unknown.

The broom frequently occurs as an ornament in the wardrobe rolls both of England and France. We read that the queen of Richard II. had a dress of rosemary and broom of Cyprus, in gold and silk on a white ground. And a broom-plant with its open pods despoiled of their seeds, ornaments the robe of her husband, in his tomb in Westminster Abbey. Not a little learning and heraldic research have been expended on this one simple, and well-imagined emblem. Antiquarians have endeavoured to shew that the armorial bearings of this monarch were distinguished from those of others of his family by the absence of the seeds from the pods, which last appear to have been borne from the earliest period of its adoption as a device. But they have overlooked all the beauty of the design. They have not felt, with the designer, the truthful force of the silent record. The ripened seed had fallen from its husk; the germ of immortality was parted from its shell; the body was laid in the dust, and the soul was called into a life eternal, e'er the marble tomb

was raised. The seed of life, the soul of the man, had passed away from the world, and the mask of royalty, the badges of power and pomp, were left behind as earthly heritages to his successors. Rarely indeed does the sculptured shield, or the marble tomb convey its lessons to us with such dignity as in that empty broom-pod!

Too often we discover, on examination, that any lessons we may derive from such, arise from the instinctive promptings of our own hearts, from the spontaneous whispering of the mind, which revolts from its solemn and empty pomp. In the present instance, however, it is the monument itself that speaks. Or rather it is the spirit of the sculptor, which freeing itself from the trammels of "custom," "being dead, yet speaketh." Extinguished torches, mourning angels, and other rude,—and to say the least of them, not very christian-like—emblems of death, we have in abundance on our tombs; emblems, which can neither be pleasing to the survivors, nor suitable to those whom they have lost. But to this kingly, though in some respects barbarous memorial, I would direct the attention of our student sculptors and heralds: if the first would learn the force of truth in design, or the last would see how *moral* dignity may be imparted to the blazoned shield. Few, I think, can have entered, for the first time and with unprejudiced feelings, the solemn precincts of Westminster Abbey, or any other of our cathedrals, without feeling shocked and pained beyond expression by the heathen monuments which, with

but rare exceptions, deface the hallowed walls, and disturb the quietude of feeling otherwise produced by the place. It is well that this sacred fane has, at least, its one truly Christian emblem of the putting off of mortality; so different from the gigantic and muscular-looking angels bearing departed spirits to heaven on petrified clouds resembling feather-beds; while cherubs—*bodiless* in the most material sense of the word — trumpet forth, with inflated cheeks, the "name, and style, and title," of the being who "departs this life." Few, I think, will not have felt how different are the emotions provoked by some such desecration of the memory of the dead, and those evoked by the simple device of the empty, and placidly opened husk, from which the ripened seed has fallen only to rise into a new life:—fit companion for the noblest epitaph in the world; the beautiful *"Emigravit"* of the painter, Albert Dürer.

But I have wandered far beyond my bounds, and must return to the learned and valuable researches of Mr. Gough Nichols,* of which I have already so largely availed myself. At an early period, as he shews, the broom was a very favourite emblem in France. In the year 1234, St. Louis, as he is usually styled, celebrated the coronation of his queen, the fair Margaret of Provence, by creating a new order of knighthood:†—the soldiers of the broom, *Milites genestella*, the collar of which was composed of

* In the "Archæologia."

† According, however, to Guillaume de Nangis, this institution only took place in the year 1267. See *Ibid.*

broom-flowers interwoven with the white lily (as emblematic of humility and purity), and bearing a golden cross, with the motto, "*Exaltat humilis.*"

In the year 1368, Charles V. granted to his chamberlain, Geoffry de Belleville, the right to wear, in all feasts and companies, the insignia of the broom-pod;* this was, evidently, a thing quite distinct from the badge of the *Milites genestella;* and, indeed, at a later period, that of our own Henry IV., we find it described as the livery of the King of France. In the year 1389, Charles VI. gave the same decoration to his kinsmen, the King of Sicily and the Prince of Tarentum, making them, by the gift, knights of the *Star of the Broom-pods;*† so that a certain dignity, not before appertaining to it, was now evidently attached to the insignia. And in the year 1393, we even find him ordering his goldsmith, John Compere, to make for Richard II., of England, and his uncles, the Dukes of Gloucester, York, and Lancaster, collars formed of two twisted stalks interlaced with broom-pods, enamelled in white and green, and thickly set with pearls; with which alternated fifty letters forming "the word James (? jamais), ten times repeated." The value of the whole amounted to upwards of eight hundred and thirty francs. At a later period, however, such jewels became far more costly; one of the three described amongst the crown jewels after the accession of Henry IV., being, "overages de genestes, garnisez de iiii balez, iii saphirs, xxvi perles, poisant

* Collier de la cosse de genista.

† Cosse de geneste.

ii, une, et di'."* Henry VI., in the fourth year of his reign, had a collar made for himself of the letter S, intertwined with broom-pods; and in his wardrobe accounts occur, robes worked "*cum ramis de brome.*"

The motto of *James*, or as it is more usually written, *jamais*,† appears to have been attached to the device of the broom; perhaps, on account of the evergreen nature of its branchlets, which made it symbolical of eternity. Thus, Menestrier mentions having seen a pall, long preserved in the monastery of the Dominicans, at Poissy, and which had covered the coffin of Madame Marie de France, the sister of Charles II., "semé," as heralds term it, with sprays of broom, and with the word *jamais*, in Gothic characters.

The Highland clan, Forbes, are true Plantagenets, so far as their device goes, as the broom is still their distinctive badge.

* "Ancient Kalendars and Inventories of the Treasury of the Exchequer," quoted by Mr. Gough Nichols.

† This is the word usually adopted for the name; but it may, perhaps, be sometimes put for *j'aimais*. The omission of the letter *i* in the word "aimer" would, at least, be a less violation of orthographical rules, than the spelling of *jamais* for *James*. The word *jamais* is well known to have been adopted as a punning watchword by the Jameses of the House of Stuart; but the fact can, in no way, bear on its inscription on a jewel given by a French to an earlier English sovereign. It should, however, be added, that an English family of the name of James, yet bears, I believe, the motto "*j'ayme à jamais.*" Both James and Jacques are singularly unlike Jacobus. The Italians distinguish Giacomo from Giacopo.

The natives of Brittany also have selected it for their emblem, and appear to hold it in high estimation. In their popular songs the lover compares his loved one to "the yellow flower of the broom."

"Evel ar bleun mélen balan."*

While a brother bard, in a popular song of Wales, called, *Y Fwyalchen*, or, *The Blackbird*, makes a somewhat similar comparison:—

"Lliw'r Banadl melyn ei gwallt."

"The colour of the yellow broom is the hair of her head."

And, again, in that which relates the tale of the betrothed Azénor the Pale, we are told that:—

"La petite Azénor était assise,
Auprès de la fontaine,
Vêtue d'une robe de soie jaune,
Au bord de la fontaine,
Toute seule,
Assemblant des fleurs de genêt,
En faire un bouquet, &c." †

In short, the broom plays a conspicuous part in all affairs connected with a Breton marriage, the "intermediary" chosen by the contracting parties—usually the father of the bridegroom—is designated for the

* "Chants populaires de la Bretagne," as collected by the Comte de la Villemarque.

† Zénorik oa tal feunten
Ha gant-hi eur bronz séi mélen;
Ar lez ar feunten, hi eunan
O pak-ad éno bleun balan
Da ober eur boukédik koant," &c.
VILLEMARQUE, op. cit.

time, the *Baz-balan*, or "Broom walking-stick," from the circumstance of his always carrying a stick of this shrub with him when engaged on his mission.

The broom is known to be a most exhaustive crop, so that a hedge of this plant will impoverish the land on each side of it to a most unlooked-for extent; a circumstance that, perhaps, accounts for the fact recorded by Sir T. Dick Lauder, that after the parent-plant has passed away, some years elapse before the seeds shed around it will vegetate; though this *is not the case if the seeds be sown in a new soil.* It is, therefore, a respite afforded by Nature; or, rather, a proof that the soil has been deprived by the old plant of such constituent parts as are essential to the development of the seedling, and which time alone can replace; and it also serves to throw a light on the circumstance, that though we usually see all the symptoms of a poor soil where the broom flourishes, yet there is truth in the popular belief that its occurrence is a proof of fertility, since a plant of so exhaustive a nature could not be supplied by a very barren soil, although, as we have before said, it prefers a light and gravelly one. To this also the old proverb, "There is gold under the broom," must point: for the usually alleged reason—namely, that grass is found beneath its shelter at an earlier season than in the open fields, is very insufficient, and will equally apply to any sheltering brush-wood or other plant. In Flanders, and especially in the vicinity of Ghent, however, the broom is sown to improve and consolidate sandy ground; a practice which

might, perhaps, be followed with great advantage on some of our coasts; the more so, as the whole tribe of leguminous plants appear to be very serviceable in resisting, by the matting of their roots, the encroachments of tide and wind on a sandy shore. In the Eastern desert of Egypt the broom (*Spārtium monospērmum*, the *Ruttum* of the Arabs), grows and flourishes: occurring in great abundance between the Nile and the Isthmus of Suez, a little to the N. of latitude 30°. The broom forms an excellent pasture for sheep, and is valuable on account of its being green "the winter through." The naturalist of Berwick-upon-Tweed was informed by an intelligent farmer, that the sheep invariably devour the pods first, which produce a kind of intoxication, the symptoms of which are, happily, of but short duration, and do not appear to injure the health of the animals. Men also are similarly affected by them, so that, as he remarks, the circumstance explains the, apparently mysterious, lines of Allan Ramsey, which speak of the ale brewed by a certain landlady:—

> "Some say it was with pith (*pips*?) of broom
> Which she stowed in her masking-loom,
> Which in our heads raised sic a soom."

Broom-twigs however are, or were, not unfrequently used, in equal proportions with hops, for the purpose of imparting a bitter to beer; whether with the same effect I know not. Every part of the plant is exceedingly bitter; and every part, like many another bitter thing, is exceedingly useful.

The twigs infused, are a very popular remedy for dropsy; and are admitted into the *Materia Medica*, and prescribed by our physicians as a valuable diuretic. The seeds are said to possess emetic, as well as cathartic, properties. The branches have been used for tanning leather, which, of course gives proof of the presence of an astringent principle. The flower-buds, just before they begin to shew the yellow, are pickled in imitation of capers, and the seeds, according to M. Pagot des Charnes, make an excellent coffee. The wood, when it is suffered to attain to a sufficient age, is much prized by cabinet-makers, who employ it in veneering. The twigs are used for thatching cottages and ricks. The fibres were formerly converted, in this country, into a strong cloth, just as they are at the present day by the peasants of Lower Languedoc, and especially of Lodeve, where the broom furnishes almost all the linen in domestic use; while the refuse from the manufacture supplies the manufacturers with firing.* These fibres also make an excellent paper; and finally, the whole plant, when reduced to ashes, yields a serviceable, and very pure, alkaline salt. So that, certainly, the broom must not be considered useless in its beauty.

The mention of the cloth produced from its fibres will naturally draw our attention to the names by which our broom is known. Many botanical works still refer it, with Linnæus, to *Spārtium*,† a name signifying cordage (σπαρτον), which was applied by the Greeks to a plant, considered to be the Spanish

* Beckman's "Hist. of Inventions." † S. scoparius.

broom (*S. junceum*) whose fibre is frequently supposed to be employed in the manufacture of the much celebrated *alpergates*, or woven shoes, of Spain; but which, I believe, are really formed of a grass (*Macrochlōa tenacīssima*). The name, however, is extended to all such vegetables as might be employed in a manner similar to flax and hemp,* implying, in fact, any fibrous plant. The single species which is indigenous to Britain, is now, however, more usually included under the head of *Cȳtisus* (*C. scopārius*, of Hooker) or of *Sarothāmnus;* while, as I have said, it shares almost throughout Europe its historic name of *genista* with the bright and pretty little Green-weeds, so well known for their valuable dyeing properties.

The same may be said with regard to the Welsh name, *fanadl*; which, simply signifying a plant with pointed twigs or branches, is indifferently applied to the two forms of genista: the prefixed syllable, however, to a *certain extent* distinguishing between them. Thus while *Corfanadl* (*corr*, dwarf), and *Banadlos* (*Mân*,† small) appear to be used to designate either the hairy green-weed (*G. pilōsa*), or the petty-whin (*G. ānglica*), *Aurfanadl* (*Aur*, gold), seems to belong exclusively to the broom (*Cȳtisus*), as does also the poetic and prettily expressive name of *Melynog-y-waun*, "Goldfinch of the meadow."

The *Cȳtisus scopārius* is doubtless familiar to most of our readers, as its frequent introduction into gardens and shrubberies, of which it forms a

* Beckman's "History of Inventions."

† B, F, and M are reciprocally mutable in the Welsh.

conspicuous ornament, has made it known to those whose lot has not been cast in its native wilds; yet it is in its natural habitat that we must seek for it in its greatest beauty, and see its golden, and bee-attracting blossoms in their truest splendour; and then we shall indeed, acknowledge it to be a poet's blossom, a flower which may well have inspired many an ancient minnesinger, many a joyous troubadour, to sing its praise, or herald its fame. The greatest novice in botanic lore can feel no doubt as to the identity of the plant when he meets with it, distinguished as it is by its large bright flowers,

COMMON BROOM.—*Cytisus scopārius.*

its broad keel, and wide-spread standard and wings,

as well as by its long, straight, green, smooth and pliant branches, and its flattened, and many-seeded, pods, which, as Sir J. E. Smith remarks, are a little hairy at the margin. Its leaves, which are deciduous, though the whole aspect of the plant is that of an evergeen, are ternate below, but become single, or as botanists term it, "simple," towards the tops of the branches. Its seeds are shining, and slightly flattened; and the whole plant, which on commons and exposed hill-sides scarcely rises to a height of more than three feet, or perhaps trails on the ground, is frequently seen in some sunny and sheltered copse to form a grove of eight, or even ten feet high, which blossoms in the early summer time like a molten sea of gold.

SUNDEW.

Drōsera.

Welsh, Y Doddedig rudd. —*French*, Rossolis. — *German*, Sonnenthau.—*Italian*, Rugiada del sole.—*Dutch*, Sonnedaauw.—*Spanish*, Rociada.—*Portuguese*, Rossolina.—*Russian*, Tolneznaja trawa.

LINNÆAN.	NATURAL.
Pentandria.	*Droseraceæ.*
Pentagynia.	

IT is an axiom, that while every locality, every natural situation, has perceptible differences in the character of its several beauties, *not one is destitute of beauty* of some description:—beauty, perhaps, which may be totally invisible to the distant surveyor, to the careless passer-by, to the unenquiring observer; but which yet grows more and more upon our minds the more closely, and the more intelligently, we examine into it; the more earnestly we seek to read in it the lessons which the Almighty Creator has "written for our learning" in every natural object which exists in His world, His earth, and His heavens.

How chilled, how desolate, become our feelings as we gaze on the sad monotony of some dreary swamp, or unwholesome morass. How monstrous, in their dark sterility, do they appear; and justly so; for it *is* just that whatever is left as an uncultivated

blank when it should be tilled with laborious and unwavering care—whether it be in the moral or the physical world—should strike the heart with emotions of sorrow, or disgust. If, however, instead of contemplating the morass, as a whole—a thing which man's labour should displace—we examine, with patient interest, into its fastnesses, we find that it nourishes things as bright and beautiful, in their particular way, as those of more favoured regions of the earth. There, amidst delicate forms innumerable, the sundew sparkles with ruby points, near emerald moss-tufts of a brilliancy unsurpassed elsewhere; while, to complete this vegetable emulation of the gems of the mine, "the amethyst-like *Pinguicula* rears its transparent stalks," and almost eclipses, in all but scent, the much-loved violet.

The very curious appendages with which the leaves of the sundew are furnished, consisting of pellucid glands thickly scattered over the upper surface, and each exuding a sparkling dew-drop from its ruby tip, have given rise not only to the English name of sundew, but to the appellation of the plant in most countries; almost all its names, as will be seen by a reference to the synonymes given at the head of our description, signifying the same thing. The name assigned to it by our botanists is derived from the Greek, and simply means *dew*, but the Latin *ros-solis* is equivalent to the others, which are founded on an opinion—whether existing in fact, or not, I cannot tell—that these dew-drops only appear on the plant in the day-time, when the sun is above the

horizon. Not so poetical is the name of "red-rot," by which it is distinguished in some of our rural districts, on account of its supposed share in the injurious effects experienced by sheep which feed on pastures such as it loves, but of which it is most probably quite innocent, as it is, in itself, of a warm and stimulant nature, added to which it seems to be very doubtful whether sheep eat it. It has, however, received the "bad name," and shepherds are, I fear, just as unwilling as other men to acknowledge the injustice of a stigma of their own affixing, and their own invention.

These glandular hairs are frequently as long as the leaf itself; and as they fringe its edge and stand up on its surface, each exuding a tiny drop of a somewhat glutinous fluid, they give an aspect of great, but peculiar beauty to the whole plant; though this beauty is frequently, to a certain extent, marred by the effect produced by the number of dead insects with which they are spotted; for every unfortunate insect, or even fragment of broken grass, &c., which touches a leaf, is instantly rendered unable to quit it again, from the adhesive nature of the dew; and sometimes, too, the leaves may be observed to shrink or fold inwards, as if more closely to entrap the luckless prisoner. I think, however, that, with regard to our British species, this sensible movement or contraction, has been somewhat over-rated. The leaves rarely, so far as I have seen, contract, unless a large number of animals, or particles of any other material, are attracted to its surface, and *then* the movement appears to be more like the result of

shrivelling than of vegetable irritability, properly so called: in which case, it would evidently result from the too great absorption of the dewy secretion caused by so many adherent bodies. I speak this with diffidence, well knowing how easily error creeps into such observations, and also how very rarely a naturalist will find that the deductions of those who most differ from him are, in reality, less accurate than his own, so seldom can individual examination include all possible circumstances and all accidents of time or season. This much, however, I can confidently advance, that when the leaves do, as described, contract, they present a flaccid and decidedly shrivelled appearance; and that gradually, as a fresh supply of moisture is secreted, they resume their natural position, and the plumper appearance of their somewhat fleshy substance. Yet at the same time we must not lose sight of the fact, that the *Droseraceæ* are a pre-eminently irritable family, numbering amongst them, as they do, the celebrated Venus's fly-trap (*Dionæa muscipula*), which folds its leaves together if their glandular hairs be but touched.

The sundew, or at least the round-leaved species (*D. rotundifolia*), has another very beautiful peculiarity, and one which is full of poetical "suggestiveness;" the delicate little flower-buds are racemed, and but one blossom opens at a time—that is to say, as the raceme gradually rises, the bud which is at the apex of that portion of it which has become upright unfolds itself to the sun from which it takes its name; but if the sun do not shine forth on the

day on which the flower is ready to expand, *it never opens at all;* on the following day another bud has reached the apex of the scape, like the last, to unfold at the right moment or to perish, and give way in turn to the succeeding bud. If we take up, say the "British Flora" of Sir W. J. Hooker, and read this fact as a mere botanical occurrence, it is impossible not to gaze with interest on the phenomenon; but if we make it "point a moral," how much significance it acquires. How many an earnest, yet too weakly shrinking a mind, has been wrecked, because some one amongst its fellows has not been prompt to seize the *fitting moment* for action or support. How many an opportunity has been lost, never to be regained, which, if we had but commanded strength enough to embrace, *might* perchance have saved from hopeless ruin some heart as upright as, though perchance less firm than, our own. How many a life has been saddened—nay, blighted, by the recollection that greater promptitude on our own parts might have saved some noble nature, which it was "but that once" in our power to do; or how some momentary relaxation on our parts of self-control has caused some over-sensitive, and it may be, morbidly-conscientious spirit, to shrink into itself, never again to unfold the aspirations or enquiries which, if fostered by the blessed sunshine of a kind and tender spirit, *at that moment*, might have led it unchangeably, to the better way! Would that all amongst us were Nature's pupils, and that every student of nature treasured up his knowledge of the secrets of the blossoming of the sundew in

his very inmost heart, making its teachings ever active agents in his conduct, in all his dealings with his fellow men; making it, as it aptly might be made, a perpetual memento of all which constitutes true *charity;* true, and God-like, love!

Were it so the sundew had, indeed, not been created in vain: it had, indeed, done us "true service." But it has other and more material uses, and to these we must now turn our attention. In former days it was used by thrifty dairy-maids for the purpose of curdling milk, for it would appear—I write, however, in perfect ignorance of the fact—as if the more-easily obtained stomach of a calf, which now forms almost the only rennet used, were rather a modern application, so many records are there of the different plants formerly used in this way. The sundew is acrid and caustic in its nature, and is said to burn away warts and corns; it was also much valued of yore as a cosmetic; I know not whether from any supposed relationship to the celebrated may-dew, which was once so carefully collected by maidens whose lot was cast, perhaps, rather in the age of Roland the Brave, than of him of the "Kalydor." We must suppose, however, that it was applied with considerable caution to the faces of these by-gone, or would-be, beauties, as it is well known to possess blistering qualities; and in the days of Gerarde, it was commonly used as a counter-irritant. This quaint old author makes the sundew a vehicle in which to convey a rather sly assertion of the comparative value of theory and practice, telling us, that "the later physitiones haue thought it to be

a rare and singular remedie for consumption;" and adding, "but the use thereof dothe otherwise teache." I cannot, however, but acknowledge (though I do not enter into the merits of the question), that he is very much to be suspected of judging by preconceived generalities, as he immediately weakens his satire by affirming that "reason sheweth the contrarie, being of such a hot and biting nature;" alluding, I imagine, to the sundew, and not to reason.

This is the plant of which Burton, in his "Anatomie of Melancholy," says that "Bernardus Penottus prefers his herba solis before all the rest (of herbs) in this disease (melancholy), and will admit *of no herb upon the earth to be comparable to it.* It excells Horner's moly, cures this, falling sickness, and almost all other infirmities."

The sundew was formerly much used as a tincture, to obtain which, it was distilled with wine, and then spiced and sweetened. In this way a most stimulating spirit was produced; and the plant is still employed in the manufacture of the Italian *liqueur* called "rossoli." Several of the Droseras, which are widely distributed throughout temperate climates, possess dyeing properties, as may be remarked in our own three species, *D. ānglica, rotundifōlia*, and *longifōlia*, which not only produce a deep red impression on the back of the sheet of paper on which they are placed in drying, but will communicate it to a thickness of several contiguous sheets; and for years afterwards will stain fresh ones placed in contact with it.

BROWN-WORT, KNOTTED FIG-WORT, KERNEL-WORT.

Scrophulāria nodōsa.

Welsh, Deilen dda, or Deilen ddu dda, Craith unos.—*French*, Scrophulaire, Herbe du siège.—*German*, Braunwurtz.—*Dutch*, Skrofebruid.—*Italian*, Scrofolaria.—*Spanish and Portuguese*, Escrofularia.—*Russian*, Naryschnik.

LINNÆAN.	NATURAL.
Didynamia Angiospermia.	*Scrophularineæ.*

THE fig-worts are not plants of any beauty, yet, when we look closely into their little helmet-shaped blossoms, we find that the colours which appear so dull in the general mass, are in reality clear and well defined, and that therefore—like all things which possess these characteristics—they are not without grace and attractiveness. These colours, in three out of the four English species, are a pale yellow green, bordered and marked with a rich and deep claret; while the remaining species is of a bright yellow, exhibiting, says Sir J. Smith, a close affinity to the Peruvian Calceolaria.

The growth, too, of the tribe is both handsome and characteristic, more especially in the case of the water fig-wort (*S. aquātica*).

The whole of the fig-worts are described as being fœtid and acrid to such an extent as to be refused by cattle, but I have frequently seen cows browsing

on the tender shoots of the water fig-wort, even when better pasture was at hand.

Our species (*S. nodōsa*) very closely resembles the *aquātica*, but is distinguished by its long, triangular, heart-shaped leaves, which have a purplish brown hue, and by the distinctly square stem, which has merely a slight membranous appearance of a wing at each angle; while the leaves of the *S. aquātica* are bluntly oval at the point, of a good clear green, and the stem has very conspicuous wings protruding from its angles. The chief difference, however, lies in the root, which in the *S. nodōsa* is knobbed or knotted, while in all the other species it is fibrous. I have been thus precise in pointing out the means of distinguishing between the two, because the blossoms so exactly resemble each other; and because the *nodōsa* is the only one of the English species which appears to be really possessed of medicinal properties.

The name of *Scrophulāria* has been derived from the employment of the plant in the cure of scrofulous complaints; it is now, however, rarely used for this purpose, except in the rustic practice of the peasants of Wales, who hold it in the highest estimation for various swellings, boils, and even burns; applying it either in the form of an ointment, or, in simpler cases, merely tying a leaf on the part affected. From their almost unlimited faith in its virtues, it has received the name of *Deilen dda*, good leaf; or *Deilen ddu dda*, good black leaf; the latter title alluding to the colour, and corresponding with the English Brown-wort, and the German *Braunwurtz*.

The high place which it formerly held in the English herbals has been lost; a state of things which was probably in a great degree hastened by the superstitious practice, of which Gerarde says; "Divers doe rashly teach, that if it be hanged about the necke, or else carried about one, it keepeth a man in health." And yet that there was equal rashness in entirely banishing it, and classing it with "signature medicines" is shewn, not only by what we know of its use in Wales, but also by the fact that an eminent Dublin physician, having lately seen extraordinary relief given by the use of this herb in a skin complaint, where his professional skill and care had unhappily proved unavailing, made public the remedy, and by giving it the weight of his sanction and approval, caused its more general, and frequently very successful, employment by the medical profession in similar cases. It has also been internally administered as a cathartic, but with what benefit I know not.

The root is edible and wholesome; and is said to have for some time formed the sole support of the garrison of Rochelle, during the celebrated siege of that place by Cardinal Richelieu, in the year 1628. From this circumstance arose its French name of *Herbe du siège.*

HORSETAIL.

Equisētum.

Welsh, Rhawn, or Rhownyn y march.—*French*, Prêle, Queue de cheval, Caqueue.—*German*, Kannenkraut, Asprella.—*Dutch*, Akkerig paardestaart.—*Italian*, Equiseto, Codadi di cavallo.—*Spanish*, Equisito, Coda de mula.—*Portuguese*, Equiseto.—*Russian*, Chwosch.—*Lap*, Aske.—*Cochin China*, Ma hoang.

LINNÆAN.	NATURAL.
Cryptogamia.	*Filices.*
	Equisetaceæ.

THE *Equisētum* more than any plant, perhaps not even excepting the palms and reeds of tropical climates, carries us back, in thought, to the days of the early world, when the earth was peopled with the strange monsters whose records are their rock-entombed bones; and clothed with those peculiar vegetable creations which, even now, wherever they are simulated by newer forms, impart so singular an aspect to the surrounding scenery. The same forms which now constitute a humble undergrowth in our woods, or a very troublesome weed in our marshy meadows, once grew as trees, and saw the appearance of the earliest warm-blooded animals in the *Cetaceæ** and *Didelphis;*† or shadowed the

* Trans. Geol. Soc., vol. i.

† A genera allied to the present opossum. *See* Lyell's "Princip. of Geol." &c.

slimy waters, and yet more slimy earth, where desported the huge Sauroids of the Secondary Period. The mighty *Plesiosauri*, *Phytosauri*, *Megalosauri*, or *Hylæosauri*, whose titles we write with labouring pen, as a scattered few amongst the ruthlessly hard names with which geologists have loaded these extinct creatures, as if in ghastly mockery of their cumbrous proportions.

We must not, however, conclude that none of these plants now attain to a greater size than that which we are accustomed to see in our northern climate. When Dodonæus wrote that the horsetail of Olympus had a stalk as big as a man's arm, his addition that it produced berries which had the flavour of mulberry-juice did not appear necessary to confirm the whole account as a fable; and when Bellonius in his "Singularities," described these, as well as a species found near Ragusa, as growing to the height of a plane-tree, he was but supposed to have exaggerated the account of the first writer, whom he had followed: and the supposition was correct, as the climate indicated is incapable of producing, in such luxuriance, plants which pre-eminently require heat and moisture for so full a development. In Brazil, however, where these conditions are fulfilled, Gardner actually found them attaining to a height of fifteen feet,* or five feet beyond that which M. Brongniart gives, as the greatest height discovered amongst the fossil species. It is, however, to be remembered, that while

* Between Ouro Preto and Rio de Janeiro; "Travels in Brazil."

the former exhibited but a circumference of three inches, the latter have actually a diameter of no less than five or six inches,*—a circumstance which leaves the balance of *size* still considerably in favour of the fossil plants.

It is, however, with our more diminutive British species that we have now to deal; with the "Dutch rushes," "pewterwort," "shave grass," or "joints," of our different rural districts. Most pathetically the author of "Adam in Eden, or the Paradise of Plants,"† laments that "country housewives" no longer scour their pewter, brass, or wooden vessels, with the flinty stems of these plants; mourning that "that piece of thriftiness, with many others, is laid aside, which might be profitably revived if they knew it." But we could tell him of farmers' wives, in Wales, at least, and very probably elsewhere, who still retain both the knowledge and the practice; we could shew him, were he still alive, wooden pails, snowy as the milk they are to contain, ranged in certain sunny court-yards, and daily scoured with the *Rhawn y march*, just as were their ancestors—if pails can be supposed to have a genealogy—in the days of old Gerarde, and long before. Nor, in the higher branches of mechanical art, is the horsetail without its use. Formerly, no comb-maker, metal-worker, or cabinet-maker, could complete his work without Dutch rushes to polish it; and even yet, with the assistance of the manifold improvements with which science is daily lessening

* "Annales des Sciences Naturelles," November, 1828.

† William Coles, the herbalist.

every species of toil, the plant retains its place, and is still imported to this country in considerable quantities from the moist shores and canal banks of Holland. It is particularly the rough-horsetail (*E. hyemāle*), or a species very closely allied to it,* which is thus imported; the plant is of immense value in its native country from the extraordinary length and interlaced growth of its root-fibres, which mat together and consolidate the loose and swampy soil in which they grow, and thus form one of the most effectual water-dams of so level a land. A very familiar example of the extraordinary development of the roots of the equisetum is, that which we may observe in the marsh-horsetail (*E. palūstre*); the plant that fills and clogs our draining-pipes in such an extraordinary manner as to render closed drainage quite impracticable in localities where it abounds. Insinuating its fibres at every joint of the pipe, they luxuriate in the constant flow of water within, and shoot out to an extraordinary length, intertwining in such a manner, that when the mass is taken out and dried, it might be taken for a very bulky bird's nest.

The value of this plant in polishing is, of course, due to the silicious substance in its stems, as was first, I believe, positively pointed out by Sir Humphrey Davy. The cells incrusted with this silex may be seen by the aid of a microscope, arranged with the most harmonious regularity in those longitudinal

* Newman, as well as some other botanists, incline to the opinion that it is distinct from the *E. hyemāle*, or any British species. *See* "British Ferns," Edit. 2nd.

ridges, which give so peculiar and distinctive a character to the whole stem; and so accurately is every cell fitted to the others, that if the plant be treated with nitric acid, the flinty skeleton will be found to remain entire; indeed, it is said that by a careful maceration in water, a similar result may be obtained, and an object of most wonderful microscopic beauty be thus produced. Each individual fragment as has been shewn by Sir David Brewster, is possessed of an "axis of double refraction." It will be seen, under the microscope, that the silicified cells form a coat over those longitudinal ridges, which cover the surface of the whole plant, giving it that unpleasant roughness to the touch which must be familiar to every one. In the depressions lying between the ridges are situated a large number of stomata, so that the whole anatomy is one of peculiar interest. The proportions of silica in the ashes of several different species of the Equisetums, are thus given by Professor Balfour :—

	Ashes.	Silica.
E. arvense . . .	13·84 . .	6·38
E. limosum . . .	15·50 . .	6·50
E. hyemale . . .	11·81 . .	8·75
E. telmateia . . .	23·61 . .	12·00*

—an analysis, which at a glance shews us, that of our British species the *E. hyemāle* is certainly that best adapted to the purposes of the polisher, whether or not it be identical with the "Dutch rushes." This prevalence of silicic acid in the Equisetums, is apparently the result of a combination of a silicate

* "Manual of Botany."

with that peculiar acid known as *equisetic acid*,* first discovered by Braconnot, in the *E. Telmatēia* of Ehrhart (the *E. fluviātile* of Smith, Hooker, and Babington), a fertile stem of which is represented in the woodcut.

GREAT HORSETAIL. *Equisētum fluviātile* vel *Telmatēia.*

A remembrance of the rough and rigid nature of these plants will, without the aid of physiological or chemical examination, suffice to excite our surprise that any of the family should be used as human food, yet such is, nevertheless, the case; while the lower mammalia, also, in at least one instance, make choice of them. Modern writers have expressed some doubt as to the meaning of Haller, in his reference to the circumstance of the Romans eating the great horsetail;† but we need go no farther back than to the days of William Coles, who in his "Adam in Eden," to which we have before referred, tells us, as of a matter ordinarily practised, that "the young buds are dressed by some like asparagus; or, being boiled, are often strewed with flour and fried;"—being thus evidently regarded as a delicacy. Frequent have been the discussions as to whether or not horses and cows will eat these plants. One party declaring that they will not, while the other, as confidently affirms that they do; a sort of "by-play"

* "Ann. de Chim. et Phys.," xxxix, 10.

† "Hoc fuerit equisetum quod a plebe Romana in cibum recipitur." Hist. iii.

being carried on by a third, who admit that they will devour them, but declare that they afflict them with diarrhœa, and cause the teeth—of cows, at least—to fall out. On this point, however, though unable to speak from experience, I think we may, with the most absolute confidence, receive the statement of Linnæus, at once a native of the region of which he speaks, and a calm and keen observer of nature and student of truth. And he distinctly informs us, that in Sweden the water-horsetail (*E. limōsum*, his *E. fluviātile*), is cut up as food for cows, in order to increase their milk,* just as is still done at Dunkerron; and he expresses some astonishment that the Laplanders should neglect to lay up a store of this plant, as well as the reindeer-moss, for their starving, winter herds; remarking that the reindeer eat it readily, even in a dry state, and when they will not eat ordinary hay.† While Mr. Knapp informs us in his "Journal of a Naturalist;" and the fact has never been disputed, that the same species (?) is the favourite food of water-rats, which appeared to frequent a certain pond for the express purpose of enjoying this food, which, like the sailor's wife of Shakespeare, they

"Munched, and munched, and munched,"

so perseveringly, that their regular "champing" could be heard at the distance of several yards.

The Equisetums were, also, in former ages much

* "Flora Suecica."

† "Lachesis Lapponica," both as quoted by Newman, "British Ferns."

used in medicine. Gerarde recommends them in a bruised state for the cure of wounds, and tells us that the juice may be drunk in order to stop bleeding of the nose; and the roots boiled for coughs. Blanchard prescribes them in an infusion of plantain, to be taken night and morning, as a remedy for consumption. It is not improbable that they may possess some slightly astringent properties (though these must be of a very insignificant amount); and in this light Tragus appears to view them, as he speaks of applying the expressed juice to recent and bleeding wounds, and also directs it to be put into the nostrils and on the neck, in order to stop bleeding of the nose; and that it should be taken internally in dysentery, &c. Haller, also, highly esteems it in diarrhœa and several other complaints; but it is almost needless to say, that it is now quite forgotten even by the most rustic practitioner.

Newman, who has done so much to popularise the classification of the tribe of *Filices*, distinguishes ten species of the horsetail as natives of Great Britain and Ireland, which I shall, in enumerating, endeavour to divest as much as possible of their cumbrous accumulation and confusion of synonyms: premising that the distinctive appearances of the species are to be found in the nature of their fertile and barren stems, the number of the furrows or striæ, and that of the teeth exhibited at those articulated joints where they may be divided into pieces.*

* *See* Balfour's "Manual of Botany."

The rough-horsetail or Dutch rush (*E. hyemāle*, Linn.), is scarcely known in the southern and midland parts of England, and in Ireland has only, we believe, been found in the counties of Dublin and Wicklow.

The *E. Mackaii*, Newman; (*E. elongātum* of Hooker); was discovered by Mr. Mackay, in the counties of Derry and Antrim, and has since been met with in other localities in the north of Ireland, and, also, as stated by Schkuhr, in Wales. Many able botanists are, however, unable to give their assent to its separation as a distinct species, deeming it merely a persistent variety of the *E. variegātum*, a pretty little species, which, unlike most of the family, usually grows in dry and shifting sand in the neighbourhood of the sea-shore, though it is sometimes found, as at Mucruss in Ireland, and in the Dublin canal, in fresh water. It is certainly a rather rare and local plant, and very variable in its form and mode of growth; though it less rarely becomes branched than does the *E. Mackaii*.

To the marsh-horsetail, *E. palūstre*, I have already referred, as a noxious weed in the vicinity of watercourses and drains, where it sometimes becomes almost as formidable an invader as the *Anachāris alsināstrum*, the intrusion of which into this country has recently excited so great an alarm. Like the last-named Equisetum, this species is liable to very considerable aberrations from its normal character.

The water-horsetail, *E. fluviātile*, Linn. (*E. limōsum* of Smith, Hooker, and Babington) is a very handsome plant, of frequent occurrence in marshy

places, ditches, &c. It presents the peculiarity of bearing its catkins on stems similar to the barren ones.*

But pre-eminent in grace and beauty is the elegant little wood-horsetail (*E. sylvāticum*, Linn.), so happily called "the fairy larch,"† assuming, as it does, a more flexile and less rigid habit than others of the family; and forming, with its drooping branchlets, a great ornament to our higher woodland grounds; in the shady recesses of which it creates miniature forests of its own.

Another pretty little species, bearing a faint resemblance to the last, is the shady-horsetail, *E. umbrōsum* of Willdenow, or *E. Drummondii* of Hooker, which is very rare, having, as yet, been found in no part of the British Isles except Scotland and Ireland. It also bears a slight resemblance to the corn-horsetail (*E. arvēnse*, Linn.), which is not only exceedingly common in all kinds of situations, but is a most troublesome and pertinacious weed; one of the torments of the agriculturist. It is remarkable from its being the only British species which has its fertile and barren stems positively and invariably distinct, the latter not appearing until after the former have fructified, in the month of April.

To the *E. Telmatēia* I have already adverted, and it is only necessary to add that this magnificent and most primitive-looking plant, which is of very common occurrence, not unfrequently attains

* Hooker "British Flora."

† *See* Johnston's "Botany of E. Borders."

to a height of six or seven feet. For further information on the distinctive characters of the British species, I must refer the student to the masterly exposition of Newman; * and shall simply add that the botanical name is taken from the Latin *equus*, a horse, and *seta*, a hair or bristle; thus corresponding with the popular name borne by the plant almost throughout Europe.

* "British Ferns." Edit. 2.

WOODSORREL, WOODSOM, ALLELUJA, HEARTS, CUCKOO'S MEAT.

Ōxalis acetosēlla.

Welsh, Suran y gôg, Clychau twlwyth têg, Segyrffug.—*Irish*, Seamsog.—*French*, Surelle, Petite oseille, Pain de Cocu.—*Italian*, Alleluia.—*Spanish*, Aleluyo.—*German*, Sauerklee.—*Dutch*, Klaverziuriag, Coeckcoer broot.—*Swedish*, Giokmat.

LINNÆAN.	NATURAL.
Decandria.	*Oxalideæ.*
Pentagynia.	

"THE woodsorrel with its light green leaves
Heart-shaped, and triply folded; and its root
Creeping like beaded coral;"

of whose delicate and fairy-like beauty any drawing can give but a faint idea, is distributed with an unsparing hand over our island. There are few woods or shady walks where, in early spring, its bright, half-folded leaves are not to be found, springing up above the darker green of the moss, and the rich brown of decaying leaves. Then the tiny white bells appear, with their delicate purple veining, justly claiming the name—*Clychau twlwyth têg*, or fairy-bells—given to them by the peasantry in some parts of Wales who believe that they are especially favoured by the "good people," and chosen to ring out the merry peals which call them to their moonlight revelries.

WOODSORREL, WOODSOM, ALLELUJA, HEARTS, CUCKOO'S MEAT.

Oxalis acetosella.

Welsh, Suran y gôg, Clychau tylwyth teg, Surddail.—*Irish*, Seamsog.—*French*, Surelle, Petite oseille, Pain de Cocu.—*Italian*, Alleluja.—*Spanish*, Aleluya.—*German*, Sauerklee.—*Dutch*, Klaverzuring, Coeckoeck broot.—*Swedish*, Gökmat.

LINNEAN.	NATURAL.
Decandria.	——*Oxalidæ.*
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WOOD SORREL. Oxalis acetosella.

B

Nor is it only beautiful; the acid which abounds in the whole plant renders it of great use as a cooling drink in fevers; and it is much administered in Russia, where milk is added to the infusion of its leaves. Gerarde says, "The apothecaries and herbalists call it alleluya, and *panis cucule*, or cuckowe's meat, either because the cuckowe feedeth thereon, or by reason when it springeth forthe and floureth the cuckowe singeth most, at which time also alleluya was wont to be sung in churches. It is thought to be what Pliny (lib. xxvii, cap. 12) calleth *Oxys;* writing thus: 'Oxys is three-leaved; it is good for a feeble stomach, &c.' But Galen, in his fourth book of simples saith, the oxys is the same as oxalis, or sorrel . . . . . Sorrell du bois, or wood sorrell, stamped and used for grene sauce, is good for them that have sick and feeble stomacks, for it strengtheneth the stomack and procureth appetite, and of all sauces sorrell is the best, not only in virtue, but also in the pleasantness of his taste . . . it cooleth mightily any hot, pestilential fevers, especially being made with syrup of sugar." It was the principal ingredient in the famous green sauce for fish, once so celebrated, and is still used for the same purpose on the Continent; though the *Rūmex acetōsa* generally takes its place. The salt prepared from the plant is used under the name of salts of lemon, to remove stains of ink and iron-mould from linen, &c. This salt consists of a compound of oxalic acid with potash; but it is seldom, or never, now made from the plant, as it can be artificially prepared, at a much lower price, from

oxalic acid made from sugar. Ten pounds of the leaves of woodsorrel afford rather more than one ounce of the salt, which crystallizes in small white needle-like masses.

Gerarde is, however, wrong with regard to the origin of the name alleluja. This arose from the veneration formerly paid to the plant; for even among the Druids it was an emblem of the mysterious Three in One, which they claimed as their own peculiar secret, and endeavoured to illustrate in every possible particular of their worship. And their reverence for the plant was doubtless increased by the fact that each leaflet of the trifid leaf, is marked by a pale crescent, the emblem of the moon, and another of their sacred symbols. So too St. Patrick, in accordance with the usual policy of the early preachers of the gospel, chose a trefoil leaf to illustrate his doctrine, and to prove that he preached to them "no new thing," but that "the God whom they ignorantly worshipped" he "declared unto them;" and when he won over to Christianity the multitudes on Tara's hill, by illustrating to them by the plant they already held sacred, the truth of the great doctrine of the Trinity in Unity, it is not wonderful that the word of praise, ever on the lips of those early and enthusiastic converts, should gradually become the name of the plant, which thus, at once, illustrated, and justified their belief. It had also from long antiquity been the emblem of hope. The general expression, that St. Patrick converted these multitudes by exhibiting to them the uniting of the three in one in a *shamrock* leaf,

is doubtless correct; for while there is little ground for asserting that the ancient shamrock of Ireland was any other plant than the woodsorrel, with its emerald green leaves, there is, reason to believe that at an early period the name of shamrock—originally *shamroot**—came to be applied as a kind of generic name to various plants of a like character. The emblem of Ireland being, in fact, simply a *trefoiled* plant, when we find, in the older writers, references to the trefoil, we are not to consider it as an allusion merely to the clover, which we designate by that name; for that the earliest shamrock was the sorrel—the most conspicuous of our trefoiled plants—is shewn, in addition to other evidence, by its being an article of food. Thus Piers says, in speaking of the spring time in Ireland, "for then milk becomes plenty, and butter, and new cheese, and curds, and shamrocks, are the food of the meaner sort all this season;"† and Wither, in his "Abuses Stript and Whipt," written in 1613, says,—

> "And for my cloathing in a mantle goe,
> And feed on shamroots as the Irish doe."

Spenser too declares that, "if they found a plot of water-cresses, or of shamrocks, there they flocked as to a feast."

The trefoiled leaf has been in all ages regarded with great reverence, and more especially when it departs from its usual form, and is found (a *very* rare occurrence) with four leaflets. The happy

* It is singular that *Shamrookh* in Arabic signifies a club, or shillelah.

† In Vallency. "Collectanea de rebus Hibernicis."

finder of the mis-shapen leaf is sure of good fortune for life; for then the leaf becomes the *segyrffug* of the old Welsh bards,—that is, the *dispeller of illusion*—which formed so essential an ingredient in the cauldron of herbs used at the celebration of feast of Ceridwen.*

This power of the four-leaved trefoil in *dispelling illusions*, will, of course, account for the story of the girl, who, on returning from milking, saw little fairies dancing gaily on every rising ground, though her companions could discern nothing, and would scarcely believe her, until, on arriving at home, it was discovered that one of its leaves had accidentally, and unknown to her, got into her shoe, overcoming, of course, that supposed "*illusion, or defect of sight*" which prevents our always seeing the fairies who surround us!

Davis, in his "British Druids," says, that wherever the goddess *Olwen*—the great mother of the earth—trod, four white-flowered trefoils sprang up in her footsteps; that the emblem very frequently appears on British coins (in connection with the worship of *Ceres*); and that it is not unusually associated with the horse's head.

In course of time the finding of the four-leaved trefoil was looked upon as an earnest of speedy marriage to the fortunate youth or maiden who was so happy as to secure it. It then became customary

* Ceridwen, in British mythology is the mother of intellect and all genius; hence the old term "Ceridwen's chickens," as applied to men of genius.—There is much meaning in this *dispeller of illusion* as an ingredient of the feast.

to search for the treasure at the concluson of every harvest-home feast; and though this practice is forgotten, except, perhaps, now and then by some timid pair, who endeavour to find in their "luck" an assurance of the fulfilment of their wishes, it is still celebrated in the not-forgotten emblematic dance of the Celtic races. This is the reel of the Highlanders, the *Meillionen* of the Welsh, and the "shamrock-reel" of the Irish; in all of which, with greater or less variation, they imitate the motions of the harvest-field; and repeat the triumphant shout with which the *Segyrffug* is supposed to be found. First, each dancer, moving singly, gently sways his, or her, arms, as if engaged in sowing corn. This is the *hau-hau*, or *sowing*, of the Welsh dance. The partners, then, setting to each other, represent the labours of the harvest-field, where each reaper is necessarily attended by his chosen female "binder;" a general turning and setting to the other dancers then ensues;—a somewhat tumultuous movement, which is supposed to represent the searching for the lucky emblem; and this being at length found, the whole party, setting up that triumphant shout, so well known in the Highland reel, dance the figure called the figure of eight, which in reality describes that of a regular quatrefoil. This cry, or shout, is supposed to announce every kind of future matrimonial happiness.*

* A full explanation of all these movements may be found in William's "Essays on the Manners and Customs of the Celtic Tribes."

The woodsorrel approaches nearest of all our native productions to a sensitive plant; not only shutting up, or unfolding, its pale, though bright, green leaves with every change of atmosphere, but even closing if the stem be repeatedly or rudely struck.

There are but two British species of the oxalis, namely, the *O. corniculata*, or yellow woodsorrel, which occurs in several places in the south of Devonshire, and perhaps in Cornwall, as well as in Sussex: and our own dear woodsorrel (*O. acetosĕlla*) which makes bright and beautiful our hedgerows; and copses; and dense woods; and broken banks in spring; recalling the words of the old Welsh "Triad of Wisdom,"—

"Three things, let no one trust such as shall dislike them—
The scent of trefoils, the taste of milk, the song of birds."

LARGE FLOWERED MULLEIN *B* Verbascum virgatum.

MULLEIN, HIGHTAPER, TORCH-BLADE, WOOL-BLADE, GRACE OF GOD, BULLOCK'S LUNG-WORT, ST. PETER'S STAFF.

Verbascum.

Welsh, Pannog.—*French*, Bouillon blanc, Molène.—*German*, Wollkraut, Wollblume, Himmelbrand, Königskerze, Osterkerze.—*Dutch*, Wollekruid.—*Swedish*, Kongaljus.—*Danish*, Kongelys.—*Russian*, Zaarskii-skipetr.—*Italian*, Tassobarbasso.—*Spanish*, Gordolobo.—*Portuguese*, Verbasco branco.

LINNÆAN.	NATURAL.
Pentandria.	*Solanew.*
Monogynia.	*Scrophulariæ.*
	Verbasceæ.

THE botanical name of this stately and magnificent genus of plants is a corruption of the word *barbascum*, or bearded, and alludes to the dense and wool-like hairs with which the leaves of many of the species are clothed:—a peculiarity also referred to in the French *bouillon blanc*, which may signify a white froth or foam. A somewhat similar meaning is expressed in the names by which the plant is known throughout the greater part of Europe.

Its downy covering, which is still collected for tinder, was formerly employed for making the wicks of tapers, on which account the plant is known in some parts of England as "candle-wick plant." These tapers, probably on account of the trouble and labour of collecting sufficient material for the

MULLEIN, HIGHTAPER, TORCH-BLADE, WOOL-BLADE, GRACE OF GOD, BULLOCK'S LUNG-WORT, ST. PETER'S STAFF.

Verbāscum.

Welsh, Pannog.—*French*, Bouillon blanc, Molène.—*German*, Wollkraut, Wollblüme, Himmelbrand, Königskerze, Osterkerze.—*Dutch*, Wollekruid.—*Swedish*, Kongsljus.—*Danish*, Kongelys.—*Russian*, Zaarskü-skipetr.—*Italian*, Tassobarbasso.—*Spanish*, Gordolobo.—*Portuguese*, Verbasco branco.

LINNÆAN.	NATURAL.
Pentandria.	*Solaneæ.*
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wicks, were considered as peculiarly appropriate to the service of the Church, and to this use botanical works generally attribute the origin of the names torch-blade, or torch-mullein, and even the German high-taper (*osterkerze*), heaven's brand (*himmelbrand*), and king's-taper (*königskerze*), which is similar to the Swedish and Danish *kongsljus*, and *kongelys;* but it rather appears that they refer, poetically, to the appearance of the plant itself as it stands, pointing up to heaven, with its long and golden spike of thickly set blossoms, like a floral taper. In this view of the question I think I shall be joined by any person who has observed the common mullein (*V. Thāpsus*), not in the mere dwarfed state in which it usually grows in hedge-rows, or by roadsides, but when it stands on some lone and bleak common, or moor, attaining, in reality, to a height of from six to ten feet, and appearing still higher from its being the only lofty or aspiring thing amongst the dwarf grasses, the stunted furze, and the low heather. And this is, I think, further confirmed by the names it bears on the Tartarean steppes—where it becomes quite a marked feature of the scene—of steppe-taper, or steppe-light; and even by the very appropriate and pretty Spanish appellation of *Gordolobo*, or great constellation.

The Verbascum was formerly held in high repute in diseases of the lungs, and it still holds its place, I believe, in some "Pharmacopœias" as a remedy, or a palliative, in several diseases, being mucilaginous, emollient, and sedative. It is now seldom used

in medicine; though the Kentish, like the Norwegian, farmers consider its decoction a sovereign remedy for coughs, and winter leanness, of cows. Gerarde tells us, that "there be some who think that this herb being but carryed aboute one, dothe help the fallinge sickness; especially the leaves of that plant which hath not as yet born flowers, and gathirid when the sun is in Virgo, and the moon in Aries," prudently adding, however,—"which thing, notwithstanding, is vaine and superstitious:" *though* "Apuleius reporteth a tale of Ulysses, Mercury, and the Inchantresse Circe, and their vse of these herbes in their incantations and witchcrafts." Pliny and Dioscorides allude to the use of Verbascum leaves for preserving figs, which are said never to decay if folded in them. It is one of the many herbs said to poison, or rather to stupefy fish. And, according to Alexander Trallianus, its ashes, made into a soap, will restore hair, which has become grey, to its original colour. The seeds, which yield a fine purple dye, are said by Pursh to preserve their vegetative powers for very lengthened periods, and thus to spring up, with an air of great mystery, in ground which has been newly broken, or burnt.

Most persons are familiar with our common woolly, or great mullein (*V. Thāpsus*), which is conspicuous for its blanket-like leaves; but the remaining British species are somewhat more rare. These are the beautiful slender mullein (*V. virgātum*), with purple and tufted anthers, which is represented in the engraving; the moth mullein (*V. Blattāria*), so called from its supposed powers of

repelling all moths, cockroaches, &c.; the black-rooted *V. nīgrum;* of which Gerarde says, that "with hys pleasaunt yellow flouris, he" is good for inflammations of the eyes, and causes the hair "to waxe yellow, being also good for burns and scalds;" the white-flowered *V. Lychnītis;* and the handsome, panicled hoary mullein (*V. pulverulēntum*); the whole of which, with the exception named, have yellow flowers.

DAISY, HERB-MARGARET, GOWAN, BRUISE-WORT.

Bēllis perēnis.

Welsh, Llygad y dydd, Blodau'r dydd.—*French*, Marguerite, Parquerette. — *German*, Maseliebchen, Liebesblümchen, Gänse-augen-blume, Marien-blume.—*Dutch*, Madelieven.—*Italian*, Margheritina, Fiori di prima vera, Fiori gentili.—*Spanish*, Maya.—*Portuguese*, Bonina.—*Russian*, Barchatnaja zwietöschka.

LINNÆAN.	NATURAL.
Syngenesia superflua.	*Compositæ.*
	Astereæ.

"BEHOLD," says Abu Nawas, the Eastern poet, "Behold the gardens of the earth, and consider the emblems of those things which Divine power has formed: eyes of silver (daisies) everywhere disclosed, with pupils like molten gold, united to an emerald stalk; these avouch that there is no one equal to God;" while a modern British poet speaks of daisies as

> "Those pearled aucturi of the earth,
> The constellated flowers that never set."

And this is no mere poetical license; for, except in *North* America, where it is treasured as a garden plant, there are few regions where the daisy does not bloom; and even in some tropical lands, the intense heat at the sea level merely drives the plant into the more genial mountain heights, where its

blossoms refresh the eye and gladden the heart of the wanderer from some distant home. Men, in all ages, and men of all ages, have loved the plant; and oft have poets sung of the flower so loved in childhood; but, perhaps, no poet has so consecrated his verse to its beauty, as Chaucer. In the spring time he says,—

"When coming is the maie
That in my bede ther dawith me no daie,
That I n'up and walking in the mede,
To see this flower against the sun spreade
Whan it uprisith earlie on the morrowe,
That blissful sight softenith all my sorrowe.
So glad am I, when that I have presence
Of it, to do it all reverence,*
As she that is of alle flouris the floure,
Ful filled of alle virtu and honoure,
And ever alike faire and freshe of hue.
And ever I love it, and ever like new.
And ever I schall, till that mine hart die.
Thir lovith no one better in hys life,
And whan that it is eve, I runne blithe,
Soe soone as ever the sonne sinkith west
To see this floure how he will goe to reste.
For fear of night—so hateth she darknysse
Her cheere is plainlie spread in the briteness
Of the sonne—for thir it will unclose."

And again—

"Above all flouris in the mede
Than I love most those flouris white and rede;
Soche that men callen daisies in our towne."†

* In allusion to the custom which prevailed in the days of chivalry; that every lady and every knight made an obeisance as they plucked the daisy-flower, the emblem of fidelity in love.

† In a MS. of the fourteenth century a portrait of this daisy-loving poet is embellished in the upper right hand

"The long daie I hope me for to abide
For nothing ellis, and I shalle not lie,
But for to lokin upon the daisie."

While he makes his fair ladies sing,

"Righte womanlie
A bagaret in praisinge of the daisie,
For (as methought) amonge her notis swete
She said, si douce est la Margerete!"

But to quote at length all that poets have written in praise of

"The daisy, scattered on each mead and down,
A golden tuft within a silver crown,
Full fain that dainty flower;"*

or, as old Fletcher calls them,

"Dasies smelless, but most quaint,"

would, indeed, be an endless task, and I must refer my readers to the works of the authors themselves for such exquisite lines as those of Burns "To a daisy disturbed by the plough;" of Montgomery "To a daisy in India," and many others; confining my extracts to some of the scattered and detached thoughts of Clare, a Welsh bard, Sutton, and Elliot. Clare says:

"Daisies, ye flowers of lowly birth,
Embroiderers of the carpet earth,
That gem the velvet sod;

---

corner, where it is usual, in portraits of the period, to insert the coat of arms of the person represented, with a beautifully executed daisy-plant in full bloom. A most happily chosen device.

* Browne's "Pastorals."

"Open to Spring's refreshing air,
In sweetest, smiling bloom declare
Your Maker, and my God."

The Welsh bard, to whom I have elsewhere referred,* has

"Blodau'r dydd, pan font yn dryfrith,
Ar y ddol y manwlith:
Megis gemmau rhain a welir,
Yn addurno gwisg y glasdir
Maent yn glws!
O maent yn glws!"†

Sutton's lines are:

"A gold and silver cup
Upon a pillar green,
Earth holds her daisy up
To catch the sunshine in.
A dial chaste, set there
To shew each radiant hour:
A field astronomer—
A sun-observing flower.
The children with delight
To meet the daisy run;
They love to see how bright
She shines upon the sun.
Like lowly, white-crowned queen
Demurely doth she bend,
And stands with quiet mien
The little children's friend."‡

* * * *

* *V. infrà*, "Violets."

† "The daisies teeming on the dewy plain,
Shine out like jewels on the earth's green robe
They are beautiful!
Oh, they are beautiful!"

‡ In Yorkshire the daisy is called *bairnwort*.

"She lifteth up her cup,
She gazeth on the sky
Content, so looking up
Whether to live or die;
Content in wind and cold
To stand, in shine or shower;
A white-rayed marigold,
A golden-bosomed flower."

and in the lament of Elliot, is—

"Peeps not a snowdrop in the bower,
Where never froze the spring?
A daisy! Oh, bring childhood's flower
The half-blown daisy bring!
Yes, lay the daisy's little head
Beside the little cheek;
Oh, haste—the last of five is dead—
The childless cannot speak!"

The old Celtic belief was that each new-born babe, taken away from the earth, became a spirit which scattered down some new kind of flower on the land it had left for the home of "just men made perfect;" and the tale is thus gracefully told:

"The virgins of Morven, to soothe the grief of Malvina, who had lost her infant son, sung to her, 'we have seen O Malvina, we have seen the infant you regret; reclining on a light mist, it approached us, and shed on our fields a harvest of new flowers. Look, O Malvina! Among these flowers we distinguish one with a golden disk surrounded by silver leaves; a sweet tinge of crimson adorns its delicate rays; waved by a gentle wind, we might call it a little infant playing in a green meadow; and the flower of thy bosom has given a new flower to the hills of

Cromla.' Since that day, the daughters of Morven have consecrated the daisy to infancy. 'It is,' said they, 'the flower of innocence, the flower of the new-born.'"

Chaucer, however, gives another, and even a more beautiful account of the origin of the daisy, saying, in his "Legende of Gode Women:"

"Hast thou not a boke in thy cheste:
The grete godenesse of the Queen Alceste,
That turnid was into a daisie?
She that for her husbande chese [chose] to die,
And eke to gone to hel, rathir than he.
And Hercules rescuid her parde
And brought her out of hel again to blis?—
And answered I again, and saide yes;
Now I know her; and this is gode Alceste,
The daisie; and mine owne hert is reste.
Now fele I wel the godnesse of this wife
That both aftir her deth, and in her life,
Hir grete bounte doublith her renoun,
Wel have she gave me mine affectioun
That I have to her flowre the däisie.
No wonder is through Jove her stellifie*
As tellith Agaton, for her godenesse.
Hir white crowne berith of it witnesse,
For all so many virtius had she
As small florowris in her corowne be†
In remembrance of her, and in honour,
Cybilla made the daisie, and the flowre
Is crownid al with white, as man may see,
And Mars gave her a corown red parde
Instede of rubies set amonge the white.
* * * *

* "Stellified," *i.e.*, turned into a star by Jove.

† The composite flowerets gathered together in the single blossom of the daisy.

And wostisl wel that kalendir is she,
To any woman that wol lovin be,
For she taughte alle the crafte of trewe lovinge,
And namily of wifehode the livinge."

The name of the daisy speaks for itself; like the Welsh *Llygad y dydd* (eye of day), and *Blodau'r dydd* (flowers of day), for,

"Wel by reason men it callè maie
The daisie, or els the eye of the daie:
The emprize, and the flowre of flowris alle."*

The daisy is the badge of Languedoc.

The old English, and the present French, name of Marguerite, is of course taken from the resemblance of its pearly bud to the rarer pearls of the ocean, and the two have become inseparable in our mind. From this name the plant became sacred to St. Margaret; though the poet, confounding cause and effect, says,—

"There is a double flowret, white and red,
That our lasses call Herb Margaret,
In honoure of Cortona's penitent,
Whose contrite soul with red remorse was rent,
While on her penitence kind Heaven did throw
The white of purity, surpassing snow;
So white and red in this fair flowere entwine,
Which maids are wont to scatter at her shrine."

The old name of bruise-wort relates to the use of the plant for "bruises and alle kindes of paines and aches," which, as Gerarde tells us, it "doe mitigate," besides curing fevers, inflammation of the liver, and "alle the inwarde parts."

* Chaucer.

And the Northumbrian name of ban-wort appears to point to the same thing. "Dases," says Turner, "whyche growithe abrode in every grene and hyhe waye, the northern men they calle thys herbe a banwurt, because it helpeth bones to knigt agayne." The still more northern name of gowan has been usually, though erroneously, supposed to relate to the golden colour of the centre of the blossom; but it is evidently derived, as Dr. G. Johnston * observes, from the Celtic *guen* or *guenes* (Welsh, *gwen*), fair, white, and hence beautiful; thus meaning nearly the same as the Latin name *Bellis* (*bellus*), pretty. The beautiful Italian names, *Fiori di prima vera*, and *Fiori gentili*, speak for themselves; and if the Germans, in too earthly a manner, call the eye of day the goose's eye flower, *gänse-augen-blume*, they compensate for it by their names of *liebes-blümchen*, love-flowret, and *maseliebchen*, love's wound; which last is similar to the Dutch, *Madelieven*.

It would be almost as needless to say that Britain possesses but one species of daisy as it would be superfluous and impertinent to offer any description of this

"Little children's friend,"

the first loved and the last; though I may remark, in passing, on the consternation with which, on looking into some botanical volume for an enumeration of the beauties of the "wee modest flower," we discover it to be possessed of a "scape one

* "Botany of the E. Borders."

flowered, with leaves spathulate, obovate, crenate!" words which, however cabalistic in their signification, we would not willingly repeat over the graves of the daisies in winter time, lest the effect should be anything rather than that of raising

> "their forms from underground
> With a soft and happy sound!" *

* Fletcher.

LUNG-WORT, COWSLIP OF JERUSALEM, SAGE OF JERUSALEM, SAGE OF BETHLEHEM, GOOSEBERRY-FOOL.

Pulmonāria.

Welsh, Lys yr ysgyfaint, Llysiau Mair, Llaeth bron Mair, Nodwydd ddûr Eva, Clystiau derw (*P. maritima*, Glesyn y môrlan).—*French*, Pulmonaire.—*German*, Lungenkraut.—*Dutch*, Longekruid.—*Italian*, Polmonaria.—*Spanish and Portuguese*, Pulmonaria.—*Polish*, Plucnik.—*Russian*, Meduniza.

LINNÆAN.	NATURAL.
Pentandria.	*Borragineæ.*
Monogynia.	*Asperifoliæ.*

THOUGH some mystical sanctity has always been attached to this pretty little plant, and though great virtue has been everywhere attributed to its juices—which, however, some old writers declare to be most pernicious—yet it is curious that herbalist, and collector of legendary lore, seem alike to have omitted it in their catalogues; so that little is now known of the estimation in which it was formerly held, except what may be gathered from the reverential regard still shewn for it by the peasantry, who consider it propitious to secure a plant of it for their gardens, though quite unable to give any reason for the preference. The greater part of the names given above point merely

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Welsh, Llys yr ysgyfaint, Briwlys Mair, Llaeth bron Mair, [illegible] Eva, Clymau [illegible], Glesyn y [illegible].—*French*, Pulmonaire.—*German*, Lungenkraut.—*Dutch*, Longekruid.—*Italian*, Polmonaria.—*Spanish and Portuguese*, Pulmonaria.—*Polish*, Plucnik.—*Russian*, Medunize.

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COMMON LUNGWORT B Pulmonaria officinalis

London: Published by John Van Voorst, 1858.

ings in proof of the *introduction* of the plant at any stated date. It is indigenous to our islands, and wreathes with its graceful festoons over hedge-rows, and moorland walls, in places hundreds of miles distant from any where the plant was ever known in cultivation. The so-called introduction of the plant was, in reality, the introduction of its culture. That it was before imported in a dried state, is shewn by the conplaints made of the adulterations used by "foreigners," who mixed acid with the hops; complaints which, doubtless, led to its cultivation in this country; and probably, also, its importation was the objectionable feature in the innocent plant, which called forth such hard names and so strong a prejudice against it, as its use was considered prejudicial to the interests of the ground-ivy, ale-hoof, sweet-gale, or bog-myrtle,* and other plants, which were previously employed to give a bitter taste to British ale; for, certainly, even a heresy in the Catholic Church could scarcely have excited more acrimonious feeling than the question between ale and beer.

* Each of these plants, with several others of lesser note, was of great importance before the cultivation of hops. In Sweden, in the year 1440, King Christopher confirmed an old law, which rendered punishable by fine the offence of cutting or injuring the sweet gale (*Myrica gale*), or collecting it on any other person's land, or gathering it on a common before a stated day. There is reason to suppose that the hop was at this period used to flavour beer in Sweden, but it was scarce, and its use not general; it must, however, be remembered that the gale was protected for another purpose—namely, for the use of its wax-like secretion in candles.

For a controversy between *ale* and *beer*, it was; and to say that hops and beer came together into England, is simply a truism; since, at first, *beer* signified an infusion of barley flavoured with the hop; while *ale* was a name restricted to the same infusion, flavoured with any other herb. Nor are the two terms very clearly defined in our language, even at the present day. To this distinction the curious old song, "The Ex-ale-tation of Ale" refers:"—

"But now, so they say, beer bears it away,
The more is the pity, if right might prevail;
For with this same beer came in heresy here,
The old Catholic drink is a good pot of ale.

* * * * * *

And physic will favour ale as it's bound,
And be against beer both tooth and nail;
They send up and down, all over the town,
To get for their patients a pot of good ale.

Their aleberries, cawdles, and possets each one,
And syllabubs made at the milking pail,
Although they be many, beer comes not in any,
But all are composed with a pot of good ale;

And in very deed, the hop's but a weed,
Brought over 'gainst law, and here set to sale;
Would the law were removed, and no more beer brewed,
But all good men betake them to a pot of good ale.

* * * * * * *

But to speak of killing, of that I'm not willing,
For that, in a manner, were but to rail;
But beer hath its name 'cause it brings to the bier,
Therefore welfare, say I, to a pot of good ale.

Too many, I wis, with their death proved this,
And, therefore (if ancient records do not fail),
He that first brewed with hop was rewarded with a rope,
And found his beer far more bitter than ale," &c., &c.

Thomas Howell (brother of the Bishop of Bristol of that name), writing from Poissy in the year 1622, says: "some of the doctors and chirurgeons, that tended me, gave me a visit, and among other things they fell into discussion of wines, and one doctor in the company, who had been in England, told me that we have a drink in England called ale, which he thought was the wholesomest liquid that could go into one; for whereas the body of man is supported by two columns, namely the natural heat and radical moisture, he said, there is no drink conduceth more to the preservation of the one and the increase of the other than ale, for while the English drank ale they were strong and brawny able men, and could draw an arrow an ell long; but when they fall to wine and beer they are found to be much impaired in their strength and age, so the ale bore away the bell among the doctors."

Ale appears to have been used in this island at a very early period;* and Kemble, in his "Saxons in England," states that, "between 791 and 796, eighty hides of land at Westbury and Hanbury were relieved by Offa from the dues to kings, dukes, and their subordinates, except these payments, that is to say, the *gafol* at Westbury (sixty hides) two tons full of light ale, and a comb full of smooth ale, and a comb full of Welsh ale, and

* *V. infra*, "Heath."

seven oxen, and six wethers and forty cheeses," and other contributions. But the oldest record of ale (or beer) is that of the *zythus* of ancient Egypt. Herodotus calls it barley-wine, and says it was in common use there. Diodorus considers that it was not inferior to wine, which from one who lived in a vine country was a high compliment, and shews that its qualities were equal to what we now make with hops. It was made from barley, and its flavour was obtained from the lupin, the skirret (*Sium sisarum*), and the root of an Assyrian plant. It was considered sufficiently good to be offered to the gods, and the residue of the malt has been found in Egyptian tombs. Xenophon, "*Anabasis*," 4, 5, mentions the beer of the Armenians, which they drank through hollow reeds. Zythus was, according to Plutarch, used to soften ivory for carving.

Reginald Scott, who lived in the year 1500, appears to have been the first English writer who distinctly treated of the culture of the hop, for which this country is now so celebrated. His work is entitled "Perfect platforme of a Hoppe garden, Necessarie instructions for the makinge and maintenance thereof. London, 4°, 1578." It is now, I believe, a very scarce work.

Haller affirms that the Italians first used hops in their beer, but Beckmann doubts this assertion. During the existence of the Carlovingian dynasty they were cultivated in France, and undoubtedly for other than mere medicinal purposes, as, according to Beckmann, a letter of donation from King Pepin, mentions *humolaria*, which, of course, sig-

nifies hop-gardens. It is supposed that Pliny, in his *Lupus salictarius*, means the hop, which he affirms is eaten, and grows in willow-plantations. In speaking thus he probably refers to the use—still prevalent amongst us—of the young shoots as a spring vegetable, which closely resemble asparagus in flavour, or to their employment, as mentioned by Gerarde, in salads (where, as he observes, quoting Pliny, "they are more toothsome than nourishing"),* rather than to the use of the flowers in flavouring beer. Cato, "*De Re Rustica*," describes a twining plant, which appears to mean the hop, as an excellent food for cattle. And the Arabian physician, Mesne, who died about 845, prescribes it under the name of *Lupulus*, as a medicine. In which form it is still sometimes used as a sedative, stomachic, tonic, and its flowers are occasionally made into a pillow to procure sleep; though Gerarde tells us that they "hurte the head with their strong smelling." He adds, however, that they are good for the liver when

Hop. *Humulus lupulus.* (Female blossom.)

taken internally, cure agues when boiled in whey,

* *See* Hollande's translation.

purify the blood, and by their "manifest virtues do argue wholesomenesse."

The common hop (*Humulus lupulus*) takes its name from the word *humus* (rich soil), of which it is usually considered an indication. It is the female blossom or catkin, the pale green tassels of which give so exquisite a beauty to its dark and graceful vine-like wreaths which is infused for its flavour, whether for medicinal purposes or for beer; and the aspect of the plant when wreathed around the poles of a hop-garden, or, better still, when festooning some wild untrimmed hedge, cannot but be familiar to the reader, and any attempt to describe it would but interfere with the sense of its surpassing loveliness.

The Welsh name of *Llewyg y blaidd*, or

Male Flower of the Hop
(magnified.)

Hop.
(Male blossom.) *Humulus lupulus.*

wolf's-swoon, is evidently traceable to the same root as the Latin *Lupulus*, though it is difficult to ascer-

tain to what origin they may be referred. Probably to some superstition regarding the plant. *Pensoeg* is merely a modern name, compounded from words signifying the head (or frothy working) of the brewing-tub.

The hop is very widely distributed, but especially in the Siberian steppes across the whole of the Asiatic continent, attaining to its maximum in its eastern districts, and circling almost every tree through countless miles of uncultivated country.

DAFFODIL, PRIMROSE-PEERLESS.

Narcissus.

Welsh, Clychau maban, Cenhinen pedr, Croes aw gwanwyn.—*French*, Asphodèle, Pauvre fille de Sainte Claire, Narcisse sauvage, Campane jaune, (*aian, aioult?*)—*German*, Grüne Dame.—*Italian*, Arfodillo, Fiore di Santa Caterina, Trombone giallo, Tazzetta—*Arabic*, Nargis.

LINNÆAN.	NATURAL.
Hexandria.	*Amaryllideæ.*
Monogynia.	

THERE is often a grace in the local names of plants. The foxglove, in Cornwall, is the "fairy's cap;" the snowdrop in the southern counties is the "fair maid of February;" and the Welsh peasant calls the daffodil, *Clychau maban*, babies' bells, or *Croes aw gwanwyn*, welcome spring; while the German familiarly impersonates it as the *grüne Dame*, as in the Servian ballad;—

> "Wuchsen Blumen im Melongarten,
> Blauer Hiacynth und grüne Dame."

Which recals the old English nursery rhyme;—

> "Daffy down dill, is come to town
> With a yellow petticoat and a green gown."

The French give it the name of *Pauvre fille de Sainte Claire;* and the Italians call it the *Fiore*

di Santa Caterina; so welcome to all is this flower of the spring. For, in the words of Shakespeare,—

"When daffodils begin to peer
With heigh! the doxy* over the dale—
Why then comes in the sweet of the year."

"And when the month of Maie,
Is comin, and I here the foulis sing,
And that the flouris ginnin for to spring,"†

it is time as Coleridge says, to

"Leave the hearth, and leave the house
To the cricket and the mouse.
Find gran'am out a sunny seat,
With babe and lambkin at her feet;
Not a soul at home must stay!"

For

"All nature seems at work, slugs leave their lair—
The bees are stirring—birds are on the wing—
And winter, slumbering in the open air
Wears on his smiling face a dream of spring!"

In Cornwall the daffodils are still called "Lent lilies," and doubtless are the flowers to which this old English name properly belongs, though now generally applied to various lilies.

The botanical name *Narcissus* having been given to the daffodil, has confounded it with the Greek *Narcissus*, which was the other allied plant‡ known *in English* by that name, and was so called from the word ναρκη, *stupor*, on account of the overpowering effect produced by the smell of that flower,

* *The glory.* † Chaucer.

‡ The *N. poeticus*, or others.

a quality from which the daffodil is perfectly free. The narcissus was, therefore, consecrated to the furies, who were fabled to stupefy their victims by its means before attacking them; hence Sophocles calls them "garlands of the infernal gods."* Perhaps, on this account the asphodels, which Proserpine is represented as gathering when she was seized by Pluto, were really the narcissus (the Jeanette de Contois of the French). The Chinese, however, regard the narcissus very differently, decorating the shrines of their household gods with it, and placing large china dishes of its blossoms before them on the first day of the new year; for which purpose the roots are planted in pots filled with pebbles and water, just in time to cause them to blow for this festival.

In modern mythology, the common daffodil is sacred to St. Perpetua; the pretty little hoop-petticoat daffodil to St. Catherine, and the *narcissus nutans* to St. Julian.

The name of daffodil, which Skinner and others derive from the family resemblance of the plant to the asphodels, is simply the old English word affo-

* It seems almost superfluous to remind the reader of the fable of the youth Narcissus, who falling in love with his own image in the water, pined away until he was changed into the pale flower which now bears his name;—

> "And on a bank a lonely flower he spied,
> A meek, and forlorn flower, with nought of pride,
> Drooping its beauty o'er the water's clearness,
> To woo its own sad image into nearness,
> Deaf to light Zephyrus it would not move;
> But still would seem to droop, to pine, to love."

dyle, which signified "*that which cometh early,*" and it was long before the word was corrupted into our present daffodil.

"Affodylle, a precious gres [herb]
His noth red in Englysch (?)
Sume seyn yer arn lekys [leeks] fywe [five]
But ye beste yet is on lywe [alive]
Garlec ye ton, lec ye toyer [garlic the one, leek the other]
Squirle [squill] is ye great broyer [the great brother]
Gracia Dei yt growyth in mede
Affodylle ye fyfte schrede;
In Februarie he gynyth to springe,
In May he gynnyth down to hinge
Fyrst in piscibus his sprynginge is,
Be sone in cancer awey I wys;
In March and Aprile wyll he flowre,
Now so fayre herbe to him is i colour,
Ye floure is yewl [yellow] wol tytyl whyth,
I knowe no flowre lyke to it,
Ye stalke is fote and quatir longe [a foot and a quarter]
Ye lef is of ye same wange [measure],
On ye stalke are leuys [leaves] non,
But stalke and leuys all of one heythe,
Ny as it were of on heyte whyte,
Ye tast is sumdell also eke
Yow it lytyll be as of lek [the taste is some deal also, though it little be, as of a leek]
He beryth a knop (*bud*, still used) wt. many sedys
Blae polyssyd as greet it is;
Yis erbe in a clene cloth wt. his rote
Ageyn ye fallende euyl it is bote,
Affodyll in clene cloth kepte yus [thus]
Schall suffryn no fend [fiend] in yt house
And yu bere it on ye day et nyth
Ye fend [fiend] of you schall have no myth
Nor dred of man shall hȳ non dere
Ye man yt on myth on hȳ it bere,
And good it is to bere on myth

To man yt goth in fray et fyth [that goeth in fray and fight]
Zif it be stampid et leyd to wonde
Ye powdyr on ded flesche [proud flesh] who so leye
Anon it sleth [slayeth] it as men seye."*

The root of the daffodil, and, perhaps, also to some extent, the whole plant, is poisonous, yet a useful spirit is distilled from it; and so lately as in the year 1855, a decree was published in the *Moniteur*, whereby alcohols distilled in Algeria from the daffodil are ordered to be admitted duty free into France. A distillation of the daffodil has also been beneficially used as an embrocation in dropsy and palsy.

The daffodil (*N. pseudo-narcissus*), is rare in Scotland and also in Ireland, but in parts of this island, more especially in the south-west, it covers acres of land; and in some districts its bright yellow flowers assume a delicate lemon, or cream-like, hue, which is very elegant. The remaining narcissus of Britain are the *N. poeticus*, which, doubtless, is the true scented narcissus of the Greeks; and the pale, or *biflorus* narcissus, which occurs in several of our southern counties, but it seems very doubtful whether these last two are not always outcasts from gardens or orchards, though they probably took root at some remote period.

* "Stockholm MS." *See* page 88.

FUMITORY, OR EARTHSMOKE.

Fumāria.

Welsh, Mwg-yr-ddaear.—*French*, Fumeterre.—*German*, Erdrauch. — *Dutch*, Duivekervel. — *Italian*, Fumosterno. — *Spanish*, Fumaria, Palomica, Palomilla.—*Portuguese*, Fumaria.—*Russian*, Semlanjaorech.

LINNÆAN.	NATURAL.
Diadelphia,	*Fumariaceæ,*
Hexandria.	*Fumaria.*

THE zeal and learning of Mr. T. J. Pettigrew has presented to us an old English medical manuscript preserved in the royal library at Stockholm ; which, being traced back to the fourteenth century, appears to be based, as he remarks, on the celebrated "*Regimen Sanitatis,*" or "*Schola Salernitana,*" a poetical compendium of the "healing craft," which is believed to have been composed in the eleventh century by the celebrated physician, John of Milan, as a "system of health" for Robert, Duke of Normandy; and based on the far more ancient poem, "*De virtutibus Herbarum,*" of Odo, or Æmilius, Macer. This manuscript gives the following account of the manifold virtues of the fumitory.

"Fumiter is erbe, I say,
Yt spryngyth i April et [and] in May,

In feld, in town, in yard, et gate,
Yer [where] lond is fat and good in state,
Dun red is his flour,
Ye erbe smek [smoke] lik in colowur [colour];
Ageyn feuerys cotidian,
And ageyn feuerys tertyen,
And agey feuerys quartey,
It is medicy soueregn.
Ye fyrste ix dayis of May,
Zif it be dronkyn day be day,
Be it child, woman or man
Yt zese ye feurys nozt meche schall han,
It drywyth awey foule nutrures,
And distroith ye morphe: [Morphew, sunburn?]
And disposing to ye lepre."

But these are, by no means, all the medicinal properties with which it was formerly supposed to be endowed. Great was its value as an anti-scorbutic, for which purpose the expressed juice was sold in the shops, while it was no less beneficial, in the language of the period, "for all obstructions of the viscera;" so that Burton, in his "Anatomy of Melancholy," speaks of it as a plant "not to be omitted by those who are mis-affected with melancholy, because it will much help and ease the spleen."

Sir John Hill, in his "Herbal," recommends the leaves of fumitory to be smoked as a remedy for "disorders of the head;" and in more modern days the late Dr. Cullen, who paid great attention to the qualities of our native plants, recommended a decoction of fumitory in affections of the liver. His recommendation, which might almost be supposed to be based on the injunction of old Tusser,—

"Get water of fumitory, liver to cool,
And others the like, or else go like a fool!"

brought the plant (which is well known to be bitter, diaphoretic, and slightly aperient), into rather general use; but it is now, I believe, forgotten again, though it yet lingers as one of the "simples" of the wonderful old woman who usually forms the medical oracle of a retired country village.

Clare, too, in one of his pastoral poems writes a commentary on the lines of the manuscript which I have quoted :—

"It drywyth away fowle nutrures,
And distroith ye morphe
And disposing to ye lepre,"

when he speaks of

* * "Fumitory, too, a name
Which superstition holds to fame;
Whose red and purple mottled flowers
Are cropped by maids in weeding hours,
To boil in water, milk, or whey,
For washes on a holiday,
To make their beauty fair and sleek,
And scare the tan from summer's cheek."

Well has he said that superstition holds the name to fame; for the appellation, the fume, or smoke of the earth (*Fumus terræ*), which, as will be perceived, is common to almost all the European languages, arises from the following extraordinary fable of the origin of the plant, recorded in the "Grete Herbale," a work which, bearing the date 1516, was the first book on plants ever *printed*

in England. The plant is there affirmed to be "engendered of a coarse fumosity rising from the earth;" and the process by which this fume takes the form of the plant is thus in the most matter-of-fact manner described: "This gross, or coarse fumosity of the earth, windeth and wrieth about, and by working of the air and sun is turned into this herb." The idea almost excels the "plastic" theory of old geologists, and seems to have arisen from the very sudden appearance of the plant in rich and newly-ploughed lands where it has not before been seen, which—though only analogous to other instances of certain plants occurring suddenly in new localities, or under peculiar circumstances—joined with the smoke-like smell it emits when bruised, and with its exceedingly rapid growth, might readily incline minds (to which the dreams of the alchymist were as substantial realities), to regard it as a something not quite coming within the compass of the rules by which more ordinary plants are governed; and to represent it as rising from a vapour, much in the way that the famous Polish doctor, of Cracow, as we are informed by the French physician, Joseph du Chesne Le Sieur de la Violette raised up plants from their ashes by means of his chemical expertness. As, however, some of my readers may not be acquainted with the doings of these wonderful men, I cannot refrain from laying before them the whole account, as related by Bayle, who, in his dictionary, quotes from Gaffarel: believing that such amongst them as are inclined to "poetise or moralise" will thank me for drawing

their attention to a story so overflowing with the elements of both pursuits. This Polish physician, who was the friend of the Sieur de la Violette, kept, as he tells us, the ashes of almost every plant bottled up in phials; and when he wished to produce any particular flower, he simply held its ashes over a lighted taper. The warmth thus gently communicated soon caused a movement in the phial; shewing the applicability of the following line to vegetable structures;

"E'en in their ashes live their wonted fires;"

for soon, in the quaint language of our author, "one could perceive a small, dark, cloud, which dividing itself into little parcels, came at last to represent a rose (or whatever plant might be under experiment), so fine, so fresh, so perfect, that one would have thought it could be handled, and must smell like one that is pluckt from the rose-tree." The Sieur de la Violette, as he himself tells us, became very desirous to perform similar prodigies; for some time, however, all his experiments failed, until, at length, in making some chance experiments on the salts drawn from the ashes of burnt nettles, he exposed them to the dew in winter. In the morning he found them frozen, but "with this wonderful circumstance, that the species of the nettles, their form and figure, were so naturally and perfectly delineated upon the ice, that they seemed to be true nettles." Du Chesne, continues the account, was "overjoyed" at a success, "the excellency of which made him cry out in these words: '*Secret dont*

on comprend que, quoyque le corps méme manque, les formes sont pourtant aux cendres leur demeure.'" An exclamation which we cannot but acknowledge to have been moderate enough under the circumstances.

This physician died in the year 1609, but the narrator informs us, that in his own time the experiment was far more common, being shewn "every day" by M. de Claves, "one of the most eminent chymists of the day."*

Though little resembling the poppy family in appearance, the *Fumariaceæ* are nearly allied to them, and, as Sir J. E. Smith observes, this natural order appears to constitute an "intermediate grade" between the *Papaveraceæ* and *Cruciferæ*,† forming a very interesting link in the natural system, and one which proves the excellence of the grounds on which it takes its stand. We have in the British isles but four fumarias; as the corydali, which were so long confounded with them, have now been separated from the genus on account of the differences exhibited by the fruits. In corydalis they

RAMPING FUMITORY
(*Fumāria capreolāta.*)

* Bayle himself died in 1706.

† "English Flora."

are dehiscent and polyspermous; while in fumaria they are indehiscent, and one-seeded; in other respects, however, no difference is discernible.

The largest of our fumitories is the *F. capreolāta*, which is distinguished, as may be seen in the woodcut, by its broadly bi-pinnated leaves, as well as by its more robust, and larger growth and habit, although, in its smaller state, when accidentally stunted, it is frequently passed over as a form of *F. officinalis.** In general the flowers are paler than those of the species just mentioned, and are nearly twice its size; I must, however, remark, that in the woodcut here given this size is unduly increased, and is, therefore, calculated to convey a false impression.

The common fumitory (*F. officinalis*) has its pretty little blossoms of a bright rose-colour, with a deep red, almost maroon, tip to the petals, along which runs a bright, green keel; the stem is very much branched, and the foliage, which is deeply cut, has a peculiarly light and airy character, an effect which is heightened by the pale and glaucous green exhibited by the leaves of all the family.

Still more deeply cut are the leaves of the rare, least-flowered fumitory (*F. parviflōra*), in which they are reduced almost to the thready dimensions of the fennel leaf. The blossoms of this plant, which occurs on dry chalky or sandy pastures, are rose-coloured, but a variety exists in which they are white, tipped with dark purple, and in which also

* Sir J. E. Smith in "English Flora."

the leaves are far more glaucous than in the more usual form.

The remaining species, the small-flowered fumitory* (*F. micrantha*), was discovered by Mr. D. Stewart, in the vicinity of Edinburgh, since which time it has been met with in several districts in the east of Scotland. However, as yet it is only known to us as a strictly local plant; though it probably may exist in other places which have not, as yet, been sufficiently examined.

The fumitory is generally distributed throughout the temperate regions of the northern hemisphere, and, as Mr. Bicheno remarks, is always found more or less where the corn cultivation is good. In fact, though a most persevering and troublesome weed, it is one, the appearance of which every farmer should hail, as it is an unfailing symptom of good, deep, and rich, land, such as is peculiarly adapted for the growth of corn, a circumstance not unnoticed by England's greatest poet, who says,

> * * "Her fallow leas
> The darnel, hemlocks, and rank fumitory
> Shoot upon."†

And again,

> "Crowned with rank fumiterr, and furrow weeds,
> With hemlock, harlock,‡ nettles, cuckowe-flower,
> Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
> In our sustaining corn."§

* Hooker's "British Flora."

† "Henry the Fifth." ‡ Charlock. § "King Lear."

ST. JOHN'S-WORT (OR GRASS), TUTSAN, TOUCH (OR TOUCHING) LEAVES, PARK-LEAVES, GRACE OF GOD.

Fuga dæmonum, Hypēricum.

Welsh, Erinllys, or Eurinllys, Fendigedi, Nele, Ysgol Grist, Ysgol Fair, Creu-lys bendiged, Dail y trwch, Llys perfigedd. — *French*, Millepertuis. — *German*, Johanniskraut. —*Dutch*, St. Jans kruid.—*Italian*, Pilatro.—*Spanish*, Corazoncillo.—*Portuguese*, Melfurada.—*Russian*, Sweroboi.

LINNÆAN.	NATURAL.
Polydelphia,	*Hypericineæ*,
Polyandria.	*Hypēricum.*

PAINFUL are the thoughts, manifold the associations, induced by a consideration of this string of names:—names which bear us backward on the stream of time to those days of old, when the human mind, groping in a moral darkness, was yet unable to attain to the truth, and substituted superstition for *faith*. Still, there are some who regret that those "good old times" are passed, and would fain disbelieve the great advancement made by man in virtue and moral worth, as well as in wisdom and knowledge. But the high standard of public opinion at the present day, and the happy union of religious feeling with good sense, sufficiently disprove that superiority, which has been attributed (by a partial and *borné* view), to those times when

men were misled by idle traditions and foolish legends, and put more trust in human dogmas and authorities, than in the pure and simple precepts of religion. It was then that the legitimate objects of faith were hidden from the view; the lamp of religion burnt low, or her candle was, by heartless ceremonies, "set under a bushel;" and the intellect was darkened by barbarous fancies and credulity.

Mournful, indeed, is the recollection of the degrading and spirit-slaying superstitions which have, at various periods, enslaved the human race; and yet none can earnestly examine them without feeling conscious of the sterling value of the first feeling from which they sprang. For as obstinacy is but firmness, displayed in a bad cause, or with a want of self-command; so is superstition but faith, without the teaching, and the light, which should direct it, and centre it in its legitimate objects. We grieve when we think of the dark superstitions of the past; and most of all when we see them, unhappily, still lingering in the world; when we see men on whom the light of science, the rays of expanding intellect, and, above all, the sun of the Gospel, *should* have shone, yet groping darkly in the shade, and believing tales which we only connect with the period of the dark ages. Stern is the assertion that the history of superstition is the history of the human mind, *but its sternness springs from the truth;* and though an unwillingness to speak harsh things, and a too compromising tenderness for errors which are, in truth, but the offspring

of ignorance or knavery, may produce a tendency to shrink from the examination and assertion of such facts, it can in no way lessen the sad reality of their existence.

Yet I am far from insensible to the poetic sense of beauty pervading many of the more harmless of these, otherwise, dreary beliefs; and, if ever this charm be allowed to cover the more repulsive qualities of superstition, it is when a grateful admiration of the works of the Maker of all created things, a childlike trust in the benefits to be derived from their use, has invested them with, or rather has arrogated for them, a sort of holy power, an *inherent* virtue such as our forefathers attributed to the herb tutsan, and which they faithfully expressed in its various names.

Dedicating it to St. John the Baptist, on whose night demons were supposed to be unusually active, people of old summed up all which they believed it capable of effecting in the single name of "grace of God." While in that of tutsan, they expressed its qualities: for the word is simply a corruption of *tout sain*, all healing; or of *toute sainte*, all holy, for it was believed to have a power of exorcism, so that no evil spirit or goblin of any kind could endure its presence. Hence, probably, its name of *Fuga dæmonum;* though some writers assure us it is a purely medical cognomen, indicating its remedial power in melancholy, and hypochondriacal complaints; hence also its Welsh appellation of *y fendigedi*, the *blessed;* and that yet more expressive name, *Creu-lys bendiged, the blessed*

herb of an earnest cry, or prayer; a name which forcibly pourtrays to the imagination the strong faith with which the plant was regarded at a time when the fear of evil spirits was no trifling terror. This accounts for the reverential awe with which this last name is still mentioned by the Welsh peasant, even though he has long learned to place his faith far above any created thing. From the feeling too with which this plant was viewed, arose the name of *Ysgol Grist, the school, or ladder* (for, very significantly, the Welsh language has but the one word for the two things) *of Christ:* which was afterwards, in the gradual engraftment of idol-worship on the truths of Christianity, converted into *Ysgol Fair, the school or ladder of Mary.** While *Dail y Trwch* has the double signification of the leaf of the *lame,* or of the *desolate and unhappy* man.

I have alluded to the superstitions which clustered so thickly around the night of St. John, midsummer's eve; when evil spirits were at large, and this plant was in great demand in order to protect persons or dwellings against their assaults. Stowe, in his "Survey of London," tells us that on the vigil of St. John, "every man's door was shadowed with green birch, long fennel, St. John's-

* Jones is mistaken when he applies these last two names to the St. Peter's-wort (*Symphōria*), of which none of the species are British. See his "Physical herbs, trees, and fruits," compiled, as he tells us, in his useful Dictionary, "by the great pains and industry of Thomas Jones," in the year 1777.

wort, orpine, white lilies, and such like, garnished upon with garlands of beautiful flowers," and with lamps burning within all the night long; which reminds us of the present custom, in Switzerland, of lighting fires on the summits of the mountains, on St. John's day. The plant was formerly carried about as an amulet by the Scottish Highlanders; and to some such feeling we may attribute the still-prevailing Welsh custom, taught by mothers to their children, of placing its leaves—under the name of "touch-leaf," or "touching-leaf,"—between the leaves of their Bibles, or otherwise carrying them about; although, in some places, the original reason for so doing is forgotten, and the habit is supposed to have arisen from its pleasant scent, though it is certainly not so agreeable as many more easily-found plants; and in the retired villages of the Pyrenees, where lingers yet a vital remnant of the "old-world-spirit," garlands of the *millepertuis* are hung over the doors on this enchanted night, and are even preserved through the year, in order to secure the general prosperity of the inmates, and to counteract the effects of "storms, thunder, heretics, and other evil spirits."

Other powers, too, were attributed to the St. John's-wort, on this night; it was used in divinations, more especially in such as are recorded in the following lines;—

"The young maid stole through the cottage door,
And blushed as she sought the plant of power.
'Thou silver glow-worm, oh lend me thy light,
I must gather the mystic St. John's-wort to-night;

The wonderful herb, whose leaf will decide
If the coming year shall make me a bride.'
And the glow-worm came
With its silvery flame,
And sparkled and shone
Thro' the night of St. John,
And soon has the young maid her love-knot tied.
And with noiseless tread
To her chamber she sped,
Where the spectral moon her white beams shed:—
'Bloom here, bloom here, thou plant of power,
To deck the young bride, in her bridal hour!'
But it drooped its head, that plant of power,
And died the mute death of the voiceless flower,
And a withered wreath, on the ground it lay,
More meet for a burial, than bridal day.—
And when a year was passed away
All pale on her bier the young maid lay;
And the glow-worm came
With its silvery flame,
And sparkled and shone
Thro' the night of St. John,
And they closed the dark grave o'er the maid's cold clay."

It is a curious circumstance that the greater part of the superstitions connected with the night of St. John relate to the vegetable world; such as the custom of flinging garlands on a flowing stream in order to ascertain whether their maker will be successful in love; or seeking for the seed of the fern, which it was formerly believed could only be found on this night, and which, if secured, would enable the wearer to become invisible. A belief thus alluded to by Beaumont and Fletcher:—

"I have the recipe of fern-seed—
I walk invisible."

And also in the curious old story so circumstantially narrated of the man who, having been so fortunate as to find the seed, wrapped it carefully in paper and placed it in a box; but on his return home found that his treasure had disappeared, though the box and the paper had evidently never been opened by the beings who had thus revenged themselves by "spiriting" away their contents.

Some poetical old physician calls the tutsan "Balm of the warrior's wound," in allusion to the vulnerary and balsamic properties which it is supposed to possess. This more especially applies to the *H. Androscæmum*,* the tutsan, properly so called, which takes its trivial name from two Greek words signifying *man*, and *blood*, in allusion to the dark red juice which exudes from the fresh capsules, when bruised. It was this part of the plant therefore which—in compliance with the "doctrine of signatures"—was applied to external wounds, and very probably not without success, as the whole tribe have astringent properties. Gerarde informs us that the bruised leaves are good for burns, that a decoction of the seeds drunk for forty days will cure sciatica, and "take away" tertian, and quartan agues. And in more modern times the plant has been recommended as a febrifuge and also as an anthelmintic, possessing as it does, bitter, purgative, slightly astringent, and aromatic secretions in its resinous juices:—properties which, even without the testimony of experience, give a contradiction to the opinion expressed by Daniel, when he clothes in a

* The *Androscæmum Officinale* of De Candolle.

sneer the very undeniable truth that faith accelerates a cure :

> "But this is only sweet and delicate
> Fit for young women, and is like the herb St. John,
> Doth neither good, nor hurt : but that's all one ;
> For if they but conceive it doth, it doth,
> And it is that physicians hold the chief
> In all their cures—conceit and strong belief."

Another writer, quoted in the "Anatomy of Melancholy," recommends it under the name of *Hyperion*, to be gathered "on a Friday in the hour of Jupiter, when it comes to his effectual operation (which is at the full moon in July) : so gathered, or borne, or hung about the neck, it mightily helps this affliction (melancholy), and drives away all phantasticall spirits."

The juice of these plants resembles gamboge, both in colour and properties ; so that the *H. baccatum* and other species occurring in Guiana, where the fervour of a tropical sun gives intensity to their powers, are commonly known by the name of "American gamboge;" and mixed with turpentine and olive oil they are said to form the "oil of St. John's-wort," which is used medicinally.

The Welsh name, *Llys perfigedd*, refers to the anthelmintic properties of which we have spoken ; *perfigedd* being a term applied to a disease produced by worms in cattle.

The young tops and flowers of all the species afford, in their resinous juice, a useful dye. It is perfectly soluble in water, alcohol, and vinegar ; producing with the first two, a deep blood-red colour, and with the last, a pure bright crimson : or, if com-

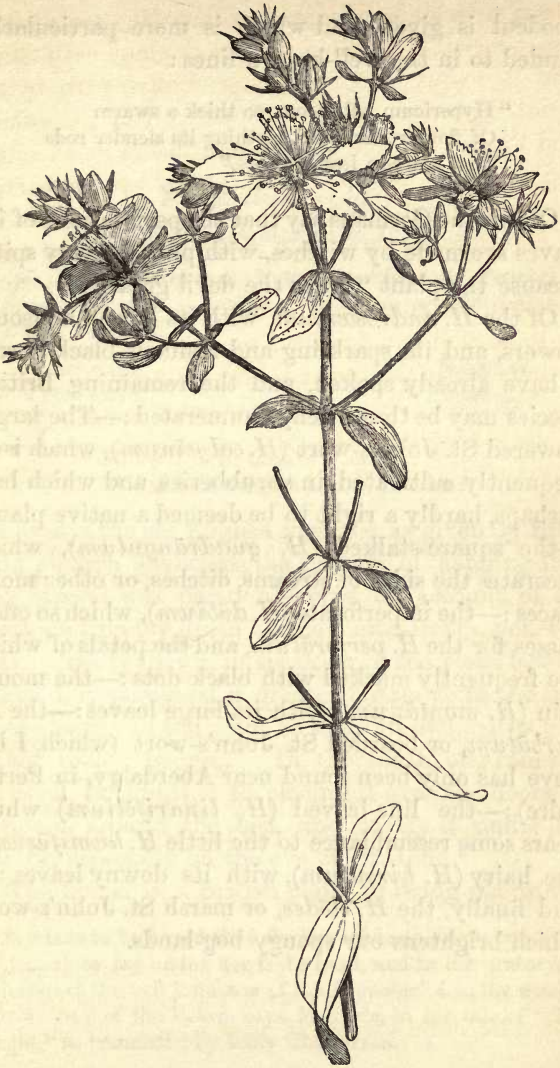
bined with an acid, a good yellow. The same colour is produced by boiling the dried plant with alum, and it is thus used for dyeing woollen yarn by the country people. Combined with oil of turpentine, and linseed oil, this juice also furnishes an excellent red varnish, which is frequently used by upholsterers for colouring woods.

As before shewn, a part of the plants of the order *Hypericaceæ* are tropical; these, however, are few; yet their distribution is pretty nearly universal both as to station and locality, though they occur most abundantly in the cooler districts of Asia and Europe. Almost the *whole of the order* have yellow flowers; in fact I believe the *H. cochinchinēnse*, or red-flowered Hypēricum to be the single exception to this rule.

With the golden stars of all our own species, the *Eurinllys*, or *golden herb*, of the Welsh, the reader is probably familiar.

The general favourite in this tribe is the bright and pretty little trailing St. Johns-wort (*H. humifūsum*), which creeps over dry and desolate districts, on arid stone walls, on boggy pastures, or on broken and gravelly ground, as if all places were alike to it, so it may but weave its slender stems and diminutive golden stars into the "fair tapestry" that clothes the earth.

Yet the mere question of beauty may be disputed with the upright St. John's-wort (*H. pūlchrum*), whose rigid branches are clothed with beautiful rosy-tipped blossom-buds; or with the common or perforated St. John's-wort (*H. perforātum*), of which a



COMMON PERFORATED ST. JOHN'S-WORT.—*Hypericum perforatum.*

woodcut is given, and which is more particularly alluded to in the well-known lines:

> "Hypericum, all bloom, so thick a swarm
> Of flowers, like flies, clothing its slender rods
> That scarce a leaf appears."

Of this the Germans say that the perforations of its leaves are made by witches, with pins, for very spite, because the plant "hurts the devil greatly."

Of the *H. androsœmum*, with its large handsome flowers, and its sparkling and resinous black berry, I have already spoken, and the remaining British species may be thus briefly enumerated:—The large-flowered St. John's-wort (*H. calycīnum*), which is so frequently cultivated in shrubberies, and which has, perhaps, hardly a right to be deemed a native plant:—the square-stalked (*H. quadrāngulum*), which decorates the sides of streams, ditches, or other moist places:—the imperforate (*H. dūbium*), which so often passes for the *H. perforātum*, and the petals of which are frequently marked with black dots:—the mountain (*H. montānum*,) with its large leaves:—the *H. barbātum*, or bearded St. John's-wort (which, I believe has only been found near Aberdalgy, in Perthshire):—the line-leaved (*H. linarifōlium*) which bears some resemblance to the little *H. humifūsum*: the hairy (*H. hirsutum*), with its downy leaves:—and finally, the *H. elōdes*, or marsh St. John's-wort, which brightens our spongy bog-lands.

FENNEL.

Fœniculum vulgare.

(*Anēthum fœniculum of* LINN.)

Welsh, Ffenigl. — *French*, Fenouil. — *German*, Fenchel. — *Spanish*, Hinojo. — *Italian*, Finocchio, or Finocchino. — *Dutch*, Fenekell.

LINNÆAN.	NATURAL.
Pentandria,	*Umbelliferæ.*
Digynia.	

"MIRIE it is, in time of June,
When fenil hangith abrode in toun;"

Thus says the old English romance, as given by Ellis; and though doubtless the custom of hanging it in the streets was partly observed on account of the fresh and pretty green of the fennel-leaves, yet, as I have already shewn, in speaking of the plant last described, it possessed a greater charm from the supposed power of the plant to keep off evil spirits, and other such "bugges." In the south of France it is usual, in addition to placing it over the doors, to strew it around the bed, and to lay it under the pillow, especially on the eve of St. John.*

The fennel is a British plant, growing plentifully

* "It is to be hoped that she has made an ample provision of fennel to lay under her bed's head, and in her oratory, to counteract the evil influence of the *Brouches*," *i. e.*, the witches or sorcerers of the Bearn, says M. Bade, in his tale of "The Cagot," as translated by Lady Chatterton.

on chalky cliffs near the sea, more especially in the south-east counties of England. It is the true fennel of the garden, such as is used as sauce or garnish to fish, and which, as such, is too well known to need description. But there are several other species known under the generic name of *Anēthum* (or dill), taken from the Greek word signifying to burn (from the warm and aromatic qualities of the tribe), while the specific name is *said* to be derived from the Latin *fœnum*, hay, from some fancied resemblance to that substance in the smell. Large quantities of fennel-seed are imported into this country, where they are employed in the manufacture of gin, and also in medicine as a harmless carminative, very much resembling anise-seed in its qualities, the two plants being nearly allied. The infusion of fennel-seed, in all its species, is generally known as dill-water, and is greatly prized by nurses as a "baby-medicine," though apparently, if there be any truth in expression of countenance, not so fully appreciated by the poor little babies themselves. It is also much given to sickly lambs in rainy and cold seasons. Gerarde recommends a decoction of the green leaves, or seed, to nursing mothers; and he attributes to the boiled roots an efficacy in dropsy, being, as he says, "equall in virtues with annisse-seede," and good for the liver and lungs. He also recommends that the powdered seed be drunk "for certaine daies together fasting," in order to preserve the eyesight, quoting the old monkish couplet:

> "Fœniculum, rosa, verbena, chelidonia, ruta,
> Ex his fit aqua quæ lumina reddit acuta:"

which he thus translates :

> "Of fennell, roses, veruain, rue, and celandine,
> Is made a water good to cleere the eine."

This was a very prevalent belief of old, when it was even supposed that the knowledge of its efficacy in cases of blindness extended to the serpent tribe, who were said to eat it in order to restore their sight ; as is asserted in the following list of the virtues of the fennel, extracted from the "Stockholm Manuscript :"—

"As sayth Mayster Macrobius,
Fenel is erbe precyows,
In somer he growyth hey [high] et grene,
And beryth his sed, semly to sene,
It is no nede hym to dis-crye [describe]
Iche man hy knowyth at eye,
Good is his sed, so is his rote
And to many thyngys bote ; [useful*]
Ye sed is good fastende to ete,
And ek in drage† after mete
Ageyn wyckid huores [? humours] et bolyng [swellings]
Ageyn wyckid wynd et many oyer thyng ;
Water of fenel to a plyth [apply]
Is wonder holsu [wholesome] for he syth ; [sight]
Medeled [mingled] wt. water of roset
Half in aporcin [in equal quantities] nothyng bet. [better]
Fenel in pottage et in mete
Is good to done, whane yu schalt ete
All grene, loke it be corwy [cut, *e. g.*, "cow," Scotch] small
In what mete yu usyn schall,
In what drynk yu use it sekyrly
It is good for ye pose et sucke.

* As in *bootless* (boteless) useless.

† Dreg, Scotch, very small quantity of liquid, "Archæologia."

Whanne the neddere [adder] is hurt in eye
Ye rede [ready] fenel is hys prey
And zif he mowe [mouth] it fynde
Wonderly he doth hys kynde,
He schall it chowe [chew] wonderly
And leyn [lays] it to hys eye kindlely
Ye jows [juice] schall sawg [? save] and helyn ye eye,
Yat be forn [before] was sick et feye [feeble]

A medicyne is yet for eyere bote
To take jows of fenkel rote
And droppg i ye eyne bothe ewe et morwe [at eve and on the morrow]
Ye peyne xal [shall] slake et ye sorwe [sorrow]."

Pomet in his "History of Druggs" assures us that confectioners "take clusters of the green fennel, which, when covered with sugar they sell to make the breath sweet, for the green is reckoned to be of the greatest virtue," while the seed, he adds, is laid between olives, in order to give the oil a fine taste." And the Arabs of the present day employ it as an article of food rather than as a mere condiment, rolling up and stewing minced meat in its leaves, and using the stalks as a vegetable.

Over a great part of Southern Europe the *anēthum* is an object of culture and commercial value, a fact which may be faintly traced in the idiomatic expression of the Italians; "voglio la mia parte fino al finocchio," for "I will have every farthing of the money." Both in Italy and in Spain it is added to various beverages, and is considered agreeable and wholesome; just as the ancients believed that its constant presence in their food not only imparted bodily health, and longevity, but gave strength and

courage to those who partook of it; an idea which has been embellished by Longfellow, who deduces from it a moral.

"Filled is life's goblet to the brim,
And though my eyes with tears are dim,
I see its sparkling bubbles swim,
And chant a melancholy hymn,
With solemn voice and slow.

No purple flowers—no garlands green,
Conceal the goblet's shade or sheen,
Nor maddening draughts of Hyppocrene
Like gleams of sunshine, flash between
Thick leaves of misletoe.

The goblet wrought with curious art,
Is filled with waters that upstart
From the deep fountains of the heart
By strong convulsions rent apart,
And running all to waste.

And as it mantling passes round,
With fennel is it wreathed and crowned,
Whose seed and foliage sun-embrowned
Are in its waters steeped and drowned,
And give a bitter taste.

Above the lowly plants it towers,
The fennel with its yellow flowers;
And in an earlier age than ours
Was gifted with the wondrous powers
Lost vision to restore.

It gave men strength, and fearless mood,
And gladiators fierce and rude
Mingled it with their daily food,
And he who battled and subdued,
A wreath of fennel wore.

Then in life's goblet freely press
The leaves that give it bitterness,
Nor prize the coloured water less,
For in thy darkness and distress
New light and strength they give.

And he who has not learned to know
How false its sparkling bubbles shew,
How bitter are the drops of woe
With which its brim may overflow,
He has not learned to live.

The prayer of Ajax was for light
Through all that dark and desperate fight,
The blackness of that noonday night,
He asked but the return of sight
To see his foeman's face.

Let our increasing, earnest prayer
Be too for light—*for strength* to bear
Our portion of the weight of care
That crushes into dumb despair
One half the human race.

Oh suffering, sad humanity;
Oh ye afflicted ones, who lie
Steeped to the lips in misery,
Longing, and yet afraid to die,
Patient, tho' sorely tried!

I pledge you in this cup of grief
Where floats the fennel's bitter leaf,
The battle of our life is brief—
The alarm—the struggle—the relief,—
Then sleep we side by side."

The fennel is widely distributed as a native plant; while its dissemination is increased by its pertinacity in following human migrations. This is remarkably

exemplified in Brazil, to which it has been imported from Europe, and in which it now appears, as we are told by Darwin,* as a constant weed in the vicinity of the towns. Mr. Ainsworth mentions a curious fact with regard to its occurrence in Chaldæa, where above Umrah, on the Kuriki mountain, two species occur, each of which is respectively confined to a single side of the mountain. The plant is of immense importance to the Kurdish inhabitants of the district, growing, as it does, in the utmost abundance almost at the snow time, and constituting, when dried, the principal winter provender of their cattle; while its stems, gathered just as they issue from the ground, form a large proportion of the food of the villagers, or, when chopped and steeped in sour milk, furnish them with a wholesome drink which they highly value for its fine aromatic flavour. On the borders of the Siberian steppes it occurs very plentifully, attaining (according to Mr. Atkinson) to a height of ten or twelve feet, in favourable localities.

* "Journal of Researches."

BELL-FLOWER, WITCH'S THIMBLE, THROAT-WORT.

Campānula.

Welsh, Clychlys.—*Gaelic*, Curach-na-cw'aig.—*French*, Clochette, Campanelle.—*German*, Glocken-blume.

LINNÆAN.	NATURAL.
Pentandria.	*Campanulaceæ.*
Monogynia.	*Campānula.*

"THE frail blue-bell peereth over,
Rare broidery of the purple clover,"

writes Tennyson, in lines which, for their beauty, we cannot quarrel with, though truth has been somewhat sacrificed to rhythm; as the rich leas in which the *purple* clover flowers could never be decked with the mountain and heath-loving hare- or blue-bell, which would quickly die in any herbage so long and succulent as the purple clover; though it might, perhaps, grow in the closer tufts of the hill-side *white* clover.* However, we will not deal too critically with a poet whose observation of nature is usually fresh and true, or who tells us, so prettily:

"When the little airs arise,
How the merry blue-bell rings
To the mosses underneath."

* If I might *venture* to speak more scientifically on the subject, I should quote the matter-of-fact words of the botanist,

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Campanula.

Welsh, [illegible].—*Gaelic,* Currac-na-cu'aig.—*French,* Clochette, Campanule.—*German,* Glocken-blume.

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Pentandria.	*Campanulaceæ.*
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—lines which, in their exquisite simplicity, make dull and heavy Merritt's more earthly—

> "Azure hare-bell that doth ceaseless ring
> Her wildering chimes to vagrant butterflies."

This is the blue-bell of Scotland, the hare-bell, or heath-bell (*Campānula rotundifōlia*):—

> "The hare-bell that for her stainless azure blue,
> Claims to be worn of none but those are true:"*

and not, of course, the English blue-bell, or wild hyacinth (*Scílla*). It is the hare-bell which "raised its head, elastic," from the "airy tread" of Ellen Douglas; and which, turned into silver by "fairy glamour," rung out the wishes of the little maiden, in the well-known tale, when she held it up in the pale moonlight. It is the same which the little boy, in olden days, heard ringing, when, as he sat in a fairy circle on the hill-side, he chanced to touch the flower with his foot, and to the sweetness of whose chimes all the sheep on the hill gathered round to listen. Nor did they forget its charm when evening came: for vainly did he try to take the sheep away; and none would go home with him till he gathered the blue-bell, and carried it before the flock, which followed him for days, until the blossom withered. It is the plant that loves the wild, free air of the heath and the hill-side, the moorland and mountain, and pines and

"it is indicative of an extremely barren soil;" but I have respect for the privileges of the poets.

* Browne's "Pastorals."

dwindles, till it dies, in the more sophisticated soil of the garden.

More beautiful in the growth of the plant, though not its rival in the blossom, is the little ivy-leaved bell-flower (*Campānula hederācea*), of whose graceful wreaths an engraving is given, and which so beautifully festoons the damp hollows of mountains in Cornwall, Wales, and other western parts of our island, as it does the clefts of the rocky Pyrenees. This plant is very interesting to the botanist and the geographer, from the circumstance that while in, other respects, it agrees with the division of campanulas, which are peculiar to the northern hemisphere, it resembles in the opening of its seed-capsules the *Wahlenburgiæ*,* which division is confined, as M. Alphonse de Candolle remarks, to the southern hemisphere.

Perhaps the best known of our campanulas is the Canterbury-bell, or steeple-bells, which, from the size and beauty of its blossoms, as well as its patience under both cultivation and neglect, is frequently introduced in garden culture; and which, formerly, from its abounding in the neighbourhood of Canterbury, as well as in other parts of Kent, was gathered by pilgrims to that shrine, and treasured in evidence of the task they had completed;

* Schrader places it, though erroneously, in the last division. The distinction consists in the opening of the capsules, which, in the *Wahlenburgiæ*, takes place by the dehiscence of the upper, or free part of the capsule, the inferior portion remaining attached. In the others the whole capsule dehisces by lateral fissures.

and some other connection with holy or ecclesiastical symbols may have led to the old English name of "steeple-bells."

The rampion (*C. rapūnculus*) is a useful as well as a handsome plant,—the roots and young leaves are frequently employed in salads, or are boiled, and believed to resemble asparagus in flavour. The acrid milky juice of this, and some other campanulas, was formerly administered in throat-complaints, whence the name of throat-wort, though it appears that the "doctrine of signatures" contributed largely to this prescription; and that the throat-like form of the blossoms proved its greatest recommendation, or at least suggested its being so employed.

There occur in Britain twelve varieties of campanula, which, though well marked as distinct species, are distinguished by such delicate shades, that it would be beyond the scope of this little volume to characterise them; and I must therefore refer such of my readers as may be disposed to examine them botanically, to more systematic works on the subject.

FORGET-ME-NOT.

Myosōtis palūstris.

Welsh, Y Dorfagl, Golwg Christ, Llygaid Christ, Goleiddrem, Gloywlys, Effros.—*French*, Gremillet, Scorpionne.—*German*, Vergiss-mein-nicht.—*Danish*, Forgjœt-mig-ej.—*Dutch*, Kruidig-muize-noor.—*Italian*, Orecchio di topo.—*Spanish*, Miosota.—*Portuguese*, Myosota.—*Russian*, Dukowka.

LINNÆAN.	NATURAL.
Pentandria,	*Borragineæ*,
Monogynia.	*Asperifoliæ.*

I AM not aware that this very brightest of our flowers has, in the lesser sense of the word, any actual—shall I say any *discovered*—use? yet I am confident that the most practical spirit of the nineteenth century will not object to my including it in this volume of useful plants, forming, as it does, so universal an emblem of friendship, from its colour resembling the blue of Heaven, by which constancy is symbolized. We will also make for ourselves another use, which shall be as high and as holy as are those lessons of active and earnest toil which we receive from examining the ceaseless utility of the natural objects which on every side surround us. We will make it a silent reminder that even the sphere of usefulness will not justify us in neglecting, amidst the whirl of active life, to cultivate in calm-

ness and silence, the spiritual graces and gifts bestowed upon us: nor in neglecting, in our energetic desire for action, those lesser considerations and attentions which are absolutely requisite to bind together human society, to ameliorate the else, too galling, friction of unspiritualised life. We will make it a monitor to test whether in our own cases,

"The world is too much with us, late and soon;"

whether

"Getting, and spending, we lay waste our powers,"

so that,

"Little we see in nature that is ours;
We have given our *hearts* away; a sordid boon!"

We will go forth from the world of cares, with its artificial habits; and leave for once the exhilirations and the depressions which attend the actual affairs of daily life; we will leave the prose of toil awhile, and wander with the poets until we can return to it with spirits freshened, and energies renewed by an uninterrupted communion with nature; we will go forth and worship where,

* * "Each floral bough that swingeth
And tolls its perfume in the passing air,
Makes sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth
A call to prayer.

"Not in the domes where crumbling arch and column
Attest the feebleness of mortal hand,
But to that fane, most catholic and solemn,
Which God hath planned."*

* Horace Smith.

Knowing that

* * "By the breath of flowers
God calleth us from its throngs and cares
Back to the woods, the birds, the mountain streams,
That sing of Him—back to free childhood's heart,
Fresh with the dews of tenderness;"*

and there, instead of acting,

"Like babes that pluck an early bud apart
To know the dainty colour of its heart;"†

we will learn to amplify our hearts, till—taking in the vastness of our human brotherhood—they rise with trustfully confident humility to the Father of both them and us, and so we will learn that

"Spite of all this eager strife,
The ceaseless play, the genuine life,
That serves the *stedfast* hours,
Is in the grass beneath that grows
Unheeded, and the mute repose
Of sweetly breathing flowers."‡

We will say with pious and quaint old George Herbert—

"These are Thy wonders, Lord of Love!
To make us see we are but flowers that glide,
Which when we once can find, or prove,
Thou hast a garden for us where to bide,
Who would be more,
Swelling through store,
Forfeit their paradise by their pride;"

and we will learn

* * "To look
With reverent spirit, through Nature's book

* Mrs. Hemans. † Thomas Hood. ‡ Wordsworth.

By fount, by forest, and by river's line ;
To read its deep meanings—to see and hear
God in earth's garden, and not to fear." *

We will taste, and see

" What a glory doth this earth put on
For him that with a fervent heart, goes forth
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks back
On duties well performed, and days well spent !
For him the wind—aye, and the yellow leaves
Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent teachings ;
He shall so hear the solemn hymn, that Death
Has lifted up for all, that he shall go
To his long resting place without a tear." †

For we know that

" God made the flowers to beautify
The earth, and cheer man's careful mood,
And he is happiest who hath power
To gather wisdom from a flower,
And wake his heart in every hour
To pleasant gratitude !" ‡

We know that they are given

* * " To whisper hope
If e'er man's faith grow dim,
For who so careth for the flowers,
Will much more care for him." §

And so shall we with

* * " Attentive, and believing faculties,
Go forth abroad, rejoicing in the joy
Of beautiful and well-created things ;
To love the voice of waters, and the sheen
Of silver fountains leaping to the sea ;

* Mrs. Hemans. † Longfellow. ‡ Wordsworth.
§ Mrs. Howitt.

And thrill with the rich melody of birds
Living their life of music ; and be glad
In the gay sunshine, reverent in the storm ;
And see a beauty in the stirring leaf,
And find calm thoughts beneath the whispering tree,
And see, and hear, and breathe the evidence
Of God's deep wisdom in the natural world ;"*

and we shall learn that

"Mountains, and oceans, planets, suns, and systems,
Bear not the impress of Almighty power
In characters more legible, than those
Which he hath written on the tiniest flower,
Whose light bells bend beneath the dew-drop ; " †

and shall see that

"Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,
God hath written in the stars above ;
But not less in the bright flowerets under us
Stands the revelation of his love."‡

Unchangeable is the truth that, "Si l'auteur de la nature est grand dans les grandes choses, il est très grand dans les petites ;"§ wisely then, like the old philosopher, Sir Thomas Browne, shall we study the mighty book of nature, "that universal and public manuscript that lies expanded unto the eyes of all."

"For not, oh, not alone to charm our sight,
Gave God the blooming flowers, the leaves of light.
They speak a language which we yet may learn
A divination of mysterious might !
And glorious thoughts may angel-eyes discern
Flower-writ in mead, and vale, where'er man's footsteps turn."||

* N. P. Willis. † Bell. ‡ Longfellow. § Rousseau.
|| Charles Swain.

And so shall we

> "Say that He who, from the dust
> Recalls the slumbering flower,
> Will *surely* visit those who trust
> His mercy and His power." *

We shall remember who it was who bade us to "consider the lilies how they grow;" and shall be ready to exclaim—

> * * "Oh! Father, Lord
> The all-beneficent, we bless Thy name,
> That Thou hast mantled the green earth with flowers,
> Sinking our hearts to nature,"†

and shall become

> * * * "So impressed
> With *quietness* and beauty, and so fed
> With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
> Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men
> Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
> Our cheerful faith that all which we behold
> Is full of blessings."‡

and so, having seen

> "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*, writ
> In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue, and white;"§

we turn again to the cares, the crosses, the trials, and *the duties*, of life with a freshened vigour, a calmed heart, and a renewed resolution, and go back

* Dr. Moir. † Mrs. Hemans. ‡ Wordsworth. § Shakespeare.

Note.—The greater part of the extracts given above, are collected together in that pleasant little volume "The Moral of Flowers," by Mr. Adams.

as quietly to our toils, which we did but momentarily forget, as the pen reverts to

> "The blue and bright-eyed floweret of the brook,
> Hope's gentle gem, the sweet forget-me-not;"*

which we so lately left for the "realms of poesy," where, like Titania, we have been gathering

> "Not riches, the desire of little souls,
> * * * * *
> but 'forget-me-nots.'"†

For it is now time to make a few observations on the string of names which head these remarks on the *myosōtis:* and on the propriety or inapplicability of some of its appellations. Gladly would I enter a protest against the terrible name of scorpion-grass, as applied to this friendly plant, which, however—as being derived from some fancied resemblance between the tail of a scorpion, and the budding flower raceme—I will consider as applying to the genus only, and not to the individual plant; for though eight species are enumerated by Hooker as belonging to our British myosōti, I cannot admit of the very frequent error of calling them indiscriminately forget-me-nots. We may dispute as we will, respecting the *real* origin of the name forget-me-not, but we cannot deny that the story of *European* acceptance, though of Rhenish origin (which tells how a lover venturing into a river, to gather for his beloved some of these blossoms which grew on an island, was carried away by the eddying stream, and could but cast, with dying hand, the flowers she

* Coleridge. † Ludwig Tieck.

wished for towards her, exclaiming *Vergiss-mein-nicht*) was framed in relation to some water-plant, and not to any which grows in localities so dessicated as those frequented by a great proportion of the others, which I do not, therefore, include under the head of *forget-me-nots*. I may here remark that supposition of the emblematic signification of the flower having arisen from the circumstance of the banished Duke of Lancaster, afterwards Henry IV., blending it with the initial letter of his watchword, *Souveigne vous de mois*, as the badge of his adherents, is a very remarkable instance of ingenious adaptation of fact to circumstance; a curious example of the confusion of *cause* and *effect*. Even did we not know the name to be of far more venerable age, the idea would be shaken by its prevalence through so many of the European languages, over which a party badge could have no influence. I should, however, remark that it would appear confined to nations having the Teutonic element, a circumstance which in no way affects what has been already said. That this meaning was attached to it in England, so early as the year 1465, is shewn by Mills in his "History of Chivalry," for on the 17th of April, in that year when a joust was held, in which Lord Scales, the brother of the queen, took part, the fair ladies of her court presented to that favoured knight a collar of gold, enamelled with "*forget-me-nots.*"

The botanical term *myosōtis* is not unapt, signifying, as it does, mouse's, or rat's, ear; hence our English name of mouse-ear, the Italian *orecchio di topo*,

and the Spanish and Portuguese *miosota*, and *myosota;* as the downy, ovate leaves really bear a resemblance to the ears of those animals. Most of the Welsh names have a signification agreeing with the habit of calling either this plant or the speedwell, eyebright; which we suspect to have been originally applied to this plant rather than to that which at present so called, namely, the *Euphrasia*, as the term probably referred to the appearance of the plant, to that bright, upward-turned flower which so distinctly recalls to us some clear, honest, blue eye, rather than to the property of healing diseases of the eye, from which the *Euphrasia* is named. Thus the Welsh *Golwg Grist*, signifies Sight of Christ; *Llygaid Grist*, Christ's eye; *Gloywlys*, bright, or clear herb; *Goleiddrem*, light, and sight, or aspect; and *Effros* (*effro*), awakening. But the appellation of *Dorfagl* (*Tor*, a mantle, and *fagl*, a flame), is perplexing, as it does not appear applicable to a blue flower, however *bright*. A similar remark may, also, be made with regard to one of the names of another blue flower, *perfagl* (*per*, sweet) the periwinkle.

FORGET-ME-NOT.—*Myosŏtis palūstris.*

Most abundantly grows the forget-me-not beside

brooks, rivers, and stagnant ditches; asking only for moisture in order to fringe their sides with its turquoise flowers, whose brilliant hue is beautifully contrasted with the clear yellow eye, and the distinct white ray which defines the base of each segment of the monopetalous corolla. Yet in a state of cultivation it will dispense with the natural requirement of moisture, and will even produce blossoms of a larger size than when in its native habitats. There can be few more beautiful plants for "bedding" as gardeners term it, than this; possessing, as it does, the advantage of continuing the whole summer in bloom if the blossom-stalks be but regularly gathered; teaching, that like the friendship of which it is the emblem, it *strengthens by cultivation.* It is also an excellent plant for "window gardening."

Pliny, who, like most of the early writers, has always some wonderful tale to tell of the Egyptians, affirms that they believe that if this plant is gathered on the 27th day of Thiatis (Thoth), which answers nearly to our August, and any one anoints his eyes with its juice before he speaks in the morning, he will be free from weak eyes all that year. This grows in the valley of the Nile; but there is also a *myosōtis* peculiar to the Desert—though rare there—which is rather smaller, and with a darker blue flower, than any of our species.

To wander forth into the boundless, and bondless, realms of poetry, and of rhyme, which have been attached to this little flower would be a task for which we have little inclination, but we can,

nevertheless, not resist the insertion of the following stanza of Germany's glorious poet.*

"Wenn sie ein blaues Blümchen bricht
Und immer sagt: Vergiss mein nicht!
So fuhl' ich's in der Ferne.
Und wenn mir fast das Herze bricht,
So ruf'ich nur: Vergiss mein nicht!
Da komm' ich wieder in's Leben."

* Goethe.

BITTER-CRESS, CUCKOO-FLOWER, LADY'S-SMOCK, BREAD AND MILK.

Cardāmine pratēnsis.

Welsh, Hydyf.—*French*, Cresson, Chemise de notre Dame.—*German*, Gauchblume.—*Dutch*, Schuimblad.—*Polish*, Rzezuchapolna.—*Russian*, Lugobüi.—*Spanish*, Cardamindo.—*Portuguese*, Cardamina.

LINNÆAN.	NATURAL.
Tetradynamia.	*Cruciferæ.*
	Pleurorhizeæ.
	Arabideæ.

"LOOKING down the meadows, I could see here a boy gathering lilies and lady-smocks, and there a girl cropping culverkeyes and cowslips: these, and many field-flowers, so perfumed the air that I thought the very meadow like that field in Sicily, of which Diodorus speaks, where the perfumes arising from the place, make all the dogs that hunt in it to fall off, and to lose the hottest scent;" such is one of the word-pictures in which good old Isaac Walton paints the spring, suggesting to us, by a few broad touches, the pleasant time when, in the words of Professor Green;—

"Dewy meadows enamelled in gold and in green,
With king-cups, and daisies, that all the year please,
Sprays, petals, and leaflets that nod in the breeze,

With carpets, and garlands, and wreaths, deck the way,
And tempt the blithe spirit still onward to stray
Itself its own home;—far away! far away,
The butterflies flutter in pairs round the bower;
The humble-bee sings in each bell of each flower,
The bee hums of heather, and breeze-wooing hill,
And forgets in the sunshine his toil and his skill.*

For that is pre-eminently the time when

"By the meadow-trenches blow the faint sweet cuckoo-flowers"†

And

"When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks, all silver-white,
And cuckoo-buds (ficaria?) of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight—
The cuckoo then, on every tree
Sings cuckoo."‡

What wonder, then, if its very name records how it blows when the cuckoo first begins to sing, and dies away before he leaves our northern land, thus associating itself so especially with the spring time, that its very scent, as we tread accidentally on its leaves, raises up—with that vividness which seems to exist in some peculiar relation between memory and the sense of smell—thoughts of spring; of the spring time of the year, and of the spring tide of life. As for the name of *bread and milk*, we know not its origin; nor is it of great importance to ascertain it; though it may be simply explained by the associations connected with the old custom among

* The learned Professor seems to have taken hyper-poetical license in this line—but we may forgive him!

† Tennyson. ‡ Shakespeare.

country people of having bread and milk for breakfast about the season when this flower first comes out; and the disappearance for a time of the other morning meal of chicken-broth or "*townish tea*," as they used sometimes disrespectfully to term

"The cup that cheers, but not inebriates,"

being ignorant of its growing importance, and not yet foreseeing how indispensable it would some day become at every breakfast-table. Such, then, seems to be the origin of the name *Bread and milk;*—the token that winter had passed away, and it may still remain a sign of the renewal of the spring time, even though no better reason for the appellation can be found. In the north, Dr. G. Johnston tells us, it is also termed pinks, spinks, or bog-spinks; and he quotes the following examples of its occurrence:—

"Or, can our flowers at ten hour's bell
The gowan, or the spink excell?"*

"A secret frae you, dear bairn! What secret can come frae you, but some bit waefu' love story, eno' to make the spinks and the ewe-gowans blush to the very lip."†

But "bread and milk," like all its congeners, all the *Crucīferæ*, is also a pre-eminently useful herb; as is indicated in its botanical name, *Cardāmine*, which is derived from the Greek words *Cardia* (heart); and *Damas* (to fortify), on account of its supposed tonic and invigorating powers. It is also a valuable anti-scorbutic, containing, in common

* Ferguson. † "Brownie o' Bodspeck."

with the whole family, a considerable quantity of sulphur and nitrogen. Hence its frequent use in spring diet, whether in the form of salads, or of a liquid procured by expressing the juice. In the latter case a wine-glass full is administered at bed-time by the country people for jaundice, scurvy, and several other complaints. Ray recommends an infusion of the flowers of the hairy bitter-cress (*C. hirsūta*) in hysterical affections.

Four species of the cardamine are genuine natives of our islands; and a fifth (*C. bellidifōlia*), of doubtful origin, has been found in Scotland and also in the county Clare. The four first are the large-flowered bitter-cress (*C. amāra*), which is distinguished from the common bitter-cress (*C. pratēnse*), by its large white and purple-anthered flowers, and by the broad "angulato-dentate *leaflets* of its upper *leaves*." * The last-named plant, the genuine lady's-smock, we need scarcely describe, so familiar must be all our readers with its pretty blush-tinged flowers; they are sometimes double, in which case, as indeed occurs frequently in all the cardamine tribe, young plants are produced from the old leaves, which, wherever they touch the ground, send forth roots and leaflets. These appear on the *upper* surface of the parent-leaf, from whence the long root-fibre creeps down until it reaches the soil below, when it, of course, no longer requires nourishment from the leaf from which it sprang, and a new plant is thus established.† This species inhabits the

* Hooker's "British Flora."

† See "Botany of Eastern Borders," &c.

greater part of Europe, and occurs in Northern Asia, and in the vicinity of Hudson's Bay.*

The hairy bitter-cress (*C. hirsūta*) has very diminutive white flowers, and occurs in moist shady places, shunning the open fields which are the habitats of the already-named species.

More minute still are the blossoms of the narrow-leaved bitter-cress (*C. impātiens*), which is a very rare plant, frequenting moist rocks in the more northern of our counties, and in Scotland.

* *See* "Botany of Eastern Borders," &c.

SANICLE.

Sanícula.

Welsh, Clûst yr arth, Olcheuraid or Golchwraidd.—*French,* Sanicle.—*German,* Sainckel.—*Dutch and Danish,* Sanikel.—*Polish,* Zankiel.—*Italian,* Sanicola.—*Spanish and Portuguese,* Sanicula.

LINNÆAN.	NATURAL.
Pentandria.	*Umbelliferæ.*
Digynia.	*Desciscentes.*

"HE needs neither physician nor surgeon who hath bugle and sanicle," says the old French proverb; and in accordance with the idea is the name borne by the plant in so many European languages, and which refers to its healing properties, being traceable to the Latin verb *sano* (*sanare,* to heal); because, as the old herbalist declares, the plant will "make hole and sound all inward wounds and outward hurts." In fact so very sanative is it, that even the herbalists who are most eloquent, or most verbose, in descanting on the virtues of their various potential herbs, scarcely do more than give the above generalisation of this; just as—following the principle that, "good wine needs no bush"—it is not the greatest men whose names are most frequently blazoned forth by their contemporaries. We are, therefore, compelled—without sharing in the convinced spirit

which renders these records short—to speak very briefly, so that perhaps

"To lytyl schall I seyn I wys."*

When I declare that though formerly resorted to as a remedy in nearly all "the ills that flesh is heir to," it is now wholly disused in medicine; and that its only title to our consideration, is the prescriptive right of antiquity, like many another subject to which we might point.

The only British species is the wood-sanicle (*S. Europœa*), which is a common plant in woods and thickets, whose straggling umbels bear a small white blossom, while the finely-serrated leaves present a handsome appearance; not at all in accordance with the name *Clûst yr arth*, or "Bear's-ear," given to it in Welsh.

* "English Medical manuscript." *See* above, p. 88.

ONIONS AND LEEKS.

Āllium.

Welsh, Craf, Cennin, or Cenhinen, Seifys.—*French*, Ail à tuniques, Porreau.—*German*, Zahme Lauch, Spanische Lauch.—*Dutch*, Prey, Porreyc.—*Swedish*, Purio.—*Russian*, Pras.—*Polish*, Plodzis-yek.—*Hungarian*, Par-hagyma.—*Italian*, Porro, Porreta.—*Spanish*, Puerro.—*Hebrew*, Chazir (Hatzir.)—*Arabic*, Korràt.

LINNÆAN.	NATURAL.
Hexandria.	*Asphodeleæ.*
Monogynia.	*Āllium.*

I HAVE somewhat departed from my general rule, in this particular instance, for while necessity compels me to group together, in the following paper, the *āllium* tribe, I have given in the list of synonymes the names which especially pertain to the leek, intending, that to that plant in particular—though said not to be a native of Great Britain—we should give our attention. Commencing, as in duty bound, with a reference to the various opinions respecting the true origin of the leek as the emblem of Wales (I say a *reference*, for I believe that we are little likely, at the present day, to discover the *real* cause), I will state, before relating the different versions of the tale, "once for all," that, in the words of the old physician;—

"I nozt leve [believe] it; it may be so."*

* *See* below "Agrimony."

And I will not presume to enter a controversy, already so rife, by suggesting that like the leek and onion, it may have become amalgamated into the Druidic theology with a degree of sanctity, according to Latin writers, similar to that which rendered the leek so sacred a symbol amongst the ancient Egyptians, that to swear by these plants was considered equivalent to swearing by one of their gods;* but will pass on to tell how Owen, otherwise a good antiquary, actually derives it from a prevalent Welsh custom, called *Cymhortha*, by which neighbours assemble, at seed-time, or harvest, to assist each other in completing the labour of the day; at which gathering each man contributes, by a sort of complimentary usage, a leek to the broth which forms the dinner on the occasion; and as these leeks, he assures us, might naturally be carried in the band of the hat, he supposes the nation assumed them as a badge! The custom may have existed in his day, but it will not certainly account for the selection of the leek as the Welsh emblem.

King James in his "Royal Apothegms" says, that it was chosen to commemorate the lamented Black Prince; but what connection subsisted between that gallant youth and the ill-scented plant, he does not inform us. Nor do the old Welsh records approach much nearer to the truth. Their general testimony appears to be in favour of some battle, in which the Welsh were victorious, having been fought in a garden of leeks, from which each man gathered and wore one, to enable his countrymen to dis-

* Pliny, lib. xix., cap. 32.

tinguish him from the enemy; to whom they had pre-determined to grant no quarter. This battle is variously stated to have occurred under the leadership of St. David at the close of the fifth, or the commencement of the sixth century; or under that of Cadwalladr, in the year 633, when he defeated the Saxons near Hethfield, or Hatfield, in Yorkshire. It is needless to say that the idea is imaginary, and wholly insufficient to explain what we require. In fact, a single consideration of the numerous *tribes* into which the Cymry were, at the respective dates, divided, nullifies the supposition that such an occurrence *could* lead to the adoption of a national emblem.

The ancient poets make frequent and exaggerated allusion to the degree of sanctity with which the onion tribe was invested by the Egyptians; for the onion was neither sacred, nor a god; it was eaten by the workmen at the pyramids, as by other Egyptians, and if it was forbidden to the priests, still it was brought to private tables, as well as to the altars of the gods.

Juvenal says:—

> "'Tis dangerous here
> To violate an onion, or to stain
> The sanctity of leeks with tooth profane;
> Oh, Holy nation! sacro-sancte abodes!
> Where every garden propagates its gods."*

And Prudentius declares they "raise sacred altars to the leek, and worship the sharp onion, and the biting garlic."†

* Sat., 25.

† Hymn, x., s. 258.

Lucan, in speaking of Cleopatra's banquet to Cæsar, asserts that

> "For dainties Egypt every land explores,
> Nor spares those very gods her zeal adores."

Probably they surmised that the extreme liking exhibited by this people for the onion might have lead to its deification; and Hasselquist (with a singular license of imagination), describes the Egyptians even of his day, with a sort of Scandinavian spiritualism, devoutly wishing that onions might form one of the viands of the world to come! This value for the onion-tribe as an article of food would appear almost like a natural instinct in certain countries and climates, however strange the fact may appear to us, evidencing, that though we may like neither the one nor the other, yet that

> "Different people have different '*pinions*,'
> Some like leeks, and some like o [i] nions!"

The above-named traveller refers with quite an Israelitish longing* to the onions of Egypt; for whoever, he says, has tasted of them, "must acknowledge that none can be better in any part of the universe." The importance of the onion, as an article of consumption in ancient Egypt, is attested not only by the passage in Numbers to which we have referred: "We remember the fish that we did eat in Egypt freely . . . . . and the leeks, and the onions, and the garlic;" but also by the information so carefully given to us by Herodotus of the quan-

* *See* Numbers, xi. 5.

tity of onions consumed by the workmen in the building of the Great Pyramid.

In somewhat more modern days Major Denham, during his route south from Bornou, observed the frequent occurrence of gardens, in which, however, no vegetable except onions appeared to be cultivated, a circumstance which recalls to us the assertion of Woolidge, that he had seen gardens in Wales, the greater part of which were planted with leeks, while a portion of the remainder was stocked with onions and garlic. Nor is this altogether so extraordinary a thing as it may, at first sight, appear. For it is to be remembered that in the strictly agricultural—or rather, pastoral—districts of the principality (and in no other parts will the peculiarity be observed), almost the entire food of the people is a kind of vegetable broth, or rather porridge, into which meat is rarely introduced; and that this *cawl*, as it is termed, has for its principal ingredient a large quantity of chopped leeks, so that a very full supply is necessary for daily consumption throughout the year. And it will be remembered, too, that in such localities it is almost universally the custom, on account of the extreme lowness of wages, for each labourer to have the right of setting his row of potatoes in the field of the farmer for whom he works, so that his little garden is not occupied by the root which, elsewhere, usually occupies the greater part of the cottage enclosure, and it is therefore devoted to the plant next in daily demand. I could refer to a case in which a woman, newly removed from such a locality as

that indicated, to a populous mining district, actually, from the force of habit, divided her garden into four equal parts: two of which were planted with leeks, and one with onions; the remaining portion, being occupied by potatoes, surrounded by a border of chives; while chives shared with thrift and "gilliflowers," a layer of earth placed on the top of the low wall! It will be deemed unnecessary, I imagine, to add anything further on the subject, when we state that *seifys*, one of the Welsh names for the leek, and which is usually applied to the young plant, is also used to designate the strawberry! so complimentary is thought the name of the "leek."

In almost all ages the onion tribe have been regarded as restoratives, on account of their stimulating qualities, thus Virgil says:—

> "And for the mowers, all faint with summer airs,
> Wild thyme, and garlic, Thestylis prepares."*

Innumerable, too, are the virtues which have at all times been attributed to them. This is especially the case in the East; though it ill accords with the oriental superstition that when Satan stepped out from the garden of Eden after the fall of man, garlic sprang up from the spot where he placed his left foot, and onions from that which his right foot touched; on which account, perhaps, Mohammed habitually fainted at the smell of either! yet verily, adds a certain good old Effendi, in relating the legend, "verily both are very good food." We must, however,

* Wrangham's Virgil—"Eclogues."

suppose that in the fabulous, as in the moral, world evil frequently proves its own most efficient remedy; for in Bôkhara, where the ordinary remedy for cholera is a compound of garlic, oil of almonds, and water in which wheaten bran has been steeped, we are especially assured that the office of the garlic is exorcisial rather than medicinal; that, it is given to drive out the evil spirit which causes the disease! while the Polish miners are said to murmur, "garlic! garlic!" in order to drive away evil spirits. The Afghans, as Elphinston informs us, rub their lips and noses with garlic when they go out in the heat of summer, affirming that it secures them from the evil effects of the simoom; and, indeed, both there, and in other Eastern countries, large quantities of it are eaten at the periods when these winds prevail. In fact the whole tribe possesses medicinal qualities, which probably reside in the acid juices and the essential oil, which may be obtained by distillation, and which, like the oils of several of the *Siliquosæ*, sinks in water.* This oil acts on the skin as a blister, and the whole plant is irritant, stimulant, diuretic, and diaphoretic, containing free phosphoric acid, which, with the sulphuretted oil, is almost dissipated by boiling or roasting.† On account of these properties, the garlic (*A. savitum*) (which is also esteemed anti-scorbutic), is still, I believe, medicinally recognised, though not exactly for the powers attributed to it in the "Stockholm Manuscript," according to which, it will, when mixed

* See Rhind's "Hist. of the Vegt. King."
† Balfour, "Man. of Bot."

with honey "hole [heal] ye bytying of a wod hond [mad hound] and all maner of strokys yt [that] arn venymus. And it schall fere nedderys [frighten adders] and alle manere of venymus bestys yat yei [they] schall noyt come nyth ye for to do ye non harme qhwil [while] it is vp on ye." In which particular we must allow that the "nedderys" exhibit particularly good taste! "also," continues the writer, "also stamp it, and tempere it wt hony et it will drawt out venym of bytyng or styngynge of any maner best yt is venymus."

In a strange old broad-sheet printed in the year 1665, entitled "London's Lord have mercy on us," in which penitential deprecation, and remedial prescription are intermingled in a familiar style, which even its evident earnestness barely rescues from the charge of offensiveness, if not of profanity; a drink of garlic and warm milk, to be taken fasting, is recommended as a "cheap medicine to keep from infection" of the plague. Blanchard, in his "Physical Dictionary," prescribes garlic beaten up with lard, and applied, as an irritant, to the soles of the feet in "stoppages of the lungs," and says that leeks cure cough, shortness of breath, and loss of the voice, &c.; and in fact onion porridge (*i.e.* onions boiled in milk or water to a smooth pulp), taken at bedtime, is still a favourite country remedy for coughs and colds; and it certainly is most efficacious to those whose digestive organs are capable of assimilating so trying a potion: for though the onion tribe are possessed of most considerable nutritive powers, they are singularly indigestible. The digestive func-

tions were, however, but very secondary considerations in the days when scorbutic affections—the natural result of the diet of our ancestors—were the scourge of the land; and the country people oracularly sang;—

"Eate leekes in Lide [March] and ramsins in May,
And all the yeare after physitians may play."

Without a thought of the share which the unduly taxed digestion might have in the evils they deplored.

In Kamschatka the ramson (*A. ursīnum*) which forms so beautiful an object, with its snowy flower, silvery spathe, and broad dark leaf, in our fields and waste places, is eagerly sought both by the Russians, and the natives, as a food and medicine; when this plant appears above the snow they have a hope of curing even the worst case of scurvy, and other scorbutic affections.

In our own country the "old wives" believe that garlic will prevent eggs from being spoiled by thunder; while the Italians employ it in a very different way, namely, in the "language of flowers," in which it signifies, rejection; this is referred to in the popular triplet;—

"Il mio tesoro m'ha mandato un foglio
Sigillato con uno spicchio d'aglio,
E dentro stan scritto; 'non ti voglio!'"

I have already alluded to the pretty, but most troublesome broad-leaved garlic, or ramsons, from the abundance of which Ray considers the Island of

Ramsay to have taken its name; and which, from its frequency, is the species most complained of by the dairy farmer, because, though cows are particularly fond of all the onion family, they impart so unpleasant a flavour to the milk as to render it quite useless.

Our remaining species are, the great round-headed garlic (*A. ampelōprasum*) which only occurs on the Holmes Island, in the Severn, where it would appear, as pointed out by Sir W. J. Hooker, to be the remains of ancient cultivation. The pretty sand-garlic (*A. arenārium*) whose bulbs grow amongst its purple blossoms, and falling to the ground in the autumn, rapidly increase and spread over the localities in which it occurs. These are, mountainous woods and fields, in Scotland, the north of England, and at Portmarnock in Ireland. The mountain-garlic (*A. carinātum*) is an elegant plant; which, as is observed by Sir J. E. Smith, has less of the garlic scent than either of the other species.

These three garlics have flat stem-leaves, while the three following have them round.

The streaked-field, or wild-garlic (*A. oleräceum*) is frequently used as a potherb; and is by no means uncommon, says Sir J. E. Smith, in the borders of corn-fields, and in various waste places. The crow-garlic (*A. vineāle*) occurs abundantly in calcareous soils in England and Southern Scotland, and as Hooker observes, about Dublin; its leaves are frequently used in salads, and it is distinguished, when in bloom, by the protrusion of its stamens to some distance beyond the perianth. The small round-headed garlic (*A. sphœrocēphalum*) has, I believe,

been met with by Mr. Babbington and Mr. Christy on the sands of St. Aubin's Bay, in Jersey.

The remaining plant is distinguished, like the first named, the *āllium ursīnum*, by its leaves being all *radical:* it is the chive, or sive (*A. schœnō-prasum*), a plant well known in cultivation, and occurring sparingly in a wild state in Berwickshire, Westmoreland, Argyleshire, and Cornwall. Its specific name, which is derived from two Greek words signifying *a rush* and *a leek*, admirably describes the appearance of its bright and pretty little tufted and emerald-hued leaves; while its purple blossom gives it an additional ornament in the month of June.

The word *āllium* is said to be derived from the Celtic, *all*, signifying *hot*, or *pungent*. While the trivial name of the leek, *pōrrum*, is traced to the word *pori*, to *eat*, in the same languages, or as it more especially signifies in the Welsh, *to graze—i.e.* eat green, or vegetable, food.

COMMON BORAGE. *B* Borago officinalis.

London: Published by John Van Voorst, 1858.

BORAGE.

Borago.

Welsh, Bronwerth, Tafod yr ych, Llawenlys.—*French*, Bourache.—*German*, Borretsch, Burretsch.—*Italian*, Borrana, Borragine.—*Spanish*, Borraja.—*Arabic*, Lássán-et-tor.

LINNÆAN.	NATURAL.
Pentandria.	*Boragineæ.*
Monogynia.	*Borago.*

"Ego borago gaudia semper ago,"

or, according to the old English version,

"I, Borage,
Always bring courage,"

is the boastful assurance with which the pretty plant, of which an engraving is given, advances itself to our notice; and thus ably are its pretensions seconded by poet, naturalist, and philosopher:—

"Friend to the spirits, which with vapour's bland
So greatly mitigates; companion fit
Of pleasantry,"

says Phillips; while Gerarde informs us, that "those of our time do vse the flowers in sallads to exhilarate and make the mind glad. There be also many things made of them, vsd every where for the comfort of the hart, for the driving away of sorrowe, and increasing the ioie of the minde." To which Dr. Withering appends the following wisest and

BORAGE.

Borago.

Welsh, Bronwerth, Tafod yrych, Llawenlys.—*French*, Bourache.—*German*, Borretsch, Burretsch.—*Italian*, Borrana, Borragine.—*Spanish*, Borraja.—*Arabic*, Lissán-et-tor.

LINNÆAN.	NATURAL.
Pentandria.	*Borragineæ.*
Monogynia.	*Borago.*

"Ego borago gaudia semper ago,"

or, according to the old English version,

"I, Borage,
Always bring courage,"

is the boastful assurance with which the pretty plant, of which an engraving is given, advances itself to our notice; and thus ably are its pretensions seconded by poet, naturalist, and philosopher :—

"Friend to the spirits, which with vapour's bland
So greatly mitigates; companion fit
Of pleasantry,"

says Phillips; while Gerarde informs us, that "those of our time do vse the flowers in sallads to exhilarate and make the mind glad. There be also many things made of them, vsd every where for the comfort of the hart, for the driving away of sorrowe, and increasing the ioie of the minde." To which Dr. Withering appends the following wisest and

most true remark: "pity it were that even a fictitious expellant of the blue devils should become obsolete; better even to be cheated into good spirits, than suffered to sink into melancholia for want of a little credulity." It would be well, indeed, and the world would be a happier world if more men and women acted in accordance with this wish; for *here* credulity might be satisfactorily carried to a tolerably high pitch. "The leaf," says Bacon, "of burrage hath an excellent spirit to repress the fuliginous vapour of dusky melancholia;" and, according to Salmon, "Borage is one of the four cordial flowers; it comforts the heart, cheers melancholy, and recovers the fainting spirits." Bruel prescribes an "epithem" to be applied to the heart, of borage, bugloss, and water-lily, &c., for the same purpose; while Burton, in his "Anatomie of Melancholy," says that Diodorus, Pliny, Plutarch, Dioscorides, and Cœlius, all thought it so valuable in this disorder, that they regarded it as the famous *nepenthe* of Homer, which Polydamna "sent Helena for a token, of such rare vertue, that if taken steept in wine, if wife and children, father and mother, brother and sister, and all thy dearest friends should dye before thy face, thou couldst not grieve nor shed a tear for them!"

After such accounts as these, and more especially when we see that its very names express the qualities assigned to it—*Borago*, corrupted from *cor* (the heart), and *ago* (to bring), *Llawenlys* (herb of gladness), *Bronwerth*, breast (*for heart*) herb,* and others

* The Welsh name *Tafod yr ych*, or ox-tongue, is equivalent to the Arabic *Lissán-et-tor*, or bull's-tongue.

—it is very disheartening to be obliged to limit these vaunted powers simply to a cooling and mucilaginous succulence, which renders the tender leaflets and stems agreeable and refreshing in spring salads, or in soups, &c.; while the older sprays, by the nitre, or nitrate of potash, which they yield,* impart a pleasant coolness to water; hence their use in the summer-drink known as "cool-tankard," or "summer-cup." But as some atonement is necessary for thus

"At one fell swoop,"

dispelling beliefs so agreeable to retain, the reader shall have a prescription from the pen of the man "who most studied melancholy," which he may rely on with implicit faith. The more implicit, the happier for himself. It is old Burton himself who says, "only take this for a corollary and conclusion, as thou tenderest thine own welfare (in this, and all other, melancholy) thy good health of body and minde; observe this short precept, give not way to solitariness and idleness. Be not solitary, be not idle. Sperate miseri, cavete felices."

To the bees, however, the borage is still *Llawenlys*,† and it will regain somewhat of the credit we have taken from it, when, in going forth in the sunny hours of mid-day we see the exquisite beauty of its cerulean blossoms, and the intense enjoyment of the "busy bees" which crowd around it. It is curious how very little, save in some antiquated and "out

* Some of the *Borragineæ*, as shewn by Marggraff, yield pure nitre in considerable quantities. "Mem. de Berlin, 1747."

† See last page.

of the way" district, these very decided tastes of the bees are regarded by those who keep them. And if any reader comes under this category, and wishes to reform his legislative measures for his "honey-bees," I can suggest no better step with which he should begin than by forthwith sowing, or planting near their hive, a large patch of the beautiful blue borage. Other reforms may happily follow. This will be a first step in the right direction. Their favourite plants bees *must* have, and if they do not find them close at hand, they will surely wander—aye, miles away—to the places where they are to be found; thus wearily wasting on the wing hours which *should* be spent in collecting honey near the hive. Besides which, numbers of bees thus forced to gather honey far from home, are doomed, by various accidents, never to return, or only to arrive after sunset in so exhausted a condition, that admittance is refused to them by the watchful workers of this commonwealth. And thus, before morning dawns, the over-worked bees lie dead before the door. This is an occurrence, which may be constantly seen by an observer in the long summer evenings, and it always bespeaks a great amount of negligence on the part of the bee-keeper.

This borage, the *B. officinālis*, is our only British species, which, though occurring wild on waste and rubbish-covered ground, is best known to us as a garden plant.

DANDELION.

Leōntodon.

Welsh, Dant-y Llew.—*Irish*, Bearnan bearnagh.—*Gaelic*, Am bearnan bride.—*French*, Dent de lion.—*German*, Löwenzahn.

LINNÆAN.	NATURAL.
Syngenesia.	*Compositæ.*
Æqualis.	*Leōntodon.*

THE rhyme

> "Dandelion with globe of down,
> The schoolboy's clock in every town,"

proclaims one use of the dandelion-down, and L. E. L. adds in her musical strain:—

> "Then did we question of the down-balls, blowing
> To know if some slight wish would come to pass;
> If showers we feared, we sought where there was growing
> Some weather-flower, which was our weather-glass
> In the old, old times
> The dear old times."

And the rustic lover, when his school-boy days have passed away, still blows the dandelion-down when he is absent from his "ladye love." For, his belief is that, if you turn your face in the direction of the "abiding place" of the object of your affection, and blow softly, gently, at the globe of down in your hand, every little winged seed that grows upon it will, silently, secretly, surely, bear to the absent one

some unconscious thought or feeling of the truth and strength of your affection. It is a pleasant and kindly old superstition; one which is at all events harmless; pleasant to those who really believe in its truth, and pleasant even to those—who though too sensible to believe in it, recollect how in their youthful days they thought it auspicious to see the dandelion-seeds floating gently towards them on some quiet summer's day. And, after all, in the many mysteries which entangle our life on every side, *we know* that true and kindly wishes, from even the humblest and least known *do, and must* influence our welfare, and it is consoling to many a suffering and noble heart to feel that its most secret prayers and wishes may benefit some cherished one to whom outwardly it cannot minister. Absence requires every tendril which the heart can put forth to support it; and so small a one as this thought need not be rashly despised.

The dandelion too, has another pleasant association connected with it; be the season what it may, hot or cold, summer or winter, still there is rarely a time when the dandelion-flower may not be found in some warm and sunny nook; so that it may be taken for almost as good an emblem of constancy as is the groundsel in the pretty old nursery rhyme:—

"Through storm and wind,
Sunshine and shower,
Still will you find
Groundsel in flower."

As for the appearance of the dandelion—our only

British dandelion—who knows it not? With its golden glowing disc, and its leaves jagged like the lion's armed jaw, many of our most prized garden plants are not half so handsome as this despised and hardy flower. Though I must acknowledge that it is not a desirable flower to adorn a bouquet, or to bestow on a fair lady, as its white and milky juice is not so innocent as it looks; but stains indelibly any fabric it may touch, and makes the fingers which press it resemble those of the workers in nitrate of silver, in pyrogallic acid, and in other photographic preparations.

DANDELION.—*Leontodon taraxacum.*

The dandelion, like the daughter in the song, is

"As good as she is fair,"

for its uses are endless; the young leaves blanched make an agreeable and wholesome early salad; and they may be boiled like cabbages, with salt meat. The French, too, slice the roots, and eat them, as well as the leaves, with bread

and butter; and tradition says that the inhabitants of Minorca once subsisted for weeks on this plant, when their harvest had been entirely destroyed by insects. The leaves are even a favourite and useful article of food in the Vale of Kashmir, where—in spite of the pre-conceived prejudices we all have to the contrary—dandelions, and other humbler examples of our northern "weeds" *do* venture to associate themselves with the rose or the jasmine of its eastern soil! On the banks of the Rhine the plant is cultivated as a substitute for coffee, and Dr. Harrison pretends that it possesses the fine flavour and substance of the best Mocha coffee without its injurious principle; and that it promotes sleep when taken at night, instead of banishing it as the coffee does. Mrs. Moodie* gives us her experiences with dandelion-roots, which seem to have been of a most satisfactory nature. She first cut the roots into small pieces and dried them in the oven until they were brown and crisp as coffee, and in this state they appear to have been eaten. But certain it is that she ground a portion of them, and made a "most superior coffee." She adds that the roots should be dug up in autumn, washed, cut in pieces, and dried in the sun. In this state they will keep for years, and should be roasted when required. In some parts of Canada they make an excellent beer of the leaves; in which the abundant saccharine matter they afford, forms a substitute for malt, and the bitter flavour serves instead of hops.

* "Roughing it in the Bush."

In medicine, too, the dandelion is invaluable. In all affections of the liver, or other visceral obstructions, it is one of those very few medicines which—acting very slightly as a tonic—leaves no injurious after-effects; so that as a gentle and strengthening aperient, we have no more valuable medicine, whether it be taken in the form of an extract, when it appears in the druggist's shop under its trivial name of taraxacum, or if the expressed juice, or even an infusion, be given in domestic, or rustic, practice.

I will mention only one other employment of the dandelion. If we would sing a pæan in honour of the dandelion—and praises have been sung in honour of less honourable things—we may imitate the little country children, and tune our pipe—nay, manufacture it—with the plant itself, and tread a merry, or a stately measure, as those children do, to an instrument formed of the hollow stalks of the dandelion-blossoms, inserted, in joints, into each other. A pipe original enough to serve Pan himself!

CROCUS.

Crocus.

Welsh, Gaiethr coch, Saffyr, or Saffrwn.—*French*, Crocus, Fleur de Saffron, Safran, Mort aux chiens.—*German*, Krokus, Zeitlose, Glocke der weithen, Safran.—*Italian*, Zafferano.—*Spanish*, Azafran.—*Portuguese*, Azafrao.—*Arabic*, Zahfaran.

LINNÆAN.	NATURAL.
Triandria monogynia.	*Trideæ.*
	Crocus.

In old days the Roman ladies, envying the blonde locks of the more northern nations which their husbands had conquered, introduced the custom of dyeing their hair with saffron; the innovation, if troublesome, and even unbecoming to the brunettes of Italy, was at least a harmless fancy. But its beauty strongly excited the indignation of the fathers of the church, and Tertullian, Cyprian, and Jerome, agreeing in its deprecation, declare without further circumlocution that the hue thus attained was neither more nor less than a "presage of the fires of hell." On this question we cannot, of course, pretend to dispute with authorities so competent, nor do we dictate on the subject, though we may say to them in the words of Him who said—"Blessed are the merciful;" "Judge not, that ye be not judged; for with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged; and with what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again."

NAKED FLOWERING CROCUS. Crocus nudiflorus.

B

London: Published by John Van Voorst, 1858.

Little less seems to have been the prejudice excited by the use of saffron as a dye (though in this case it was used for dyeing linen) when Ireland fell under the English yoke. The subject became one of stringent legislation, as well as of bitter reproach. A statute in the 28th of Henry VIII. prohibits the Irish, under penalty, from wearing any "shirt, smock, kerchor, bendel [*fillet*, perhaps the 'greate linnen roll' which so greatly raised the ire of Spenser], neckerchor, mocket [handkerchief], or linen cap dyed with saffron," &c. Sir Henry Ellis suggests that the dye was adopted for its ornamental colour,* but it seems scarcely probable that so scarce and expensive a dye should be commonly employed by a whole people, whose island abounded in common plants yielding yellow dyes of as fine, or even of finer, hues; plants too which we know were familiarly used by them. Indeed most contemporary writers, with greater shew of probability, attribute the custom to a belief that it was good for the health, "mitigating the effects of their humid climate." Spenser fancifully traces it to the ancient Scythians, the nation from whom he "deduced" the inhabitants of Ireland. The statement respecting the effects of saffron as a dye, is borne out by the extraordinary value formerly attached to it, wherever it was known, as an exhilarating and "comforting" drug. "Dormivit in sacco croci" was the monkish proverbial description of a man of placid, lively temper, and the reader will recollect how happily the expression has been made use of in "The Caxtons," and a general belief formerly pre-

* "Metrical Romances."

vailed that if taken in great excess it would produce death by involuntary laughter. "Saffron," we are told by Machet, is esteemed, "en médicine, comme carminatif, cephalique, cordial, stomachique, &c., mais on ne doit en faire usage interieurement qu'a *très petites doses, et à propos.*" Maister Christopher Cattan, in his "Geomancie"* thus enlarges on, and explains these enlivening properties; "The saffron hath power to quicken the spirits; and the virtue thereof pierceth by and by to the heart, provoking laughter and merrines [merriment]: and they say, that these properties come by the influence of the sun, vnto whome it is subject, from whom she is ayded, by his subtill nature bright and sweete smellinge." Hill, in his "Herbal," declares that "the whole compass of medicine does not afford a nobler cordial or sudorifick;" and Gerarde says, that though it causes headache, and hurts the brain if taken in very large quantities, its moderate use is good for the head, maketh the senses more quick, and lively, merry, and less sleepy, strengthening the heart and lungs, and being "especial good" for consumption, even if the patient be "at death's door." For yellow jaundice, too, he commends it—following the Rosicrucian doctrine of signatures—and for "plasters to sores;" adding, that it is much used in illuminating, and other painting. These praises Blanchard ridicules, adding however that it "undoubtedly does much hurt many times by inflaming the blood." It was also

* "The Geomancie of Maister Christopher Cattan, Gentleman," London, V. Voolfe, 1591. A rare and curious volume on Astrology.

formerly held to be a specific in gout (like colchicum, another of the family), but in more modern days Dr. Pereira has shewn that though it *mitigates* this most distressing complaint, it can do no more. It is now little used in our medical practice, except as a slightly stimulating tonic where the constitution is too much reduced to re-act without some such assistance.

Amongst the ancients in the West, as well as in the East, the crocus was highly prized, whether in its fresh state, for strewing the floors of apartments, or as saffron, for twenty different purposes. Homer* mentions it with the lotus and hyacinth; Pliny devotes a chapter to its treatment, propagation, &c.; and Horace† particularises the "Corycian saffron," which was esteemed the best in the world. The Romans applied the essential oil to the skin as a cosmetic, as well as to the hair; and largely employed it for the purpose of scenting and refreshing the theatres and other places of assembly. For this purpose it was powdered and steeped in water, or wine; the liquid was then shot by means of a kind of syringe, with extremely small pores, over the multitude, so that it fell in drops so fine as to resemble an almost impalpable dust. In the celebrated tales of the Arabian Nights, saffron cakes abound even more plentifully than they did in former days in the hospitalities of our English housewives. The monopoly of all saffron grown in the district is still retained by the rajah of Kashmir, and the cultivators are compelled to sell it to him at a stated price; the whole crop being compulsorily

* "Iliad," xiv., 348. † ii. Sat iv., 68.

carried to the town of Kashmir before the prized anthers are extracted. Hakluyt states, and succeeding writers follow him, that the cultivation of the saffron was introduced into England in the reign of Edward III. by a pilgrim, who, being a native of Saffron Walden,* brought a bulb of the precious crocus to his native place. This was done "with venture of his life; for if he had been taken, by the law of the country from whence it came, he had died for the fact." In order to bestow this benefit on his native district he had cunningly hollowed out the end of his palmer's staff, so as to hide within it "the precious plant." Percy, however, shews that it was imported in the form of a condiment at an earlier period than this, as it is mentioned in the list of the charges of the feast of Ralph Bourne, at Canterbury.† It is curious that the saffron grown in England is now esteemed the best, though custom still confines our physicians to the formula, ‡ "*recipe croci orientalis,*" in their prescriptions. In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries it became one of the most important and valuable crops of Western Europe; and even so late as the year 1735, Estiene, in his "*Apologie pour Herodote,*" affirms that saffron must not only be put into all Lent soups, sauces, and dishes," but adds, that "without saffron we cannot have well-cooked peas." This use of saffron in Lent was for the purpose of keeping up the "animal spirits," which long-continued fasting re-

* Hence the prefix to its name. † "Lel Col." vol. v. 6, 35.

‡ It is now much circumscribed as to the district of its cultivation in England, being hardly grown in more than three or four parishes in Cambridgeshire.

duced to an extent incompatible with the due observance of all the religious duties enjoined at the period. Camden, in speaking of Saffron Walden, says that the fields under saffron cultivation "look very pleasant;" and "what is more to be admired, that the ground which hath bore saffron three years together, will bear barley very plentifully eighteen years without dunging, and afterwards be fit eno' for saffron:"—a condition of things (if it be worthy of credit), which will fully account for the prevalence of saffron cultivation in and before the time when he wrote.

The Roman Catholic "Flora" (published for the enlightenment of ignorant converts), in mentioning the particular flower to be laid at the shrine of every saint, according to the season of the year, says that

> "The crocus blows before the shrine
> At vernal dawn, of St. Valentine!"

Hence it is often called by the rustic, "Flower of St. Valentine," or "Hymen's torch;" a name prettily appropriate to the flaming glow of the golden yellow crocus,—the brightest gem of the spring time; which, according to the Romans, was once a youth, who pining to death for his love, was metamorphosed into a crocus. According to others, it first sprang from some drops of magic liquor which Medea prepared to restore the aged Æson to the strength and vigour of youth.

It is curious that the name of saffron (which has also been transferred to the crocus-plant), is nearly the same in all languages—except in the case of the German *Zeitlose*, and similar partial names—and is traceable to the Arabic *Zahfaran*, a name which

refers to its "yellow" colour. Medicinally, it has at different times borne a variety of names, all indicative of the esteem in which it was held:—as *Aurum philosophorum, Aurum vegetabile, Rex vegetabilium, Panacea vegetabilis, Sanguis Herculis*, &c.

There is another plant, called by us saff-flower, which also produces a saffron; though it is not a *crocus*, but the *carthamus tinctorius*. Its flowers give a yellow dye, and, by means of alkalis, the bright reds and purples of China silks. It is a native of Egypt, where it is called *goórtum* (*carthamus*), and where an excellent oil is extracted from its seeds. It is also grown in Europe, China, and other places.

The saffron crocus (*C. satīvus*), is certainly not indigenous to England, though ordinarily considered so in our "Floras." The purple spring crocus (*C. vērnus*) is so abundant in the meadows of Nottinghamshire, that it actually makes the grass appear purple when in blow. The pretty little purple crocus (*C. mīnimus*) appears to be confined to one British locality—the park of Sir Henry Bunbury, at Barton, in Suffolk. It is probably an outcast from garden culture; so also is the plant which accompanies it, the golden crocus (*C. aūreus*); and it is inconsistent to retain in our "Flora" plants so well known to have no claim to a place in it. A grave doubt also hangs over the real habitat of the autumnal crocus (*C. speciōsus*), and the naked flower (*C. nudiflōrus.*) We have no right to claim any of these, and the sooner botanists take "heart of grace" to express their almost unanimous opinion on the subject, the better for science and the cause of truth.

The following story is told in connexion with saffron, and the town of Zaffouroonee.

A Persian, they say, in the good old times, when men really did things a little out of the common way, found a large treasure on a certain spot, now now called Zaffouroonee, and in gratitude, made a vow to expend the whole in good works reserving to himself only the pleasure he might derive from his own benevolence. His first act was to build a karavanserai for distressed travellers. While engaged on the foundations seeing a merchant pass by looking weary and depressed, he said, "Friend, why is thy brow sad, and thine eyes cast down?" "I am sad," replied the merchant, "because I have travelled from Khorassan to Baghdad with three kharvars (nearly a ton) of saffron, and times are so bad, that I am obliged to return to my own city a ruined man: the saffron, on which I depended for the next year's sustenance, I have brought back unsold, and there will now be no market for it before it is spoiled by keeping." "The saffron, then, is useless to thee," replied the first speaker; "if so, shoot it out on the ground, and mix it with the mortar." The merchant mechanically obeyed, without questioning the wisdom of the order, and to his astonishment received in payment three kharvars of precious stones; and from that time the karavanserai received the name it bears to the present day, of *Zaffouroonee!**

* The story is told in Ferrier's "Caravan Journey through Persia," but I quote from memory.

WILLOW-HERB, CODLINS AND CREAM, APPLE-PIE-PLANT, ROSE-BAY.

Epilōbium.

Welsh, Helyg lys.—*French*, Laurier de St. Antoine.—*German*, Weiderich. — *Italian and Spanish*, Epilobio. — *Russian*, Kiprei.

LINNÆAN.	NATURAL.
Octandria.	*Onagraria.*
Monogynia.	*Epilōbium.*

THE willow-herbs are indiscriminately called "codlins and cream," and "rose-bay," but properly speaking, these names are confined to two individual plants; the rose-bay of old people being the *E. angustifōlium*, the *Helyg lys hardd*, or "beautiful willow-plant" of the Welsh, which has its long clusters of rose-coloured, or white, flowers delicately relieved by the colour of its blue pollen.

The "codlins and cream," which takes its name from the nature of the fragrance sent forth on rubbing the top shoots, is the great hairy willow-herb (*E. hirsūtum*), the *Helyg lys pêr*, or "sweet willow-herb," of Wales, which is so remarkable from its magnificent growth, and the rich colour of its blossoms. These plants are well known in our gardens, to which they give a great beauty; and they both furnish that soft downy substance which,

alone, or mixed with cotton, is often woven into stockings, gloves, and such things. The leaves of the rose-bay (*E. angustifōlia*) are used as a substitute for, or in the adulteration of, tea ; being added, it is said, in a proportion of twenty-five per cent. to the real tea. Its young root-stalks and suckers are boiled and eaten, and the Kamschatkans make a beer from an infusion of the plant.

GREAT HAIRY WILLOW-HERB, CODLINS AND CREAM,
Epilōbium hirsūtum.

The English name of willow-herb is, probably,

given from some slight resemblance in the outline of the leaves to those of a species of willow; and perhaps, too, the situations in which the greater part of the tribe grow—namely, in the water, or by its margin, may partly account for it. This, however, does not apply to the smooth-leaved *E.* (*montānum*), and others of the species, which grow on dry banks, cottage-roofs, and even walls. The botanical name (*Epilōbium*), is happily expressive of a flower growing on a pod; the blossoms appearing, as shewn in the woodcut, at the apex of the long seed-pod.

The British willow-herbs are divided into three classes, those with irregular flowers and stamens bent down, of which our only specimen is the rose-bay *E.* (*angustifōlium*); those with erect stamens and stigmas four-cleft, which includes the "codlins and cream;" the small-flowered *E.* (*parviflōrum*); and the *E. montānum.* The third division has its stamens erect, and the stigma undivided; it contains the pale *E.* (*rosēum*), the square-stalked *E.* (*tetragōnum*), the marsh *E.* (*palūstre*), the alpine *E.* (*alpīnum*), which Sir William Hooker observes, has never been found in Wales, though it occurs in Scotland,—a statement borne out by the absence of any Welsh trivial name for it; as well as for the chick-weed willow-herb (*E. alsinifōlium.*) Some writers affirm that the *E. alpīnum* is unknown on the secondary formations. Gerarde says, the willow-herbs stop bleeding, heal wounds, and drive away snakes, gnats, and flies.

AGRIMONY.

Agrimōnia.

Welsh, Tryw, y Drydon, Troed y dryw, Cwlyn, or Caliwlyn y mel, Cychwlyn, Blaen y conyn or y mel, y Felysig, Llysiau 'r fuddau.—*French*, Aigremoine.—*German*, Odermennig.—*Dutch*, Agrimonie.—*Spanish and Portuguese*, Agrimonia. *Russian*, Repnik.—*Japanese*, Daikon so.

Linnæan.	Natural.
Dodecandria.	*Rosaceæ.*
Monogynia.	*Dryadeæ.*
	Agrimonia.

The agrimony, of which we have but one British species (*Agrimōnia Eupatōria*), is a remarkably handsome plant, whose pinnated leaves, deeply serrated leaflets, and yellow apricot-scented blossom spikes decorate the borders of our fields, roadsides, or other waste places, especially on chalk soils, where it forms a very striking "fore-ground" plant; and from whence it is gathered with great assiduity by the village herbalist: for the various uses to which it was formerly applied are by no means forgotten. The modern name of liver-wort, which is applied to it, takes us back to the days when Galen asserted its virtues as a strengthener of that particular portion of the human body. It is still applied, by the country people, to ulcerated sores, as it was in the time of Dios-

corides, though I am not aware that it is now considered "good against the bites of serpents" as he affirms it to be. *A. viridis* is given in the old herbals as a remedy for chronic pains; though whether this signifies any particular species, or whether it simply means the plant in a green state, I cannot tell. The following, however, are the various maladies to which we know it to be familiarly applied: fevers (for which it is a favourite Canadian prescription), asthma, relaxation of the bronchial glands, cutaneous eruptions, weakness of the stomach,—for which, as well as for jaundice, it is probably not without beneficial effect,—agues, inflammations of the mouth, and hæmorrhages —for the stoppage of which the genuine old formula is of rather too appalling a character to be adopted in the nineteenth century; consisting, as it does, of "agrimony, pounded frogs, and human blood!"—Yet those who know it best, tell us that though slightly tonic, its remedial powers are very limited; on which account—(though still, *I believe*, included in the London "Pharmicopœia"), it is not now employed by the medical profession. For my own part, though *I ought* to be able to speak *experimentally* on the subject, having been, in childhood, favoured with very considerable quantities of never-to-be forgotten "agrimony tea," I can only hint that I am not at all conscious of

COMMON AGRIMONY.
Agrimōnia Eupatōria.

being either the better or the worse for it, though I should have been very unwilling to hurt the feelings of my good old nurse, under whose jurisdiction it was administered, by affirming this. The usual mode, amongst old women learned in such matters, of preparing this tea, is by an infusion of the crown of the root, sweetened with honey; but another very favourite one is by boiling the leaves in whey, this mixture being usually given as a cooling "diet-drink" in the spring time. When dried, for winter use, any part of the plant appears to be indifferently applied to its various purposes, in the form of a powder; while Blanchard in his "Physical Dictionary,"* in which it is to be observed, the *physical* is used in the sense of relating to *physic*—recommends that the leaves should be infused in beer or ale.

The "Stockholm MS." so often referred to,† after thus enumerating uses very similar to these which we have mentioned, viz:—

"To drynkys et playstris [plasters] it is good
Ageyn veynymys [venom] et sorys [sores] wood
It remewyth postemys [posthumes] dronkyn wt wy, [with wine]
And clensyth ye splene et distroith venym:"

goes on to tell us of another virtue which, if substantiated, would indeed entitle it to the name of *philanthropos* which Gerarde tells us it was "called of some," excelling, apparently, even that most inestimable alleviator of human suffering, chloroform.

* 1702. † *See* above Art. "Fumitory."

form. The conscientious old writer however gives us the information with the following caution :—

"Thus telleth ye bok yus [thus] will it do
Yow I nozt [not] leve [believe] it, it may be so.
How it schulde serwyd be
I fynde no bok yat tellyth me ;"

When he shews how it serves to procure sound sleep, thus :—

FFOR TO SLEPE WEL.

"Quo so [whoso] may not slepe wel
Take egrimonye a fayre del
And lay it vnder his heed on nyth [at night]
And it schall hym do slepe aryth, [aright]
For of his slepe schall he nozt waken
Tyll it be fro vnder his heed takyn."

And again :—

"Zif [if] it be leyd vnder manys heed
He schall slepe as he were deed,
He schall neuer drede ne wakyn
Til fro vnder his heed it be takyn."

To these varied applications of the plant it may be added, that when just bursting into blossom it will impart a nankeen-coloured dye to wool, while later in the autumn it affords to the same material a much deeper and brighter yellow.

Great has been the discussion, amongst philological botanists respecting the name of this plant. The most satisfactory decision appears to be that which derives it from the ancient name, *argemone*, which was then bestowed on a plant considered remedial in a complaint of the eye called *argema ;* but I believe that it is by no means identified with our agrimony.

Some trace it to two Greek words, signifying, *to inhabit a field*, from the stations in which it occurs; while some suppose that it is derived from two others in the same language, signifying *alone* and *a field*, from its being the "chief, or superior, of all the herbs for its excelling qualities." The trivial, which was formerly in fact the specific name, is taken, as Pliny tells us, from Eupator, the "finder of it out, and it hath," he continues, "a royal and princelie authority."* The name of *philanthropos* is said to have arisen from the circumstance of the seeds adhering to the garments of the passer-by, as if desirous of accompanying him; but it would appear far more probable that it was bestowed in allusion to its beneficial properties; for otherwise it might be, with much greater propriety attached to a variety of other plants.

The extraordinary number of Welsh names attached to "Egrimonie yat nobyl gres," afford, in themselves, testimony of its supposed value, though the greater part of them do not refer to any of its qualities. *Tryw, y Drydon*, and *Troed y dryw*, all alluding to the wren (and the latter signifying *wren's foot*, to which no part of the plant bears any resemblance), suggest a relationship to some legend, or superstition, now untraceable; as this bird (the symbol of the aspirant to the dignity of druidical priesthood) is still connected with certain mysterious associations in the mind of the Welsh peasant.

* *See* Hollande's "Pliny."

HEATHER.

Erīca et Callūna.

Welsh, Grug, Myncog.—*Gaelic*, Traoch.—*French*, Bruyère. — *German*, Heide. — *Italian*, Erica. — *Spanish*, Brezo.— *Russian*, Weresk.—*Polish*, Wryos.—*Danish*, Lyng.—*Swedish*, Liung.

Linnæan.	Natural.
Octandria.	*Corolliflorœ.*
Monogynia.	*Ericeœ.*

We all know the heather-bells; we all know how the July's sun brings out the wide purply tracts which mingle with the golden gleam of the furze on our moorlands and mountain sides; we all know how well the Scotchman, and the bees, and the artists, and the children, and the wild grouse, and the child-hearted lover of nature, rejoice to see its bloom; we know the stern, yet poetic, associations which attach to it as the "Highland" emblem; and we know that in the old days when our Danish invaders held festival to commemorate their victories over us, they drank deep to our speedy annihilation in their much celebrated heather-ale; but very few of us know how it was that the secret of brewing this liquor perished, and was never imparted to Saxon or to Briton. For the solution of the mystery we must turn to the wild Celtic legends of Southern

Scotland, as related by Mr. R. Chambers, in his "Picture of Scotland," or to those of the county Clare, for which we are indebted to a correspondent of "Notes and Queries;" remarking, however, in parenthesis, that though we may, as a matter of course, consider it proper to hold by whatever an old legend may

"List to declare,"

yet that, *in point of fact*, the inhabitants of the Isle of Skye still do brew an ale of two parts of heather-tops to one part of malt. But it may be that the malt is deemed so great an adulteration as to render the liquor unworthy of the name of heather-ale. To the uninvalidated legend, therefore, we turn, and learn that "once upon a time," *i. e.*, when the Danes were building the Castle of Ballyportree, in Western Clare, they compelled men from every part of the country to render them assistance, making them work without rest or refreshment by day and by night; and that as each overtasked frame gave way, the body was thrown on the wall and built into the vast sepulchral edifice. The feelings with which the castle, as well as its after inhabitants were regarded, may be better imagined than described; and when the Danes were nearly expelled from the country, this castle, the last stronghold of which they retained possession, made so fierce a resistance against the natives, that when it at length surrendered, only three of the garrison were found alive; these were a father and two sons, the last of their countrymen then remain-

ing in the island. Their conquerors, with uplifted axe, proposed to spare their lives, and even to give them safe passage to their own land, if they would instruct them in the carefully guarded secret of brewing the heather-ale. For some time neither threat nor promise could avail, or extort the sacred mystery; after a time, however, the father consented, only demanding that his children should be put to death before he made it known, lest on reaching their native country they should betray what he had done, and so cause him to be deprived of life. Despising, perhaps, in their hearts his cowardice, the Irish chiefs obeyed his behest, and killed the two sons; upon which the father exclaimed, with triumph in his voice, "Fools! I saw that your threats and promises were beginning to influence my sons, for they were but boys, and might have yielded; but now our secret is safe, for neither can have effect on me!" In another moment this martyr of an insufficient cause was hewn in pieces, and thus it happened that the mystery remained unrevealed, though we must suppose it to be still lurking, in cherished secresy, in its native Denmark; lurking, perhaps, amidst the by-ways of that vast heath, or heather-tract, which forms an object of so much interest in the study of the distribution of plants; stretching with greater or less interruptions, from the extreme point of Jutland down to latitude 52° on the south, and westward to the ocean, and and eastward over a great part of Northern Germany. The tale of the surviving son has, in reality, a Scandinavian origin, being thus given in the

"Edda." Atli, the husband of Gudrum, endeavours to make Gumar, her brother, tell where his great treasure, Vasupati, is buried. This he refuses to do unless he *sees the heart* of his brother Högni, who shared the secret with him. At first Atli hesitates to commit this murder, and brings the heart of another victim to Gumar, who, however, knows his brother's heart so well that, even in death, he perceives by its quiverings that this is not his. Avarice now overcomes the tyrant's more merciful feelings. He slays Högni, and brings his heart to his brother; who then, triumphantly exclaims that he alone knows where the treasure lies hid, and that he will never satisfy Atli in his inquiries; after which he quietly submits to his impending death by vipers.

Altogether the geography of the heath is one of peculiar interest, and may be selected as presenting to the student the second most signal example of *longitudinal* distribution with which we are at present acquainted; the first being the cactus tribe. The latter pertains exclusively to the New World; and the heath to the Old, where it extends, with various interruptions (occasioned by excessive heat and other climatal causes), yet with remarkable continuity from Norway to the Cape of Good Hope, which seems a sort of head-quarters of the tribe, and from whence we have received nearly four hundred species, now *in cultivation* in this country; the whole of which were introduced, and, in fact, discovered, subsequently to the claim made on Cape Colony by the British Government in the year 1795. In the New

World, as has been said, not a single heath has been met with; though *Ericaceous* plants abound, and though, in Brazil, the *cuphea* covers large tracts of land with its brilliant blossoms, as if in emulation of our heaths. The share which the heather takes in the formation of peat in the Old World is well known, but its absence in the New, by no means interferes with the progress of this vegetable deposit wherever the climate is such as to favour the very slow process of decay from which it results. Thus, in the Falkland Islands, though our common bog moss (*Spagnum*) occurs, it is not found in such large quantities as the amount of the peat deposit would appear to indicate; and heather, as we have seen, is absent; but the deficiency is compensated by the conversion of the grasses, a small myrtle, and the *Empetrum rubrum*, a species scarcely differing from our crow-berry (*E. nigrum*), into a peat as perfectly antiseptic in its properties as is that of the eastern hemisphere.† In the newest world of all, in Australia, a sort of neutral ground is established in the appearance and great prevalence of the *Epacrideæ*, a family which includes the two sections of the *Epacris* and the *Styphelia*, and is only distinguishable from the *heaths* by the structure of its anthers, which are single-celled, and open longitudinally, while those of the heaths are two-celled.

Although, in North Britain, the heather-spray is more especially the badge of certain individual clans, and though the different species are distinc-

† *See* Dr. Hooker in Appendix to Sir J. Ross's "Antarctic Voyage."

tively borne by different families ;—the ling (*callūna vulgāris*) by the Macdonells, the cross-leaved heath (*C. tētralix*) by the Macdonalds, and the fine-leaved heath (*C. cinērea*) by the Macallisters,—yet it was very probably at first, simply and generally a highland emblem handed down from bygone days, when perhaps, in the words of Scott,—

> "The heath-bell with her purple bloom
> Supplied the bonnet *and* the plume ;"

when the same wreath that shaded the dark mountain's brow, encircled those of all her hardy sons in lieu of a more artfully constructed head-piece, thus mingling both use and ornament. But, even now, the mountaineer may well retain as his badge a plant, which is so eminently serviceable to him in the economic details of his daily life. The heather-branches, freshly gathered, and arranged in such a manner that the elastic tips of the shoots form a level surface, constitute his couch, a bed such as that described by Scott :—

> "Before the heath had lost the dew
> This morn, a couch was pulled for you
> On yonder mountain's purple head."

And again :—

> "The stranger's bed
> Was there of mountain heather spread."

Heather, in alternate layers, with a mortar composed of straw and black earth, forms the walls of his cabin ; heather makes the thatch which covers the roof, and this again is bound down

with a lattice-work composed of the same plant twisted into ropes; and heather, cut with the sods on which it grows, not only furnishes his fuel, but yields the very best known for the purposes of baking. Nor are these its sole domestic uses: in the year 1766, the Irish parliament awarded a grant of £700 to some persons who were supposed to have invented a method of tanning leather with heath, boiled in a copper vessel. It had, however, been used in the Western Isles for this purpose, from time immemorial. These same islanders too, and the Welsh peasantry appear to have imparted to the great clothiers of Yorkshire a knowledge of the value of the plant as a yellow dye, with whom it has become an article of considerable attention and importance. It is carefully mown when in full flower, dried like hay, and made into ricks, or placed in barns until required. The dye produced from it, though not so permanent as either weld or quercitron (*quercus tinctoria*) is of a far more brilliant yellow than these, or indeed than any other woollen-dye; while, if alum be used as the mordant, a fine, rich orange is produced. Moreover, as all good British housewives know, the heather, (especially the *Erīca cinērea*, and the *Callūna vulgāris*) makes the best of brooms. The ling (*C. vulgāris*) is an admirable edging for garden-beds, and bears clipping, says Sir W. J. Hooker, quite as well as box. On the moors the sprays and blossoms of the heath furnish the grouse with food; and, though not particularly liked by sheep, it is frequently very valuable as a fodder when other herbage is scarce, being a corrective

to the effects produced by their feeding upon turnips, so that where they are allowed to browse on it also, mischief seldom results from the succulency of those roots. The shepherds of Lammermuir, as Dr. G. Johnston tells us, consider the ling so superior to the other heathers, as a food for their flocks, that they most ungallantly term it "he-heather;" while the fine-leaved heath (*E. cinērea*), being considered as the most valueless, is as they fancy *degraded* by the name of "she-heather!" These Lammermuir shepherds, like others whose early childhood has been passed in following flocks through heath-lands, acquire a gait so peculiar that it is known amongst the Lowlanders as "heather-lamping."

I believe that, notwithstanding its astringent qualities, the heather is not now employed in medicine; though Dioscorides says that the tender tops are "good against stings of venemous beasts;" and Gerarde very mysteriously declares that they "have, as Galen saithe, a digestinge facultie, consuming by vapors."

The heather is very important as an article of food to bees. They are exceedingly fond of the heather-bells; and, notwithstanding the assertion of Gerarde that "of these flowers bees do gather bad honie," access to the plant enables them to make a very large quantity of honey of the finest flavour; so that in the neighbourhood of a mountain or heath there need seldom be any anxiety as to the sufficiency of the supply of flowers for them. In Berwickshire, when garden flowers become scarce in the months of August and September, the pea-

sants carry their bee-hives to the moor-lands for an autumn pasture; just as in Greece and Egypt they are placed in boats and taken up the rivers by night, to give them fresh feeding-grounds; the boat being moored by day, to afford the bees an opportunity of seeking the flowers on the banks. There is something very poetical in the idea of tribute being thus levied on the very flowers of the field; and though I do not know that any poet has actually made use of it, very many have recorded how well the bee loves the heather,

> "The tiny heath-flowers now begin to blow;
> The russet moor assumes a richer glow;
> The powdery bells, that glance in purple bloom,
> Fling from their scented cups a sweet perfume.
> While from their cells, still moist with morning dew,
> The wandering wild bee sips the honied glue;"

says Leyden; whom Scott, entitles the possessor of

> "Many-languaged lore;"

and another takes up the burden thus:—

> * * * "The Erica here,
> That o'er the Caledonian hills sublime
> Spreads its dark mantle, where the bees delight
> To seek their purest honey."

The Berwickshire naturalist, so often quoted, remarks that the heather (and I suspect very many other plants) appears to be affected in the quantity of its saccharine secretions by the geological nature of the soil on which it grows; observing, that in the neighbourhood of Wooler, in Berwickshire, there is

a sandstone, and a porphyritic soil, and that on the latter the bees produce much larger quantities of honey than on the former.

Thus we see that heather has other *economic* uses than those recorded in the well-known lines;

"Sweet flower! from nature's indulgence thou'rt cast,
Thy home's on the cold heath, thy nurse is the blast;
No shrub spreads its branches to shelter thy form,
Thou art torn by the winds, thou art bent by the storm:
But the bird of the moor on thy substance is fed,
And thou giv'st to the hare of the mountain a bed."

And yet, even in pointing out these uses, it is well to record an earnest caution against that weak and vain enthusiasm which gratifies its own microscopic feelings with the belief that it does all that is needful, when it yields up the incense of its gratitude for the mighty works of God "whose thoughts are very deep," *because* it discovers in them an adaption to some petty need, some inconsiderable or ephemeral want, and deems that for its pleasure all was made. It is in the mighty unity of Creation that we must learn to look for the comprehensiveness of His power and love. It is in the *oneness* of His universe that we must seek to trace the "cause of every cause," never forgetting that while we humbly but heartily acknowledge the beneficence of Him, without whom "not a sparrow falleth to the ground," yet we must never pause in gratified self-contemplation as if we had fathomed and expounded His mighty works when we have, in truth, but learned to apply some created thing to our own requirements, and when we have no more sounded

its appointed office in the "course of nature" than the savage, who makes the woods his abode, has comprehended the manner in which the trees of the forest act as chemical and mechanical preservators of the balance of atmospheric purity, or as the ameliorators of climate. The doctrine of final causes can never act *practically* on our minds while we are content with the "adaption of means to end" which we fancy we perceive when we see that the dust which annoyed us in some summer's walk is laid by the thunder-shower that fell upon the path! I speak this, *not* to discourage the spirit which sees, *and seeks to see*, the hand of God in *every* event of life, believing as I do, that the study of His works is, and ever will be, inductive,—leading us from the less, up to the greater, even to the Creator of all; but I do so on account of the growing inclination* to limit His power to the level of our conceptions; and to deem an object fulfilled, if it be but subservient to some trifling comfort of our own. The habit is one pre-eminently tending to discontent, for it unduly exalts our personal pretensions; and tending to discontent, it too frequently leads on to disbelief. If we gaze with self-complacent gratitude on the shower which freshens and bedews our path, *only because it does so*, our danger is, that when we learn that the lightning flash which accompanied it laid down in death some parent's only child, the late spirit of petty and selfish gratulation mingling, almost unconsciously, with the awe and sympathy we feel, will give rise first to a questioning, then to

* I need not mention the works to which I allude.

a repining, and next—if carried to its last extreme—to an unbelieving feeling. The man for whose private convenience the physical laws of the universe are—as he thinks—so wonderfully altered, is *not* he who bends with the most undoubting submission before the blow, when the hand of God gathers sorrow darkly around him; and the joy, or the stay, or the very hope, of his life is taken from him; nor will he be prepared to say in earnestness, "Thy will be done." We know that He who covers himself "with light as with a garment; who stretcheth out the heavens like a curtain; who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters; who maketh the clouds his chariot; who walketh upon the wings of the wind;" is *also* He who "causeth grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man: that he may bring food out of the earth." We *know*

> "That not a flower can fade, or die
> Unnoticed by His watchful eye;"

and from that knowledge we gather our sweetest consolation, our most certain hope, and in that hope we humbly, yet confidently strive to trace His hand in every visible thing which spreads in beauty before our eyes, His love in every occurrence of life, even though to our dimmed eyes it be utterly inscrutable, and in this knowledge, this endeavour, every one ought to partake; as a thing *wholly* different from the too arrogant, too positive spirit to which I have alluded.

Mention has been made of the general effect of beauty produced by the heather, but not less is that

which we perceive on a minuter examination of the different species; some blooming

* * "With bells like amethyst, and then
Pale and shaded, like a maiden's cheek
With gradual blushes, other-while as white
As rime that hangs upon the frozen spray."

These varied beauties are, however, familiar to the reader, and I will, therefore, only lay before him the descriptive lines of Mrs. Grant, of Laggan, before I enter into the drier botanical details relating to the differences of the species.

"Flower of the waste! the heath-fowl shuns
For thee the brake and tangled wood;
To thy protecting shade she runs,
Thy tender buds supply her food;
Her young forsake her downy plumes
To rest upon thy opening blooms.

Flower of the desert* though thou art!
The deer that range the mountain free,
The graceful doe, the stately hart,
Their food and shelter seek from thee;
The bee, thy earliest blossom greets,
And draws from thee her choicest sweets.

Gem of the heath! whose modest bloom
Sheds beauty o'er the ample moor,
Though thou dispense no rich perfume,
Nor yet with splendid tints allure,
Both valour's crest and beauty's bower,
Oft hast thou decked a favourite flower.

* I really must protest against the application, even in poetry, of the word desert, to spots clothed with such vigorous vegetation; it is almost as anomalous as the American name of "Pine barrens," as applied to the majestic pine woods of the Southern States!

Flower of the wild! whose purple hue
Adorns the dusky mountain's side;
Not the gay hues of Iris' bow
Nor garden's artful varied pride,
With all its wealth of sweets, could cheer
Like thee, the hardy mountaineer.

Flower of his heart! thy fragrance mild,
Of peace, of freedom, seems to breathe;
To pluck thy blossoms in the wild,
And deck his bonnet with the wreath,
Where dwelt of old his rustic sires,
Is all his simple wish requires.

Flower of his dear-loved, native land!
Alas! when distant, far more dear!
When he, from some cold foreign strand,
Looks homeward through the blinding tear,
How must his aching heart deplore
That home, and thee, he sees no more!"

In Great Britain we have seven species of heather, including six *Erīcas* and one ling, or *Callūna*. The last of which, *C. vulgāris*, is so well known from the distinguishing circumstance of its having an open, bell-shaped flower, with a calyx of a similar colour. The cross-leaved heath (*E. tētralix*), and the fine-leaved heath (*E. cinērea*), are everywhere abundant. The Mediterranean heath (*E. Mediterrānea*), has as yet been discovered only on Urrisbeg mountain, Connemara, in Ireland, where it was found about twenty years ago by Mr. Mackay in this place; it covers a space of about half a mile in length, and is supposed altogether to extend over about two acres of land.

The so-called Cornish heath (*E. vāgans*), which is our only *Erīca* with a campanulate blossom, occurs on the heaths of Cornwall, and was long supposed

to be confined to the serpentine formation; but Miss Warren communicated to Sir W. J. Hooker its occurrence in the parish of Mylor, "far from any serpentine;" a circumstance which, as she remarks, gives to that parish the distinguishing feature of being the only one amongst the eleven thousand seven hundred parishes of England that produces all our known species and varieties of heath.

The occurrence in our islands of these two heaths has been accounted for by the supposition that the first, which is so abundant in Southern Spain, was introduced by the Spanish colonists; while the last is believed, in like manner, to have been brought from Spain and Portugal by some early settlers, or traders in tin; but however plausible these speculations may, at first sight, appear, they are rendered as unnecessary, as they are improbable, by a consideration of the broader principles governing the distribution of plants.* As well might we argue a former occupation of the Hebrides, or the broken shores of Connemara, by some early North America Indian tribe, because those places, respectively, possess specimens of the jointed pipe-wort (*Eriocāulon septāngulāre*), a New World plant, which has reached us through Iceland, and the Färoe and Shetland Isles. The heaths in question are, in fact, only a portion of those plants which belong to the "Atlantic type" of Watson; the "Lusitanian," or "Western Pyrenean," and the "Armorican" types of Professor E. Forbes, which—in consequence of climatal and other peculiarities—are

* Effect of ocean currents, &c.

respectively represented in the vegetation of certain British districts.

Similar remarks will apply to the occurrence of the beautiful ciliated heath (*E. ciliāris*), which is frequent on the north coast of Cornwall, and is found near Corfe Castle, in Dorsetshire, as well as in the district of Connemara, and which is a native of Portugal, and also to the only British species which now remains to be noticed—namely, the *E. Mackaii*, for which but two stations are known —namely, Connemara and the Sierra del Peral, in the Asturias.* It is curious that the plant was discovered in these two places in the same year.

The English name of heath is supposed by Bicheno, to be derived from *Eithen*, the Celtic word either for furze, "or any plants of a similar nature," though it must be allowed that the idea pre-supposes considerable latitude of observation on the part of our ancestors. While the botanical *Erīca* is by some traced to the Greek word signifying to break, on account of the extreme brittleness of the plant. *Callūna*, however, has a better foundation, being derived from a word meaning, as Sir W. J. Hooker supposes, either to *cleanse* or to *adorn*,† terms which we are, therefore, warranted in considering as convertible in the language of the beauty-loving and refined Greek. It may be observed, that it is an error to separate the words *heath* and *heather;* we have heard intelligent persons divided in opinion as to what particular plant constituted the heather of Scotland,

* *See* Hooker's "British Flora."

† Cp. Callunterion and Calluntirion.

one party affirming it to be the *Callūna*, and another either the *E. tētralix*, or the *E. cinērea*. Lightfoot, who paid great attention to native names, calls both the *Cinērea* and the *E. vulgāris* (*Callūna*) "hather," and of both, says Sir W. J. Hooker, "the Gaelic name is *traoch*," while to the same high authority I am indebted for the information, that after living and botanising in Scotland for upwards of twenty years, he had always understood "heather" "to be a generic rather than a specific name, identical with our English word heath."

Accustomed, as we are, in more southern counties, to see the heath creeping as a low shrub over the surface of the earth, or, at most, only rising into tufts of a foot or two in height, we are surprised when the "minstrel of the north" celebrates the—

> "Heather black, that waved so high
> It held the copse in rivalry."

Yet so it is; and not unfrequently a man may stand upright, and yet be invisible, behind a screen of heather!

Dr. G. Johnston has collected together, in his "Botany of the Eastern Borders," several facts relative to the legal enactments by which, in former ages, the "muir-burning," or heather-burning, was regulated. Thus, the Scotch parliament of Robert III., in the year 1401, passed a statute "to be observed through the whole land," that there should be no "muir-burning," except in the month of March, under a penalty of forty shillings, which sum was to be paid over to the lord of the land on which

the burning had taken place. This edict, in a somewhat different form, was renewed by a parliament of James I. of Scotland, in the year 1424, which inflicted a like penalty, or four days' imprisonment, for burning the heather *from March until the corn was cut down.* There can be little doubt that the objection to the burning it in the spring and early summer consisted in the consequent destruction and waste of the young and tender grass which springs round its roots; but when the prohibition is continued to the time of harvest, we cannot but suppose it to have been prompted by the belief that any extensive fire will produce rain.*

* For further information on this subject *see* "Notes and Queries" (*passim*), which contains several interesting papers relating to the burning of fern, which has at different times been forbidden on account of its causing rain. Dr. G. Johnston states that he finds the idea still prevalent in Berwickshire.

BUTTER-WORT.

Pinguīcula.

Welsh, Toddaidd melyn.—*French*, Grassette.—*German*, Fettkraut.—*Dutch*, Smeerblade.—*Italian*, Pinguicola.—*Spanish*, Grassila.—*Portuguese*, Grassetta.—*Danish*, Vibefit.—*Swedish*, Tetört.

LINNÆAN.	NATURAL.
Diandria.	*Lentibulariæ.*
Monogynia.	

IN stagnant marshes, as I have before remarked,* the pinguicula rears its fragile and beautiful blossoms. In the winter the leaves die away, and only little hybernating buds appear, but with the earliest spring these unfold amongst the dark *jungermanniæ* and lichens with which they grow, and the smooth shining leaves, of the brightest yet most delicate yellow green, make their appearance, sparkling with the minutest dew-drops resting upon the point of the delicate hair-like gland, or pore, from which each drop exudes; and which, but for the presence of these, would be scarcely visible. I am not aware that amongst the numerous experiments which have been tried in order to ascertain the amount of exhalation in different plants, any have been made with the pinguicula; but it is certainly

* *See* above, "Sundew."

BUTTER-WORT.

Pinguicula.

Welsh, Trouzido melyn.—*French*, Grassette.—*German*, Fettkraut.—*Dutch*, Sinnerblade.—*Italian*, Pinguicola.—*Spanish*, Grassita.—*Portuguese*, Grassetta.—*Danish*, Vibefit.—*Swedish*, Tetort.

LINNÆAN.	NATURAL.
Diandria.	*Lentibulariæ.*
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* *See* above, "Sundew."

GREAT BUTTERWORT. Pinguicula grandiflora.

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London: Published by John Van Voorst 1858.

very considerable, for, if the finger be passed over the leaves, or flower-stems (on which last the dewy points are even more conspicuous), it receives from them a considerable quantity of moisture; and yet in two or three seconds the mark of its touch is quite effaced, and the dew-drops glisten again as before. The stalks are crowned with a beautiful blossom, which, in the large-flowered butter-wort (*P. grandiflōra*), and in the common butter-wort (*P. vulgāris*), are of the deepest and richest amethyst purple; while in the pale butter-wort (*P. lusitānica*) they are of a delicate lilac; and in the alpine butter-wort (*P. alpīna*), a yellowish white, a colour made more decided by a tuft of deep yellow crystalline hairs * "which appears on the lower tip of the corolla." These four are the only species admitted as indigenous to the British Islands by Sir W. J. Hooker and Professor Balfour; but the "Edinburgh Catalogue" also gives a *Pinguīcula longicōrnis* (Gay).

The corolla of the pinguicula is *monopetalous*, but is cleft into five deep and irregular segments, and has a lengthened spur at the back, from the upper side of which the stem springs, so that the blossom hangs suspended.

The *P. grandifolia*, as a reference to the engraving will shew, is a handsome flower, whose rich purple is relieved by a broad patch, on the lower segment, of white traversed by purple lines, and densely clothed with soft hairs, the rest of

* Hooker, "British Flora." Loudon says they are white, but this must be a mistake.

the blossom being smooth. In the British Isles it is peculiar to Ireland; as the only British habitat of the *P. alpīna* is Scotland. Even in Ireland the *P. grandifolia* is only known to occur at Kenmare, Cork, and Dingle Bay. It is by no means a common plant anywhere, though growing freely in the above-named places, in the Pyrenees, and in some other congenial spots.

The alpine butter-wort (*P. alpīna*), is extremely rare even in Scotland, the only recorded localities for it being the Isle of Skye, and the bogs of Aughterflow and Shannon, in Ross-shire. The fourth remaining species, the pale butter-wort (*P. lusitānica*), though abundant in Ireland, the Hebrides, and the extreme north of Scotland, gradually lessens in frequency as we retire from the western coasts, and is unknown in the eastern counties of England.*

The botanical name of the pinguicula takes its rise from the unctuous sensation imparted by the leaves, arising from the somewhat glutinous secretion already described as exuding from the pores; being derived from the Latin word *pinguis*, fat. The German, French, Italian, Spanish, and other names, have also a similar origin; and so, undoubtedly, has the English name of butter-wort, but not as learned botanists and other high authorities have supposed, because the plant is used to curdle milk instead of rennet; for I beg to take a woman's privilege, and to suggest that even though the greater portion of butter contained in any quantity of milk may pass

* These localities are given from the "British Flora," of Sir W. J. Hooker.

into the cheese produced from its curd, it is not more usual to make butter by a curdling process than it is to make cheese in a churn!

In some parts of England the plant is known by the names of *Sheeprot* or *Rotgrass*, which have evidently been bestowed upon it from the circumstance of its abounding in lands which are prejudicial to that animal. Yet it would not appear that the pinguicula itself is to blame, as it is stated, on good authority, that neither sheep nor any other herbivorous animal will eat it. Gerarde calls it "Yorkshire sanicle." The Welsh name *Toddaidd melyn*, signifying *yellow sap*, is given to it from the bright yellow stain produced on paper or any other material by its juice. Old herbalists employed it, as the Welsh peasants still do, as a cathartic medicine: thus practically disproving the general opinion that plants of the order *Lentibulariaceæ* have no perceptible qualities; an idea which may be dispelled by biting a leaf of the butter-wort, which is very bitter and acid, and leaves a burning sensation in the throat for several hours. Its mucilaginous exudation is, however, perfectly insipid. Gerarde recommends the plant for chapped or fractured skins; and an allusion has been already made to its use as rennet, but though it may perfectly answer the purpose with the milk of cows, it appears to act very differently on that of the rein-deer; for Linnæus tells us, that when the fresh warm milk is poured on the leaves, and permitted to remain for a day or two, it acquires a tenacious consistency, in which neither the whey nor cream separate; when treated

in this way, it becomes slightly acid, and is much valued by the Norwegians and Swedes as an article of food.

The butter-wort, in common with many marsh plants, curiously exemplifies the interesting subject of vegetable irritability. If the flower-stalks be rudely touched or struck, the heads, which from their own weight have drooped forward, gradually and with a perceptible movement, erect themselves until at length they sometimes actually lean backwards. So sensitive under some conditions is the whole plant, that if a flower be gathered, all the remaining stalks bend backwards and form the "segment of a circle," and the leaves close down, forming almost a ball; yet this extreme irritability does not always exist, as I have frequently, and in vain, tried to produce the last phenomenon. It is, however, attributed to it by botanists.

VIOLET.

Viola.

Welsh, Crinllys, Gwiolydd, Mill, Millyn.—*Irish*, Sail covah.—*Gaelic*, Sail-chuach.—*French*, Violette.—*German*, Viole.—*Italian*, Viola.—*Greek*, Ion.—*Arabic*, Benéfsig.—*Persian*, Benefse, or benefsch.

LINNÆAN.	NATURAL.
Pentandria.	*Violaceæ.*
Monogynia.	*Violeæ.*

"VIOLETS," says Gerarde, "haue a great prerogative aboue others, not only because the mind conceiueth a certain pleasure and recreation by smelling and handling those more odoriferous floures, but also for that verie manie of these violets receiue ornament and comely grace, for there be made of them garlands for the head, nosegaies, and posies, which are delightful to look upon, and to smel to; speaking nothing of their appropriat vertues; yea gardens themselves receiue by these the greatest ornament of all, chiefest beauty, and most excellent grace, and the recreation of the mind which is taken hereby cannot be but very good and honest; for they admonish and stirre vp a man to that which is comely and honest; for floures through their beautie, varietie of color, and exquisite forme do bring to a liberall and gentle manly minde the remembrance of honestie, comlinesse, and all kind of vertues; for it

would be an unseemlie and a filthy thing (as a certaine wise man saith) for him that doth look vpon, and handle, faire and beautiful things to haue his mind not faire, but filthy and deformed."

The old medical MS. so often quoted, says;—

"Vigolet, an erbe cowth [familiar; more properly *cuthe*, hence uncouth, strange]
Is knowyn in ilke manys mowthe,
As bokes seyn in here [their] langage
It is good to don in potage,
In playstrys to wondys it is comfortyf
Wt oyer erby sanatif.
Oyle of hys flowre is profytable,
And wt. oyle of rose medicinable.
Ye oyle of hys fayre flowres
In man distroithe wycke [wicked] huores [humours]
And alle on kende hete [unkind heat] in fay
Clene distroith it dothe away.
Wherefor it is meche [much] of pris
And miche in boke comendid is."*

Vitruvius tells us that the flowers were not only used to adulterate, or counterfeit, the celebrated blue of Athens, but were also employed to "moderate anger," to cure ague and inflammation of the lungs, to allay thirst, procure sleep, and "comfort and strengthen the heart, as well as for cooling plasters;" besides being worn in garlands as a charm against the "falling sickness," and headaches; and Pliny gives a long catalogue of their virtues; affirming that they are cooling, good for inflammations, weak eyes, quinsey, swellings, &c., &c., and recommending garlands of the blossoms to be worn for the preservation of the head. The seeds were

* Stockholm Medical MS.

formerly believed to counteract the effects of a scorpion's sting. The peasant mother—though she no longer uses the violet in her "pottage"—administers its syrup to her infant as a medicine suited to its tender age; the Moslem quaffs a similar preparation as one of his favourite sherbets; and the chemist employs it as his most delicate test for acids or alkalis; the former giving it a red tinge, and the latter one of green.* The French make the greatest use of the flowers in their "confitures" and household remedies, and on turning over Machet's "Confiseur Moderne," and works of a similar character, we are surprised to find the frequency of recipes for *conserve de violettes, glaces à la violette, marmalade de violettes, Pains soufflés à la violette* (in which however Prussian blue and carmine usually do duty for the hue of the flower, while "*iris de Florence en poudre*" represents its scent and flavour), *Pastille à la violette, pâtes de violettes, gomme de violettes, sirop de violettes,* and numberless confections of a similar character.

The root of the sweet violet *V. odorāta* acts as a most powerful emetic, and is frequently used to adulterate ipecacuanha, and in fact the whole of the *Violaceæ* are thus, though in various degrees, distinguished; the active principle of their roots, which is called *violene,* closely resembling *emetin.*†

* It however only serves for this purpose when quite fresh.

† Orfila, in the "Journal de Pharmacie," January 1824, describes this principle as intensely poisonous, and states that it equally occurs in the flowers, leaves, seeds, and

Sir William Hooker has satisfactorily ascertained the *Viola Ipecacuānha*, or the *Ionidium parviflorum* to be the celebrated "Cuychunchulle" of Dr. Bancroft. Pliny prescribes a liniment of violet roots and vinegar for gout and "disorders of the spleen."

Thus the uses of the plant, as well as its exquisite beauty, have attracted attention wherever it occurs —and it is by no means sparingly distributed.— Aboo Rumi, the eastern poet, exclaims; "It is not a flower—it is an emerald bearing a purple gem!" And it has been said that the Arabs expressively describe the eye of a beautiful woman by comparing it to a violet. The ancient Greeks attributed to the goddess of beauty, "violet-like eyelids," and Shakespeare speaks of:—

> "Violets dim
> But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes."

Comparisons which we may refer rather to the delicate tinting of purple which gives so great a charm to some eyelids, especially to those of little babies, rather than to the ancient practice of imitating this tinge by colouring the eyelids with powder of antimony, to which some commentators have attributed it: since the black *kohl*, or antimony, cannot well be compared in colour to the violet

Shakespeare alludes to a very old belief, and

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roots of the plant—having, however, its action on the animal system modified in the three first, from its chemical association with different proximate principles. *Violene* differs from *emetin* in its being united with *malic* instead of *gallic* acid.

one which we find frequently and variously expressed, when he says :—

* * "Lay her i' the earth,
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring."

Or, as Herrick has it,

"From her happy spark, here let
Spring the purple violet."

Partly perhaps for this reason the violet, supreme in its sweetness, finds its place with these and other sweet-smelling herbs in the graveyards of Wales ; and the Romans called the days set apart for decking their graves with flowers *"Dies violaris."* In allusion to this use of the flower, Shelley says :—

"Lilies for a bridal bed,
Roses for the matron's head,
Violets for a maiden dead."

And again,—

"His head was bound with pansies overblown,
And faded violets, white, pied, and blue."

The violet was a great favourite with the Greeks, claiming, according to Theocritus, the earliest place in the flowers chosen for the wreath ; and Homer, as translated by Cowper, says :—

* * "Everywhere appeared
Meadows of softest verdure, purpled o'er
With violets ; it was a scene to fill*
A god from Heaven with wonder and delight."

* "Odyssey," Book v.

Virgil, too (Bucol. Ecl. 1—47), weaves it into his garland of blossoms:—

> "Pallentes violas, et summa papavera carpens,
> Narcissum, et florem jungit benè olentis anethi.
> Tum casia, atque aliis intexens suavibus herbis,
> Mollia luteola pingit vaccinia caltha."

Athens was noted for its love of violets. Aristophanes (*Knights*) says, "he lives in the ancient violet-crowned Athens;" and (*Acharn.*), "first they called you (Athenians) violet-crowned." The same epithet was applied to the Muses, and Homer even calls Venus "Ιοστεφανον"—"crowned with violets."

Athenæus (*Deipn.* xv. p. 680), like other ancient writers, speaks of the use of violets for chaplets; but in another place (p. 675), he pretends that they were excluded from banquets because they affected the head by their scent. In this, however, he is contradicted by Pliny (xxi. 19.); and Plutarch more distinctly says (*Symp.* iii. 1.), "its exhalations greatly assist in removing the affections of the head caused by wine." Athenæus (xv. p. 682), states that at Cyrene the scent of the violet is "especially strong and divine, as is that of other flowers there excepting the crocus; a statement, probably, borrowed from Theophrastus (vi. p. 643). He also assigns to "the black violet the most agreeable scent;" and adds, "Apollodorus writes that this is called by some *chamœpiten* (*chamœpites*, 'creeping on the ground'); by the Athenians, Ionian; by the Eubœans, Sideritin;" and, according to Nicander, "certain nymphs named Iadæ or Ionides (*Ioniades*), first gave the violet (*Ion*) to Ion," when "after hunting he had

bathed in the Alpheus, wearing its flowers for a chaplet in the gardens of Pisa."

The old Greek poets, in their admiration of the violet, prettily feigned that when Io was changed into a cow, the earth "honouring her," brought forth the violet for her to feed upon; and Jane Taylor, in her delightful "Nursery Rhymes," as prettily, though quite unintentionally, re-echoes the idea of its being a favourite food of the cow :—

> "Where the purple violet blows
> Pretty cow go there and dine."

Nicander, however, ignores this fable, and substitutes for it the legend already mentioned.

There is, probably, no land in which the violet grows—and it abounds in every part of Europe, in Barbary, Palestine, Japan, China, and America—in whose language its praises have not been sung. To refer to them would be to form a perfect authologia, and I must, therefore, not make the attempt, but will only give the lines of a Welsh poet :—

> "Clwys yw'r crinllys, ar'y dorllann
> Pan font newydd dorri 'allan;
> Chwerthin byddant ar yr eira,
> Pan fo'n amdo ar'y brynia.
> Maent yn glws
> O Maent yn glws!"

Which may be rendered :—

> "Beautiful are violets on the broken bank
> When starting into sudden bloom;
> All trustfully they smile upon the snow
> That coldly shrouds the hills above.
> They are beautiful!
> Oh, they are beautiful!"

The American bard says :—

"When its long rings uncurls the fern,
The violet nestling low,
Casts back the white lid of its urn,
Its purple streaks to shew.
Beautiful blossom ! first to rise
And smile beneath Spring's wakening skies,
The courier of a band
Of coming flowers, what feelings sweet
Gush, as the silvery gem we greet
Upon its slender wand."

Robert Storey, the Northumbrian poet, thus alludes to the emblematic meaning attached to the violet in common with other blue flowers :—

* * "Telling me in every wreath I made
Not to omit the violet, which meant truth."

The violet was the appropriate May-day prize bestowed on the troubadour, or the minnie-singer of the olden time. Its place was afterwards taken by a golden violet; and a remembrance of the custom survived in the Toulouse Academy of Floral Games.*

The words of Shakespeare—

"To gild refined gold,"

are familiar to every one, but we seldom recollect that the illustration is, to the full, as apt when he pronounces it an equally

"Wasteful and ridiculous excess.
To throw a perfume on the violet."

This perfume, according to Lord Bacon, may be

* *See* the Works of Marmontel.

preserved for a year or more by repeatedly infusing the petals in vinegar.

Most persons must have felt the extraodinary power of scents in recalling the memory of long-past years; before the following lines were written,

> "The smell of violets hidden in the grass,
> Poured back into my empty soul and frame
> The times when I remember to have been
> Joyful and free from blame."*

Dr. Delany, dean of Down, in his sermon "The Immortality of the Soul Proved," quaintly asks, "Hath a doubt, or a denial, or judgment, any colour, or figure, or extension? Can we properly say a white doubt, or a scarlet denial, or a square judgment? A reflection a foot long, or a foot broad, or of a pound weight?" But we certainly have so much association between colours and scents, that the one easily suggests to us the other; and there are few people who do not readily understand what is meant when we speak of a brown, a grey, or a green, smell.

Milton, who is usually most accurate in his observation of nature, makes the remark that

> "In the violet-embroidered vale
> The love-lorn nightingale,
> Nightly her sad song mourneth well."

And it certainly is a curious circumstance that the broad band extending across England, which rejoices in the possession of the sweet-scented *Viola*

* Tennyson.

odorāta, is, I believe, also frequented by this bird. Does the plant nourish any peculiar insect on which the nightingale habitually feeds?

The Latin name of *Vīola*, whence our violet, is by some authors supposed to have arisen from the gradual corruption of *vitula*, but others trace its relationship to the Greek *ion*, with the prefixed *v* or *f*, so generally retained in Latin.

The sweet violet is not the only one used by the rustic practitioner. The dog-violet (*V. canīna*)—which, in spite of all our predilections, has really a prettier blossom than its more valued and favoured sister—is used to cure cutaneous disorders, and mixed with milk, it forms a highly-prized cosmetic. In mountainous and sunny districts the flowers of this violet are of great size and of a brilliant colour, though the plant becomes proportionably dwarfed; while, in barren and sandy "dunes," there is satisfactory reason to believe that it dwindles into the *V. flavicornis* of some botanists. This plant, with the three following, belongs to the subdivision of the violets which are furnished with an evident stem; the remaining three British species being stemless, or nearly so.

The so-called cream-coloured violet (*V. lāctea*), is a rare species, occurring on high and heathy land, and bearing some resemblance to the *V. montāna* of Linnæus, but it is now generally considered to be a distinct plant.

The yellow mountain violet (*V. lūtea*) occurs in the wilder districts of Wales, Scotland, the north of England, and also, I believe, in Cornwall. At a

first view it bears some resemblance to the pansy (*V. tricolor*), though, in reality, quite distinct from it.

This last is the "hearts-ease," the "herb-trinity," the "love-in-idleness;" the plant with many other pleasant names. Who does not know how Cupid, "in idleness," shot his shaft at the fair queen of the "throned west," who passed on

> "In maiden meditation, fancy free?"

and how the winged arrow

> "Fell upon a little western flower,
> Before milk-white; now purple with love's wound,
> And maidens call it love-in-idleness?"

And who knows not, upon the same authority, that

> "The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid,
> Will make a man, or woman madly dote,
> Upon the next live creature that it sees?"

It is the *stiefmütterchen* (little stepmother) of the Germans, the origin of which seems quite inexplicable.

Besides the sweet violet the stemless sub-division includes the hairy violet (*V. hīrta*), which grows in such well-marked distinctness on calcareous soils only; and the pretty little marsh violet (*V. palūstris*), with its delicately-streaked and roundish blossoms, and its fine glossy leaves. The latter grows in the damp parts of the hilly regions of Scotland and Wales, mingling prettily with its companion flower, the bog pimpernel.

CUCKOO-PINT, WAKE-ROBIN, PRIEST'S-PINT.

Arum (formerly written *Aron*).

Welsh, Pidyn, or Pidogyn y gôg, Cala'r gethlydd.—*Irish*, Clovas a Gachir.—*French*, Chou poivre, Pain de lièvre, Pied de veau.—*German*, Zehr-wurzel, or Zehrend-wurzel-kraut.—*Italian*, Giara.—*Arab*, Kolkas.

Linnæan.	Natural.
Polyandria.	*Aroideæ.*
Polygynia.	*Arineæ.*
	Arum.

This is the "lords and ladies" of country children, who pull away the large enveloping spathe of the blossom, and extract the brightly-coloured and beautifully formed pistil, determining by some slightly indicated varieties of its colour, whether it shall be called a "lord" or a "lady," for on the relative proportions in the numbers of each, found by each child during the spring, is to depend his good fortune during the remainder of the year; and there is a German superstition regarding the same plant, that when a young man goes to a dance, if he puts a bit of arum into his shoe, saying:—

> "I place you in my shoe;
> Let all young girls be drawn to you,"

he will secure to himself any partner or partners for

whom he may wish, even though the presence of more fascinating rivals might otherwise have deprived him of so enviable a lot.

The reverent feeling of our own peasants towards the plant is recorded by Mrs. Hemans, who says, in speaking of the arum:—

> * * "These deep, unwrought marks,
> The villagers will tell thee (and with voice
> Lowered, in his true heart's reverent earnestness)
> Are the flower's portion from th' atoning blood
> On Calvary shed. Beneath the cross it grew;
> And in the vase-like hollow of its leaf,
> Catching from that dread shower of agony
> A few mysterious drops, transmitted thus
> Unto the groves and hills their healing stains
> A heritage—for storm or vernal winds
> Never to waft away."

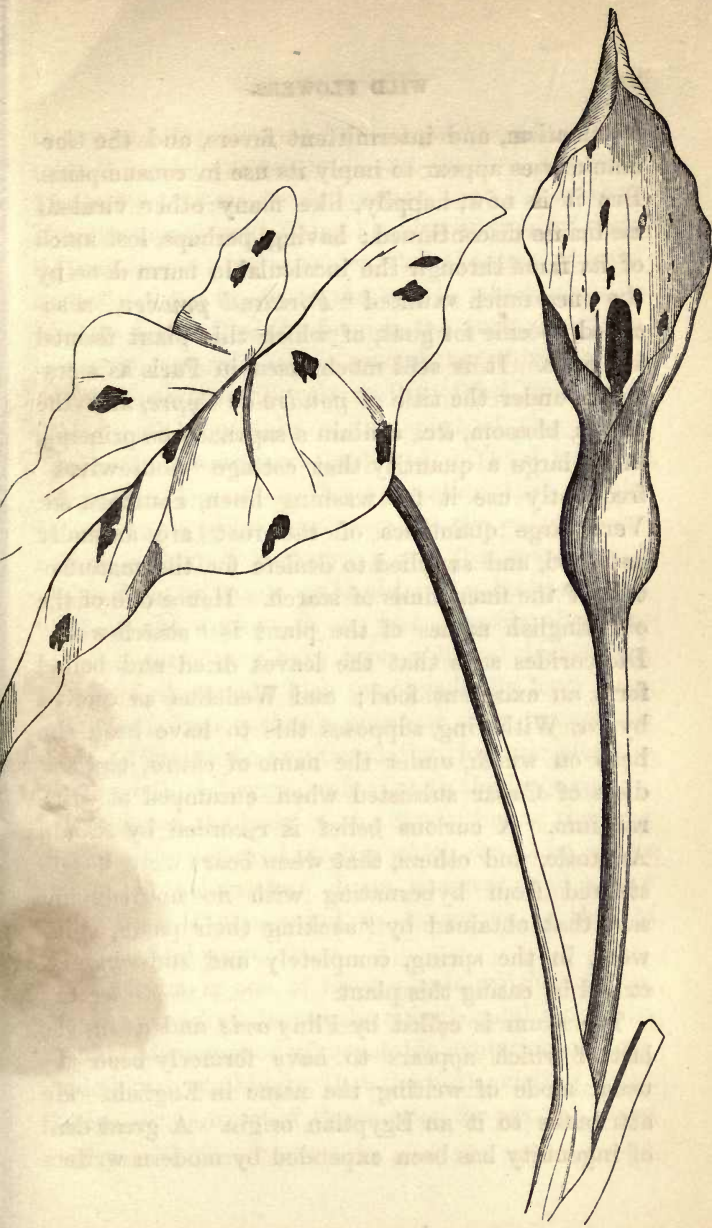
For truly,

> "Many a sign
> Of the great sacrifice, which won us Heaven,
> The woodman and the mountaineer can trace
> On rock, on herb, on flower, *and be it so!*
> They do not wisely, that, with hurried hand,
> Would pluck these salutary fancies forth
> From their strong soil within the peasant's breast,
> And scatter them—far, far, too fast—away
> As worthless weeds. Oh, little do we know
> When they have soothed, when *saved!*"

Nor is it very extraordinary that superstitions should be attached to a plant of so very singular an appearance, and so totally unlike the generality of flowers. The common *ārum maculātum* is our only British species, which, though somewhat rare in Scotland abounds in England in moist hedge-

rows, and open, yet shady woods, as well as in the completely different localities of the dry and sun-burnt soils of the Holmes in the Bristol Channel, and on Portland Isle; in both which places it is extensively collected as an article of commerce. Its roots form the *salep* of our older cookery-books; and serve as one of the more harmless ingredients used for adulterating arrow-root; to which it bears a close resemblance; being, like the arrow-root (*marānta esculēnta*) and its cogeners Taro (*A. esculēnta*), and the celebrated Egyptian arum (*A. colocāsia*), of an acrimonious and even poisonous nature, so that a slice of the root applied to the skin, in a fresh state, instantly raises a blister. This property is however completely destroyed either by drying, by the application of heat, or by maceration in water, when a simple farinaceous, or starchy substance remains, which is tasteless and perfectly wholesome:—a peculiarity, and a process, which appear to have been early discovered, and applied to plants of a similar nature by the rudest and least civilized people, as the lowest tribes of negroes, and Papuans, the South-sea Islanders, &c.

Medicinally, the arum was formally employed in its fresh state, as a powerful stimulant, though, as it neither imparts its acrimonous principle to water, nor spirit, it was necessary to extract the juice of the plant, and administer it pure; it was used both externally and internally, and considered invaluable in stimulating not only the languid tone of a weakened digestion, but also the whole system of circulation. It was also considered a cure for



Common Cuckoo-Pint.—*Arum maculātum.*

rheumatism, and intermittent fevers, and the German nurses appear to imply its use in consumption. But it is now, happily, like many other virulent medicines discontinued; having, perhaps, lost much of its fame through the incalculable harm done by the once much vaunted "*Portland powder*," a so-called specific for gout, of which this plant formed the basis. It is still much used in Paris as a cosmetic under the title of *poudre de Cypre*, and the leaves, blossom, &c., contain a saponaceous principle in so large a quantity that cottage "housewives" frequently use it for washing linen, blankets, &c. Very large quantities of the root are annually gathered, and supplied to dealers for the manufacture of the finer kinds of starch. Hence one of the old English names of the plant is "starch-wort." Dioscorides says that the leaves dried and boiled form an excellent food; and Wedelius, as quoted by Dr. Withering, supposes this to have been the herb on which, under the name of *chara*, the soldiers of Cæsar subsisted when encamped at Dyrrachium. A curious belief is recorded by Ælian, Aristotle, and others, that when bears were nearly starved from hybernating with no nourishment save that obtained by "sucking their paws," they were, in the spring, completely and suddenly restored by eating this plant.

The arum is called by Pliny *aris* and *aron*, the last of which appears to have formerly been the usual mode of writing the name in English. He attributes to it an Egyptian origin. A great deal of ingenuity has been expended by modern writers

to account for the old English names of "wake-robin," and "cuckoo-pint," and the last has been attributed to some fancied notion that the spathed blossom might hold "about a pint of liquid," or to the rather more rational idea, that the drop of moisture which lies in its depths, and to which we have already alluded, might furnish the cuckoo with a reservoir from whence to quench her thirst: ideas which, though sufficiently matter-of-fact, do not appear at all to partake of the spirit of the age in which the names were bestowed. Yet I can but offer with hesitation the suggestion, that as the British name *pidyn y gôg* signifies the *point* (spear) of the cuckoo, or *pidogyn y gôg*, the *poignard* of the cuckoo, or *cala'r gethlydd*, the pointed-reed, or staff of the cuckoo, it is *just possible* that the English term may have been a literal translation of the first name, which may gradually have been corrupted from cuckoo's *point* or dart, to cuckoo's *pint*. If there be any foundation for this idea the name would, of course, refer not to the large spathe, which forms the body of the flower, but to the long and prettily-coloured spadix, which shoots up in the centre of the spathe. I am, however, well aware that there is no ground so dangerous as that of etymological *coincidence*.

The arum is one of those plants which exhibits, in a very marked degree, the singular and most interesting phenomenon of vegetable evolution of heat, and this so strikingly, that the heat existing in the centre, or bottom of the spathe, for several hours

after its first expansion, actually imparts a sensible heat to the blossom, which may be felt by placing the hand upon it, and which, from the form of the blossom, may be very satisfactorily tested with the thermometer.

ROSE.

Rosa.

Welsh, Rhôs, Breila.—*French*, Rose.—*German*, Rose.—*Dutch*, Rooze-bloom.—*Italian*, Rosa.—*Spanish*, Rosa.—*Illyric*, Rusa, Ruxica, Ruseja.—*Polish*, Roza.—*Arabic*, Werd.

Linnæan.	Natural.
Icosandria.	*Rosaceæ.*
Polygynia.	*Roseæ.*

"How much of memory dwells amidst thy bloom
Rose! ever wearing beauty for thy dower!
The bridal-day—the festival—the tomb—
Thou hast thy part in each, thou stateliest flower.

* * * * *

Rose, for the banquet gathered, and the bier,
Rose! coloured now by human bliss and pain;
Surely, where death is not—nor pain, nor fear,
Yet I may meet thee, joy's own flower, again!"

says Mrs. Hemans, alluding to the different uses to which the ancients applied this flower; and yet one more might have been added, for—like the moderns the Greeks and Romans employed it to soothe pain, and alleviate illness. In the days of Anacreon:—

"The rose distilled a healing balm
The beating pulse of pain to calm,"

just as it did when Gerarde enumerated a list of its virtues—a list so long that I should fear to overstep my limits were I to do more than give the general

heads of his catalogue, which includes, "strengthen-inge of the hearte, and refreshinge of the spirits;" and he declares that the rose gives sleep to the fevered, allays inflammation, and strengthens the inside, that it forms an ingredient in "alle manner of counterpoysons," that, mixed with honey, it heals wounds and staunches bleeding; and, in short, that it is generally "profitable for other griefes," including the ague, and "availing the surgeon greatlie to carry store thereof;" besides the possibility of perfectly maintaining the health by a morning diet of a salad of rose-leaves. Pliny mentions briar-rose root as a cure for hydrophobia, and affirms that men derived their knowledge of it from a dream of which he tells the story.* The following is the account given of its virtues by the "Stockholm MS.":

* * "Ye rose, yt spryngyth on spray
Schewyth hys flowris in someres day
It needeth not hy to discrie [describe]
Eueri man knowith at eye [at sight]
Of his virtues et of his kende
I schall ye seyn as in bok fynde
* * * * *
Playster of rose mad well
All hot leyde to distroith ill dell
And afterward adrawt [a draught] of good wyn
Schall clere yi bowalys weel yt fyn
Also ye bok tellyth i latyn
Take a greyn of rose fyn
And wt. a greyn of mustard seed
Lete sethy et zrynd it wt. awesl fet [a fat weasel]
And yane [then] hangejt in ai tre,

* Plin. "Nat. Hist." viii. 41—xxv. 2.

In what place so yt it be,
And newr schall ye tre fruyt bere
Whyl yt con feccyon hangyt yere [there]
Zet tellyth ye bok feryer vs [furtherwise]
Yis confeccyon is more meruylyows
Lete castyn it in a net in ye se,
Wonder thyng yu schalt se,
Alle ye fyschis, yer abowte
Schall gadir yedir i arowte [thither in a rout]
* * * * *
Wheyer it is soth, or it he is
I seye nozt but as ye bok me wys
Ye autowurs name yat yis wroth
Ye bok wythnes-it ryth noth!"

—a circumstance which may be often remarked in similar categories of supernatural marvels.

It may be mentioned that a conserve of roses still retains its place in our *Materia Medica* as a calming and soothing medium.

The various emblematic meanings attached to the rose are well known.

The expression "under the rose" is said by some to have originated in the circumstance of our William III. having communicated his scheme for the invasion of England, to the Burgomaster of Amsterdam, beneath a rose made of stucco which, ornamented the ceiling of the pavilion where they held their conference; but it was evidently used long before his time; and neither this nor the golden rose of the popes accounts for its origin, to which a much older date is to be assigned. The rose was with the ancients the emblem of pleasure and enjoyment, and as they adopted it to ornament banquetting rooms where friends met in full confidence that

their words and actions would not be made public, it naturally became the representative of secrecy; and the story that the god of love made a present of the hitherto unknown rose to Harpocrates, the reputed god of silence, in order to induce him to keep the secrets of his mother, Venus, points to the same idea; though it is not so happy an explanation of the origin of the expression "*under* the rose."

It is curiously opposed to the Persian saying, "*gŭl sukuft*," "the rose (or the flower) has opened," applied to the detection of a secret, or to the occurrence of some novelty; reminding us of the French expression "decouvrir le pot aux roses," signifying, to disclose anything intended to be concealed. The expression in Welsh, illustrative of secrecy, is of another kind, being "*dan gel*," that is, *as a leech*—("he did such and such a thing *dan gel;*") but the simile is very apposite, as few animals have a more mysteriously noiseless mode of progression than the leech.

The rose, as is well known, is the emblem of love, on which account it was formerly woven into the bridal wreath (and not, as some grave philosopher suggests, in order to imitate the ordinary decorations of an animal when led to the Greek or Roman altar at which it was to be *sacrificed*), white roses being more especially chosen, because, like other white garments of the bride, they symbolised purity. But they had yet a deeper and a more beautiful signification even than that of love; for it was certainly intended that the sweetness which remains in their

leaves,* when their beauty is dimmed by the touch of time, should convey a moral lesson of such force that we wish still to see every bride crowned with a chaplet of real roses.

Rose-wreaths were also worn at the feasts of the ancients; Lucan thus decorates the assemblage at the banquet of Cleopatra;—

"With wreaths of nard,† the guests their temples bind,
And blooming roses of immortal kind."

The *Corona sutilis* of the Salii, was, in early times, made of various flowers sewed together, instead of being wreathed with their stalks and leaves, but afterwards the petals of roses only were used, and these were delicately and expertly stitched together, so as to form the most elegant, and shell-like, though of course, the most perishable wreaths.‡

Finally, the flower which had thus marked and graced the various epochs of life, was used to deck the tomb. So anxious were the Romans regarding this custom, that Pierius, in the fifty-fifth book of his Hieroglyphics, says they even provided for its observance in their wills. Propertius, and several

* The botanist must really, for once, forgive the application of the word *leaf* to the *petals* of the rose; as "rose-leaves" they are all over the world, and "rose-leaves" they must remain: for—with all due respect for what Schleiden so happily terms "*the hay*" of botany—I cannot possibly call them petals!

† Spikenard?

‡ Many wreaths found in the tombs of the ancient Egyptians are made of leaves sewn together, with the xeranthemum flowers inserted into each stitch.

Latin and Greek authors, mention this application of the flower, and Anacreon declares that the rose has power to protect the dead.

It has been a question whether the rose of Anacreon was the same as our own, and some have thought that the Island of Rhodes received its name, not from the rose but from the *balaustium*, or flower of the pomegranate. But the flower figured on the coins of Rhodes is evidently the former, with its glandular and hirsute calyx; and on some Greek vases of a still earlier time, with black figures on a light ground, women are represented smelling a red flower, with a similar three-cleft calyx, over which is written the name ῥοδον. This is also a rose, not a pomegranate flower, and the rose of Anacreon was evidently the same. I will not pause to inquire whether, in his statement respecting its protection of the dead, he refers, as some suppose, to any anti-evil spirit properties, or merely to its use in embalming; though the way in which Moore has rendered the lines, added to the knowledge which we possess of its being one of the substances employed in the art, renders the latter supposition the more probable; the passage, in Moore's version, stands thus:

> "Preserves the cold inurned clay,
> And mocks the vestige of decay."

The custom of planting roses on graves was—in the days of Camden, and according to him, from "time out of mind"—observed at Ockley, in Surrey; more especially in cases where the deceased was a young man or woman whose lover had pre-

ceded him or her to the tomb. And the legacy of Edward Barnes, "citizen of London," who died in the year 1653, still sustains this pleasant custom in at least one place in the same county: for the good old man, desirous to keep his memory fragrant in some quiet country spot, left the sum of 20*l.* to be laid out in the purchase of an acre of land for the poor of the village of Barnes, for ever, or at least for so long a time as they should keep rose-trees fresh and flourishing on his grave.

But the most touching instance of this application of the rose is yet to be seen* on the battle-field of Towton, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, where, on March 29, 1461, the armies of the Yorkist and Lancastrian factions met in deadly strife. It is well known that the white and the red rose were the respective badges of the opposing parties in those disastrous "wars of the roses," wars which certainly had more of the thorn than the flower in their character, and their consequences. On that field, where fellow-countrymen refused to each other all quarter, and where thirty-six thousand men fell by the hands of their brothers, the roses which were planted by the survivors on their sepulchral mounds still grow and bloom, breathing out, untended and unheeded, silent lessons never yet taught by the blazoned shields and marble trophies which mark the conqueror's tomb. We might almost fancy

* For this circumstance, as well as for the lines suggested by it, I am indebted to Miss Jane Williams, the author and editor of the "Life and Remains of the Rev. Thomas Price," &c. &c. (*see* the Appendix).

that the well-known "York and Lancaster" rose, the old fashioned rose of our childhood, whose red and white petals bear, peacefully commingled, the colours of the contending parties, might have sprung from this ungenial soil, and drawn its beauties from the field of civil fight to exhibit an undying reproof to ages yet unborn. The jongleurs, however, of old days, make white and red roses spring up spontaneously all over the field of Roncevalles, from the blood of the martyred Roland and the "doux pairs."

At any rate we may fancy this as readily as we listen to the pretty ancient tales of the origin of the two colours in the separate blossoms, to which I shall presently revert.

The Roman Catholic Church appears to have selected the rose as her emblem; and in her liturgies terms the Virgin Mary "Rosa Mystica," on which account the Pope carries a golden rose in his hand when he goes to celebrate mass, in St. Peter's, on Rose Sunday (*Domenica di Rosa*) or mid-lent. Durandus describes this custom as typical of two things: namely, of the interval of rejoicing which the church allowed and even desired, at this period of the fast; for the "colour of the rose," he continues, signifies charity; the perfume, joy; and the flavour, satiety; for the rose above all flowers delights by its colour, refreshes by its perfume, and comforts by its flavour:"* and in another point of view it is," he asserts the "flower of the field," spoken of in the Psalms; an expression which he

* *See* Soane's "New Curiosities of Literature."

interprets to mean *the* flower, pre-eminently, of flowers, or holy of holies, resembling thus, he says, his own—the Roman—Church. This golden rose is afterwards given by the Pope to some potentate whom he wishes to favour or propitiate.

I will not enter into the mysteries of the Rosicrucian philosophy, or even into the symbolical meanings of the *rosy cross*, the origin of which is involved in so much doubt; but will pass on to the singular fact that one of the female deities of those truest lovers of flowers, the ancient Mexicans, was called Sochiquetzal, that is, *the lifting up of roses.* This is the goddess in whom the Spaniards considered that they found the representative parallel of the Virgin Mary. Amongst the same people, the "mother of all living" was said to have committed the first sin by eating roses.*

It is not astonishing that so beautiful a flower should, in all ages, have been the favourite of the poet, and the subject of so many graceful allusions and glowing metaphors; there appears to be no beautiful thing upon the earth which has not, at some time been likened to the rose. It has been called by Sappho:

> "Sweetest child of weeping morning,
> Gem, the breast of earth adorning,
> Eye of flowerets, glow of lawns,
> Bud of beauty, nursed by dawns."

Anacreon alludes to the quality by which,

> * "When at length, in pale decline
> Its florid beauties fade and die;

* *See* "Antiquities of Mexico" quoted by Soane.

Fresh as in youth, its balmy breath
Diffuses odour even in death:"

and terms it

* * "The flower of flowers
Whose breath perfumes Olympus' bowers;"

exclaiming:

* * "Showers of roses bring,
And shed them round me while I sing."

He also rapturously addresses it in the lines so well known as rendered by Moore, in the forty-fourth ode; but of which, however, the old English translation gives a far more musical, even though it be a less classical, version:

"The rose is the honour and beautie of floures,
The rose is the care and the loue of the springe,
The rose is the pleasure of th' heavenly powers,
The boy of faire Venus, Cythera's darlinge
Dothe wrap his head rounde with garlands of rose,
When to the dance of the graces he goes."

This was a translation made in an age when,

"With rose and swete flores
Was strawed halles and bouris:"

when, as old Thomas Campion sings:*

* * "Flora robbed her bowers
To befriend this place with flowers;
Strow about! strow about!

Divers, divers flowers affect,
For some private dear respect;
Strow about! strow about!

* In "The Night and the Hours," a masque.

But he's none of Flora's friend
That will not the rose commend.
Strow about! strow about!"

In old days the phrase "*you have spoken roses,*" —the equivalent of the graceful French expressions "*dire des fleurettes*"—was the sweetest praise which could fall on the ear of the poet, or the orator; and perhaps, too, on an humbler ear which, in the quietude of its own home listened to the gentle approbation of some loved and dearly cherished voice. "Conter des fleurettes," too, signifies to "make pretty speeches," or "to play the agreeable."

Before quitting roses in connection with poets, we must not omit a passing glance at the fabled love of the nightingale for the flower;

"The young rose I give thee, so dewy and bright,
Was the floweret beloved by the bird of the night;
Who oft, by the moon, o'er her blushes hath hung,
And thrilled every leaf, with the wild lay he sung;"

says Moore; while Mesihi, the Hindû poet, as translated by Sir William Jones, thus alludes to the idea:

"Come charming maid, and hear thy poet sing,
Thyself the rose, and he the bird of spring."

One Persian poet declares, that, "when roses fade, when the charms of the bower are passed away, the fond tale of the nightingale no longer animates the scene." And another exclaims:

* * "The rose o'er crag and vale,
Sultana of the nightingale.
The maid for whom his melody
His thousand songs are heard on high,
Blooms, blushing, to her lover's tale."

In short, they appear never to tire of allusions to the love of the bird for the blossom, and represent it as singing most sweetly when pressing a rose-thorn into its breast.

The rose was dedicated to Venus, under the supposition, that when Minerva sprang from the brain of Jupiter, and Venus simultaneously rose from the waves, the earth brought forth this flower—so much more beautiful than anything which had been before produced, to celebrate the double birth ; and therefore, says Gerarde, the Easterns "can by no means endure to see the leaves of roses fall to the grounde." This original rose was supposed to have been white, and the fable continues, that the first red rose was that, upon whose thorns Venus trod when flying to succour the wounded Adonis.

> "She treads upon a thornéd rose,
> And while the wound with crimson flows
> The snowy flow'ret feels her blood, and blushes."

Far more beautiful, however, are the various Eastern versions of the tale, one of which relates, that, Eve, gazing in admiration on the white rose of Paradise, laid her rosy lips on its snowy blossom, which, receiving the impression of their colour, became the parent of all future red roses; while another, as related by Sir John Mandeville, affirms; that the rose never existed at all in the Garden of Eden, but that the first of the species ever seen, sprang up in a field called *Floridus*, on the eastern side of Ephrata. For there, a fair maid, unjustly accused, had been condemned to be burned; when,

on the faggots being lighted, she prayed aloud that God would, "as truly as she was not guilty," make it known to all. At the conclusion of her prayer, she walked, in the full confidence of innocence, into the midst of the burning pile; upon which, the raging fire was immediately extinguished, and the faggots as suddenly turned to roses; those which were flaming, becoming red roses, while such as were not yet kindled, appeared as white ones.

According to Basil, the rose was created without thorns, which afterwards appeared on the plant in consequence of the wickedness of men; as the Welsh believe that bees were white in Paradise and acquired their present hue through the same cause; naïvely adding, that when driven out of the Garden of Eden, they became brown, from the wickedness of the inhabitants of every land over which they flew, until they reached Wales, where they retained their primitive colour for several centuries!

The rose, as amongst Eastern nations, has ever been a peculiar favourite in France. And some of the French deeds or "acts" of the middle ages, contain clauses stipulating for certain "*rentes*" of roses (which appear to have been analagous to the "duty fowls," &c., even now, in some of our more remote country districts, rendered to the lord of the land). Such rents too, have been paid in our own country; Lord Brougham still holds the castle of Highhead, *in capite* of the Queen, "by the service of a red rose, rendered annually, at Carlisle;" and a similar service is on record in relation to a property near

Bristol, of the noble family of Lovell, which passed, through the marriage of an heiress, to Sir Thomas Wake; her son, espousing the cause of Richard III., at the battle of Bosworth, having been attainted, and his land seized by Henry VII., who granted his forfeited manor of Clevedon, to four of his own friends, to hold on service of a red rose, payable yearly, at the feast of the nativity of St. John the Baptist. Sir Richard Wake, however, was afterwards pardoned, and his manor restored to him. A similar grant was formerly made of one of the Hastings' castles, by a widow of that family, to her steward, but as she afterwards married him, this "rent" may rather perhaps be regarded as a sort of love-token.

A custom also formerly prevailed in France, of wearing chaplets of roses upon Fridays, in commemoration of our Saviour's crown of thorns; the choice being of course originally made on account of their being thorny plants. The custom, however, seems a curious exemplification of the religion of outward observance, when we find St. Louis sending a chaplet of roses, "or of any other flower," to each of his daughters, every Friday. The most remarkable of these bygone usages is, however, that which, in the fourteenth century, was one of the services connected with the Parliament of Paris.* Three

* See "*Tristant Le Voyageur.*" The term *Parliament*, as applied to the French Assembly, in the early ages, signified a congress of nobles, who came together to discuss such affairs as more immediately affected their own interests. These meetings were simply held at the pleasure of the lords them-

times in the year an offering of roses was made to the members of the court, as if to remind them that the upright and unbending severity of Justice might be graced and adorned without being rendered less efficacious and exact, if tempered with the sweetness of mercy, and the beauty of generous feeling. Every duke and peer, whose title included him in that court (whether he were a "Son of France," a King of Navarre, or some lesser luminary), was obliged, in his turn, to preside at the solemnities of this offering. The proceedings commenced by strewing the floors of all the different chambers with odoriferous herbs and flowers, but,

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selves. In the thirteenth century, however, the name of Parliament became appropriated to the body of nobles who composed the court of the king, and who, *therefore*, discussed *public* affairs. Gradually we find this distinctive character becoming less marked, and when, according to M. Davezac-Macaya, "the great men who composed this court, regarded the culture of letters as beneath them, ... they found amongst the lower clergy men, who, knowing how to read and write," prepared their causes and decisions for them. Such, he continues, was the origin of the gentlemen of the long robe (*gens de robe*) in France. These men soon became invested with magisterial authority, and, at length, constituted the persons who composed the, so-called, parliament, or *court of justice;* after the original assemby had ceased to exist. This court was, at first, held only in Paris, but in the year 1454, Charles VII., for the purpose of facilitating the hearing of appeals, instituted that which sat at Toulouse. It was therefore, rather a court of justice, than such a representative assembly as we understand by the term "Parliament." For further information on this interesting subject, the reader is referred to the "*Essais Historiques sur Le Bigorre*" of M. Davezac-Macaya.

above all, with roses. The officiating peer then provided a magnificent breakfast for the presidents, councillors, and officers of the court; which breakfast was required to take place in public. He then proceeded into each of the different courts, accompanied by the sound of harps and flageolets, and bearing a large silver bowl containing bouquets of roses, and garlands and chaplets of the same flower. He was finally received in the great court; and having there attended at the celebration of mass, with the whole of the members, the presidents were conducted by the musicians to their own houses, and the ceremony ended.

At this period Paris and other large French cities had each professional "chaplet-weavers," who are distinctively alluded to in many public documents. And in consequence of the profuse employment of the rose, both in these chaplets, and for the purpose of strewing over the tables and floors at festivals, large fields of roses were cultivated in the environs of all the larger cities: reminding the traveller, by their fragrance, of the "gardens of Gŭl in their bloom:" the celebrated rose-gardens of Persia:

> "Oh, who has not heard of the vale of Cashmere,
> With its roses, the brightest that earth ever gave?"

Sir R. Ker Porter gives a most glowing account of the gardens of Negauristan, comparing their flowery mazes to those described in the old fairy tale of "Beauty and the Beast." He was especially astonished at the appearance of two rose-trees, measuring full fourteen feet in height, and laden with thousands of flowers in every degree of ex-

pansion: and of a strength and delicacy of scent which imbued the whole atmosphere with the most exquisite perfume. "Indeed," he adds, "in no country is it so cultivated and prized by the natives. Their gardens and courts are crowded with its plants, their rooms ornamented with vases filled with its gathered bunches, and every bath strewed with the full-blown flowers plucked from the ever-replenished stems; even the humblest individual who pays a piece of copper-money for a few whiffs of a kalión, feels a double enjoyment when he finds it stuck with a bud from his dear native tree!" In many parts of the east, as in Syria and Egypt, dandies wear a rose at the side of the face, with its stem thrust up into the fez of their turbans.

The flower is not only used for strewing the floors of the baths, but some rose-water is put into the bath itself. According to Hasselquist, one particular rose is principally used for this purpose, and he describes it as one of those roses the pink of which is delicately tinged with blue. Large quantities of rose-water are distilled in Persia, and exported to various countries in copper vessels, coated inside with wax. Ben Jonson thus alludes to the custom of using baths scented with flowers:

> "Their bath shall be the juice of gilly-flowers,
> Spirit of roses, and of violets."

Sir R. K. Porter remarks that the Persian servants "did not neglect to strew roses profusely over the carpets of my chamber, as if I were equally enamoured of their sweets with the nightingale." And throughout his account we find that

almost every time he speaks of any assembled group of Persians, some reference to the roses scattered around them, or wreathed on their kalións is sure to occur. No wonder then, that in this land the *Feast of Roses* should be a season of rejoicing, lasting, according to Pietro de la Valle, through the whole period of their flowering; when

* * "A wilderness of flowers,
Seems as tho' from all the bowers,
And fairest fields, of all the year
The mingled spoil is scattered here.
The lake too like a garden breathes
With the rich buds that o'er it lie;
As if a fairy shower of wreaths
Had fallen upon it from the sky;"

and when,

"Those infant groups at play
Among the tents that line the way,
Fling, unawed by slave or mother,
Handsful of roses at each other."

The late Sir Gore Ouseley relates a curious circumstance with regard to one peculiar species of rose (which, however, he does not indicate) as elucidating an old Persian distich, "Give me wine, but not that wine which causes indigestion; give me roses, but not those roses which produce a cold in the head." This he actually found by experience to be the case with certain roses, which produced in him all the symptoms of a cold (and that before he became acquainted with the poem); and the same was corroborated by the evidence of several Persians to whom he mentioned it.* It would

* "Notice of Persian Poets," by Sir G. Ouseley, with a Memoir by the Rev. J. Reynolds.

be curious to ascertain what effect the scent of this rose would have on a person subject to "hay-fever;" whether in this instance, as in other cases, his greater sensitiveness of organization would increase in proportion to that of persons who, under ordinary circumstances, are so affected by this rose?

Sir R. K. Porter observes that some of the ancient sculptures at Persepolis have fillets of roses around the necks of the figures; a circumstance which scarcely appears to require the additional fact that beadings of the same flower decorate some of the friezes, and other architectural ornaments, in order to shew that the Persians of old had the same love for the rose, as that which distinguishes their descendants. Yet learned men have perplexed themselves, and their readers, in the endeavour to account for the origin of what one of them has actually termed, "so singular an emblem!"

Even the Persian, in his mild and fertile clime, might envy the roses of our English gardens; since the recent extraordinary improvements in their propagation and culture have given us such endless and exquisite varieties, many of which really merit their appellation of "perpetual," and which, instead of confining our enjoyment of the rose to a single month, or, at most, six weeks in the summer time, —as was the case in the days of our grandfathers— extend it to a period embracing the whole of the spring, summer, and autumn; and even, now and then, enliven the gloomy days of winter: bidding fair, in short, to falsify the oft-quoted couplet:

"The rose has but a summer's reign,
The daisy never dies."

This indeed is very far from true as regards the duration of the rose-tree, though it may still partly apply to the *blossom;* for Humboldt mentions that it "has been ascertained" that the dog-rose (*R. canīna*) will survive at least eight hundred years.*

In the Persian and Turkish, the word *Gŭl* (*Giul*), which signifies flowers in general,† is applied to the rose in particular, on account of the high estimation in which it is held; and so, in Arabic, is the term *Werd.* Syria is the land from whence sprang the celebrated damask-rose, or rose of Damascus, which still bears the name of its eastern home, the earthly paradise of the Arab, the fair city which Mohammed refused to enter, after he had gazed on it from afar, lest—since it was but promised to man that he should enjoy one heaven—so beautiful a rest on earth should be obtained at the price of the eternal rest hereafter.

The Bible says, "the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose;" and though commentators have disputed whether the flower referred to is the "*rose,*" yet as this plant is a native of Syria, there is no *physical* reason against it. The older travellers, who often saw a marvel where they deemed it right that a marvel should exist, represent the rose of Sharon to be a peculiar species, "redder and more beautiful, and larger" than any other kind; and ever shewing forth, in its deepened hue, a memorial

* "Aspects of Nature."

† As Gŭl ba fermán, for benefse, "violet."

of the blood of the Saviour who "died that we may live." It is, however, generally agreed that the word rendered rose (Cant. ii. 1; Isa. xxxv. 1), rather represents some bulbous plant, probably the tulip, which abounds at the present day in Judæa, while the rose is stated by recent travellers to be unknown in the plains of Sharon. The Hebrew name too, *khabatsaleth*, the *root* of which word (*baṣal*, or *batṣal*), signifies an onion, or coated bulb, like the Arabic *básal*, confirms this conjecture, and sufficiently proves it not to "be a rose." The same plant, the tulip, appears to be the "lily" of the New Testament, of which our Saviour says that "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these;" the expression "lilies" being applied in the sense of "flowers," as is often the case, like the word "rose" in Persian, Arabic, and other languages, as I have before stated.

Kitto mentions "white, damask, yellow, and evergreen" roses as flourishing in Palestine; and they do grow profusely in *gardens* there; but these bear no relationship to the "rose" of the Bible. And the plant now called the "rose of Jericho" is the *anastātica hierochūntica*.

There is a strange old idea, not yet wholly extinct, to which even the over-credulous Gerarde, speaking experimentally, gives the most emphatic contradiction, namely, that the yellow rose is produced by grafting a rose-spray on the yellow broom! a thing, as he observes, contrary to the principle, "naturæ sequitur semina quodque suæ."

Though Egypt does not abound in roses, like

Persia, many are cultivated in the province called *El Fýoóm*, where much rose-water of excellent quality is made. They are more abundant on the coast of Barbary, where they even grow wild, as about Tunis; and Captain Kennedy mentions a garden, belonging to the Bash-Memlook, near that city, containing upwards of ten thousand rose-trees. Tunis, indeed, is celebrated for its otto of roses, and rose-water, and these are amongst the articles of its commerce; the plants which give the otto are said to be the *R. damascēna*, *R. centifōlia*, *R. moschāta*, and others; but that from which the otto is extracted at Tunis, is a single white species (called in Arabic *nusree*) very like our dog-rose. The coast of Barbary was always famed for its roses; and Athenæus (xv. p. 682) says "the rose which has the strongest scent is that of Cyrene, wherefore the ointment from that place is the sweetest." Pliny (xxi. 4) says, "the most esteemed kinds of roses among us are those of Præneste and Campania," and the latter is supposed to be the same as that of Pæstum, famed for its rose-beds mentioned by Virgil, which flowered twice a year.

The more luxurious amongst the ancient Greeks and Romans made use of rose-leaves to stuff their cushions and mattresses so that the Sybarites were not the only men of old who reposed upon rose-leaves.

The custom alluded to by Shakespeare of increasing the sweet perfume of the rose by "neighbouring" it with some ill-smelling herb, is thus confirmed by Bishop Reynolds; "they say those roses

are sweetest which have stinking weeds growing near them." And Montaigne has the following passage: "les roses et violettes naissent plus odoriférantes près des aulx et des oignons, d'autant qu'ils succent et tirent à eux ce qu'il y a de mauvaise odeur en la terre."

I cannot turn from the recollections of the poetical and historical associations connected with the flower, without a glance at the oft-told tale of the Eastern philosopher, who so beautifully, yet silently, expressed the quiet hopeful determination of his own character through the allegorical medium of a simple rose-leaf.

Having applied for a certain professorship, to which he felt that he could do every justice, the authorities, with whom the appointment rested, handed to him a cup filled to the brim with water; thus, in the true oriental manner, indicating to him that the office was already filled, and that no vacancy remained for him. The philosopher on receiving the silent answer, took up one of the rose-leaves (which we may presume lay scattered, as before described, around him) and gently placing it on the surface of the water, as silently returned the cup to the heads of the assembly. Ingenuity, and a happy and graceful mode of pointing a moral, or conveying a lesson, were qualities most highly valued in the ancient philosopher and preceptor, and it is almost needless to add that the task which he sought to undertake was without further hesitation awarded to him.

Byron celebrates the beauty of Eastern vegetation somewhat at the expense of our own:

"The queen, the garden queen, the rose,
Unbent by winds, unchilled by snows,
Far from the winters of the west,
By every breeze and season blest,
Returns the sweets by nature given
In softest incense back to Heaven;
And grateful yields that smiling sky
Her fairest hue, and fragrant sigh."

Hooker however asserts our claim to nineteen different roses of our own, besides a number of sub-varieties into which the common dog-rose (*R. canīna*) has been separated. Two of these species are peculiar to Ireland. These are the *R. hibērnea*, which grows only in the counties Down and Derry; and the *R. dicksōni*, which was discovered by Mr. Drummond. In the whole are included three species of sweet-briar; namely, the slightly scented *R. inodorata*, the small flowered *R. micrāntha*, and the true sweet-briar (*R. rubiginōsa*). The roses of Cashmere may raise visions of unrivalled beauty in our minds, or the same roses, when creeping up the walls of our homes, decorating our gardens, and impressing on us the force of the old lines:—

"Oh how much more doth beauty beauteous seem
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odour which doth in it live;"

are gems which seem unparalleled in value; and yet little less beautiful are our own native roses blowing in some quiet country lane, or clothing the dry sand banks with a spring-robe of beauty, and perfuming the whole atmosphere with their sweetness, as does the pretty little white-flowered sand or

burnet-rose (*R. spinosissima*)—the pimpernel-rose of the old writers—which has been chosen for my illustration. Elsewhere, roses are decking with their wild festoons, and blushing wreaths, the face of some majestic rock, suggesting to us pictures, such as those pourtrayed by Sir Walter Scott, where:

> "All twinkling with the dew-drop's sheen
> The briar-rose fails in streamers green;"

and

> "Boon nature scattered, free and wild,
> Each plant and flower, the mountain's child.
> Here *eglantine* embalmed the air,
> Hawthorn and hazel mingled there;
> The primrose pale, and violet flower,
> Found in each cliff a narrow bower;
> Foxglove and nightshade, side by side,
> Emblems of punishment and pride,
> Grouped their dark hues with every stain
> The weather-beaten crags retain;"

or the

> * * "rose in all her pride
> Paints the hollow dingle-side."

Farther west, the court of this "Queen of flowers" seems to be kept in the woods of North America, especially of the United States, in whose mighty forests the trees are wreathed and twined by the bright familiar blossoms of various climbing roses, which, assuming the character of *liannes*,* actually out-top the monarchs of the woods. The most curious fact connected with the geographical distribution of

* A similar effect, produced by the shade of trees, may be seen on a small scale in the wild roses and woodbines of our own woods.

the rose, is its being absolutely wanting in the southern hemisphere. Yet cultivation has quite overcome nature in this particular instance, for roses introduced into Australia flourish with a vigour and luxuriance almost unknown elsewhere; and shadow over the newly-raised log-house of the emigrant with the buds and blossoms of his own home.

The hip of the rose, as Gerarde tells us, "maketh the most pleasante meats and banqueting dishes, and tarts, and such-like; the making whereof" he commits, in somewhat complicated phraseology, "to the cunning cooke; and teethe to eate them in the riche man's mouth." The Germans still use them as an ordinary preserve; and this as well as a preserve of the blossom is employed in our own village confectionary. That the flowers still form an article of diet—perhaps I should say of luxury—amongst the Chinese, is recorded by Sir John Davis, who, in describing a feast given to him at Shangæ by the intendant, mentions a *ragoût* of the flowers of the common China-rose dressed whole, which celestial and ambrosial dish he however declares to have been a "mixture of salt, sour, and other indescribable flavours" such as "forbade a repetition;"* being, therein, of a different opinion from "Master Gerarde," who affirms that they are greatly to be desired as a culinary vegetable; "as well for their virtues and goodness in taste, as also for their beautiful colour." Gerarde hints at "diuers other pretty things made of roses and sugar which are impertinent vnto our historie;" and as they are to mine

* "China during the War, and after the Peace," 1852.

also, I, like him, "intend neither to make thereof an apothecary's shope, nor a sugar-baker's store-house, leaving the reste for our cunninge confectioners." Yet I cannot refrain from borrowing from Mr. Adams an unique recipe, extracted from the "Ashmolean MSS.," and which has for its object a most magical effect,* namely, to enable men to see fairies without their eyes being injured:—

Take "a pint of sallet-oyle, and put it into a vial glasse, but first wash it with rose-water and marygolde-water: the flowers to be gathered towards the east. Wash it till the oyle come white; then put it into the glass, *ut supra*, and then put thereto the budds of hollyhocke, and the flowers of marygolde, the floweres, or toppes of wild thyme, the buddes of young hazle; and the thyme must be gathered neare the side of a hill *where the Fayries use to be:* and take the *grasse of a Fairie throne*, then all these put into the oyle into the glasse; and sette it to disolve three days in the sun, and then keepe it for thy use!"

Pliny, Galen, and others have dwelt much on the virtues of the tufty spongioles which grow on the branches of the several wild roses; attributing to them all sorts of medicinal qualities, and evidently considering them a part of the rose itself, though distinguishing them by the name of *Bedeguar*, from their resemblance to an Arabian thistle so called. They are now, however, well known to be excrescences produced by the insect powers of the *Cynips rosæ*.

Such are some of the many wonderful merits and

* "Moral of Flowers."

virtues ascribed to the rose, but it is more wonderful still that I should have to record the dislike felt to it by any one. Yet such, history assures us, was the case with no less distinguished a person than Mary de Medicis, who could not endure the flower; while the infamous Duc de Guise was so affected with dislike at the sight of it, that he fainted. I cannot, however, help supposing that there is some error in this account, and that Catherine de Medicis must have been the lady indicated; judging from natural causes it is not improbable that she might have inherited, as a family peculiarity, the dislike which her uncle exhibited to the flower.

Didymus, the Alexandrian ("*Geoponika*"), somewhat paradoxically says, after enumerating the varied virtues of this flower, "I am really persuaded that the rose is something *more than human!*" Yet in the nineteenth century, the rose can even be dispensed with, in the manufacture of rose-water; we ignore the necessity of gathering *otto of roses* from so uncertain a field as that in which the blossoms grow; chemistry has discovered that the refuse of the organic kingdom is the source from which we may henceforth obtain our "*essence of roses;*" the Bulgarian rose-grounds may grow sterile and bleak,—the Vale of Kashmir become arid and bare, but we heed it not. The rose-essence of our future years will be procured from the offal which was before a nuisance to us, just as our *vanille* is in future to be extracted from pit-coal; and our *essence of pears* from creosote, ends of old ropes, and other such matters!

FOXGLOVE (*properly* FOLK'S-GLOVE).

Digitālis.

Welsh, Menyg ellyllon, Bysedd cochion, Bysedd y cwn, Ffion dail, Ffion ffrwyth.—*French*, Gants de notre dame, Doigts de la Vièrge.—*German*, Fingerhut.—*Italian*, Aralda.—*Spanish*, Dedalera.—*Danish*, Fingerbor, Vingerhoed.

LINNÆAN.	NATURAL.
Dydinamia.	*Scrophuralineæ.*
Ungiospernia.	

THE foxglove is, as Gerarde tells us, "good for them that have fallen from high places," but the old herbalist, in his simplicity, does not explain whether the healing to which he alludes is for cases of a moral or a physical character, so that we are at liberty to experimentalise with the plant for either. Premising however, that, though considered by modern practitioners a most dangerous medicine, on account of its positive effect in depressing the action of the heart; it was, in the time of Gerarde, highly esteemed for coughs, as well as for all maladies of the spleen and liver. It is also, as Blanchard tells us, employed by the country people of Somersetshire, in fevers; for which "some confide very much in the flowers;" and putting a "great many of them in May butter they set them in the sun," while "others mingling them with lard, put them

underground for forty days, and then apply them as an ointment" in cases of the king's evil. Others, mixing two handsful of the leaves with four ounces of the oak fern (*polopōdium dryōpteris*), stew the whole in beer, and drink it for various complaints; hence the old Italian proverb:

"Aralda
Tutte le piaghe salda."

At present its use is almost confined to cases of mental excitement, or of pulmonary consumption, in which, however, it is not often administered, though its re-introduction, not many years ago, into regular practice by Dr. Withering, rendered it for a time, a too fashionable medicine.

The Welsh peasant dyers use an infusion of the foxglove-root as a preparation before dyeing woollen yarn, thus enabling it to take the colour desired, with better effect.

In nearly all places where the plant occurs, it is known by some name referring to its finger-like, glove-like, or thimble-like blossom, that

* * "rears its pyramid of bells,
Gloriously freckled, purpled, and white:"

and nothing can be more absurd than the statement, copied with a fidelity worthy of a better cause, from book to book, that its English name of foxglove, is derived from the name bestowed upon it by the German botanist, Fuchs, *Digitālis Fūchsii*,*

* Fuchs bestowed the botanical name of *digitālis*, perhaps from *digitabulum*, a sort of finger-glove, or cap, used in gathering olives, in order to accord with the popular names

Fuchius's glove, Fuch's glove, corrupted into foxglove. It so happens, however, that the English name of folk's-glove, the proper designation, exists in a list of plants, as old as the time of Edward III., while Fuchs flourished in the sixteenth century, and doubtless it was of far older date, modern corruption alone having changed it into "foxglove." The proper term of folk's-glove, *i.e.*, glove of the folks, fair-family, or fairies, or perhaps, even folk's-love, refers to the many superstitions (commencing with its being the sacred plant of the Druids, used in their midsummer sacrifices) attached to this plant, which the peasant declares to be a favourite lurking-place of the fairies, who, in the mythology of South Wales, are said to occasion the snapping sound made when children hold one end of the *digitālis* bell, and strike the hand suddenly down on the other end to hear the clap of fairy thunder, with which the indignant little fairy is supposed to make its escape from its injured retreat.

In the south of Scotland, it is called "bloody-fingers," more northward, "deadmen's bells;" while in the neighbourhood of Greenland, it is called "King's-ell-wand, or, "King Edward's-ell-wand," probably in allusion to some legend or tradition. Amongst the Flemish colonists of Wales, it is known as "fairy-folk's-fingers," or, "lamb's-tongue leaves;" amongst the Welsh themselves, it bears the several names of elves-gloves (*menyg ellyllon*), red-fingers

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then prevalent throughout Europe. Botanists have confounded cause and effect

(*bysedd cochion*), finger-tops (*bysedd y cwn*), crimson-leaves (*ffion dail*), and crimson vigour, power, or strength (*ffion ffrwyth*). In France, the sacred character attributed to it takes a more modern form in the name of *gants de notre dame*, or as it was formerly written, "*gantes nostre dame*," and *doigts de la Vièrge*.

Of this grand and stately plant, which, not unfrequently, attains to a height of seven or eight feet, we have but one species; but we occasionally meet with specimens which have white instead of purple bells; and another variety has its purple of a coppery or metallic hue, giving it a peculiar richness of colouring; the value of which may be appreciated by comparing together, the plumage of the common peacock, and that of the bronze-winged or Japan peacock, when in proximity; the rich colour of the last taking greatly from that which we otherwise admire in the plumage of the common bird.

In the countless lines of poetry, dedicated to the striking beauty of the foxglove, poets have not failed to introduce the characteristic manner in which the blossoms, one by one fall off, apparently in their full freshness and bloom, commencing at the lowermost, and gradually mounting to the highest. Wordsworth, as usual, speculates, and applies metaphysics to this appearance, until he produces an impression of *hortus siccus*-like precision:

> "Thro' quaint obliquities I might pursue
> These cravings; when the foxglove, one by one,
> Upwards, through every stage of the tall stem
> Had shed beside the public way its bells,

And stood of all dismantled, save the last
Left at the tapering ladder's top, that seem'd
To bend, as doth a slender blade of grass
Tipped with a rain-drop;"

while Coleridge, with the fresh spirit of a child, dips his pencil in the hue of nature, and sketches lightly, the following exquisite word-picture:

"The foxglove tall
Sheds its loose purple bells, or in the gust,
Or when it bends beneath the upspringing lark,
Or mountain-finch alighting."

This is a picture which one of our living painters, in his less conventional days, before he drew primroses in the green tints which they assume on being dried between sheets of blotting paper, or clothed his broken banks with supernatural lichens, or solitary and rootless violet-leaves, might have delineated; but the united genius and fidelity of a Robins alone could have done it justice.

COLUMBINE.

Aquilēgia.

Welsh, Madwysg cyffredin.—*Irish*, Gillum bawn.—*French*, Ancolie, Galatine.—*German*, Akelen.—*Italian*, Colombina, Perfetto amore.

LINNÆAN.	NATURAL.
Polyandria.	*Ranunculaceæ.*
Pentagynia.	*Aquilegeæ.*
	Aquilēgia.

IF the qualities possessed by this plant are as opposite as the significations of its different names, it must be as remarkable as it is beautiful. The Latin name of *Aquilēgia* is derived from the words *aqua* (water), and *legere* (to collect), from the water it is supposed to collect. Its modern English name of columbine refers to the figure of a hovering dove with expanded wings, which we obtain by pulling off a single petal with its attached sepals; and the olden name of "culverkeys"* evidently referred to the same things. This peculiarity (alluding to the Holy Spirit which had appeared in the form of a dove) probably influenced the choice of it for decking churches at Whitsuntide, a custom so universal, that the flower is still considered emblematic of that season. The same idea is shewn in the pretty Irish name of *Gillum bawn*, or *white dove;*

* As "pale gander-grass, and azure *culverkeys*."—IZAAK WALTON.

while the ancient name of *Flos jovis* seems to indicate that its adoption as a symbol by the Christians, as was usual in such cases, was simply a revival of some sacred character attributed to it in heathen times. Very different is the title of *Herba leonis*, from its being, as Gerarde says, the "herb wherein the lion delighteth."

Naturalists have generally agreed that the medicinal plant on whose virtues Dioscorides dilates, under the names of *Isopyron* and *Phasiolon*, was no other than the columbine, which Adrian Rapard, and others, describe as of great use in medicine, the candied seeds being administered for giddiness; and, when mixed with saffron, supposed to cure the jaundice and to "expel poison," though, as Gerarde adds, they are "most frequently used in gargarisms to clense the teeth and gums." Tragus recommends a drachm of the seed for complaints of the liver, or, boiled in milk, for sore throat. It must, however, be observed, that even ancient writers never seem quite to like prescribing the columbine, and there is little doubt that cases of poisoning occurred from little children putting the leaves into their mouths. This poison may, however, *possibly* not extend to the seeds; under these circumstances it is difficult to say whether we should attribute to its earthly, or sacred, qualities the Welsh name of *Madwysg cyffredin*, signifying *liquid of universal benefit*.

According to Browne, the columbine is the emblem of hope to the deserted:—

> "The columbine, in tawny often taken,
> Is then ascribed to such as are forsaken!

Flora's choice buttons, of a russet dye (?)
Is hope even in the depth of misery."

We have in Britain but one columbine, the *Aquilēgia vulgāris*, which though rare in some places, is frequent in others, and is well known from its frequent occurrence in gardens. A theory, based on a tradition, exists, that it is not a native plant, but a Roman introduction, only occurring *in a really wild state* in localities at some period occupied by these colonists. I am not aware whether observations tending to settle this question have been carried out on any systematic plan, but so far as my own chance observation extends, there appears to be good ground for the supposition. At any rate it is worthy of further inquiry.

Dr. Withering refers to the columbine as affording an interesting illustration of the wonderful gift of insect instinct. It is impossible for the bee to gather the rich stores of honey furnished by this flower by entering the elongated nectaries; but he is not to be daunted, and his keen sense of smell discovering the exact spot in which the treasure is secreted, he pierces through calix and blossom with his pointed proboscis, and so extracts the sweets. The same ingenious contrivance is employed both by bee and wasp for the extraction of honey from the *Cuphœa* and other plants; and I have frequently, on a bright, warm day, vainly sought in a bed of these plants for a single fully-expanded blossom, the long thin tube of which had not been thus pierced at its base.

MADDER.

Rūbia.

Welsh, Gwreiddrudd, Cochwraidd.—*French*, Garance.—*German*, Krapp.—*Spanish*, Rubia.—*Arabic*, Fooah.

LINNÆAN.	NATURAL.
Tetrandria.	*Rubiaceæ.*
Monogynia.	*Stellateæ.*

THE wild madder (*Rūbia perigrina*), our only British species, does not possess the brilliant dyeing qualities of the cultivated *R. tinctōrum*, though the colouring-matter afforded by its roots is by no means to be despised; it is, however, a rare and capricious plant, and the expenses of collecting it would probably so greatly exceed its value, that it will never be regularly used as an article of commerce. It occurs, though sparingly, in the Isle of Wight, and reappears on the mild southern shores of Devonshire and Cornwall, extending up the coast line of Wales, as far north as to the island of Anglesea, probably the farthest limit influenced by the warm and genial atmosphere accompanying the course of the small ocean current known as Rennel's. The madder is a remarkably handsome, shrubby plant, whose angular, toothed, and quaint-looking stems, and dark, sparkling, shining, and serrated leaves, more than compensate for the absence of any striking

beauty in its inconspicuous and dimly-yellow flowers. It is to be regretted that it is not more frequently cultivated as an ornamental plant, as will, I think,

WILD MADDER.—*Rubia peregrina.*

be acknowledged by any one who remembers his feelings of admiration on first discovering it growing wild. Perhaps the greatest objection to it in gardens may arise from its losing not only its leaves in winter, but also the greater part of its stems, which, however, shoot out again into their fine, long, trailing habit, very early in the succeeding summer.

In the middle ages madder was known by the name of *varantia*, a word corrupted from *verantia*, as being pre-eminently *the* genuine dye; and

which, as probably originating in the words *verus aurantia, true golden yellow,* is a curious, though by no means rare, example of a name expressive of a quality being retained and differently applied, long after its original sense has been lost sight of.

The madder, as is well known, is the most invaluable dye for calicoes ever discovered, as it not only yields a fine rosy, or somewhat crimson-red to cold water or spirit, and a rich red-brown to hot water, but also gives every shade of lilac, purple, pink, and red, or even of yellow and brown, according to the mordant through which the cloth has been passed before immersing it in the madder-tubs. To linen it does not impart its colour so well. So subtle is this dye, that the *bones* of animals fed on the plant are quickly tinged with the colouring-matter, and if the food be long continued, this even becomes permanent.

The following remarks by Professor Robert Hunt, shew how materially in this, and countless other cases, modern science economises old, as well as discovers new, articles of chemical or other commercial importance. "The spent madder has been for years accumulating in the calico works. A chemist proving that these heaps of refuse still contained *one third* of the original quantity of the colouring-matter, shewed how it could be readily extracted; and these are now become new sources of wealth." The principal export of madder is from Holland, Zealand, &c., but its cultivation is largely increasing on the Rhine, where an excellent qualitity is said to be produced.

The use of madder as a pigment, more especially in miniature, or other flesh painting, is well known, but it was only so lately as in the year 1804, that Sir H. C. Englefield claimed, and obtained, the medal of the "Society for Encouraging the Arts," for the discovery of its application to this purpose.*

In the "Edinburgh Pharmacopœia" madder is indicated as an ingredient in a decoction for the cure of jaundice, and it was formerly much valued as an emmenagogue, but it is now rarely employed medicinally.

* *See* Burnett's "Encyclopædia of Ornamental Plants," &c.

GOOSE-GRASS, CLEAVERS, OR BEDSTRAW.

Gālium.

Welsh, Brinwydd, Gwendron, Gwenwlydd; (*G. aparīne*), Llys yr Nidl; (*G. vērum*), Llys y cywen.—*French*, Muguet.—*German*, Kleberig, Klebekraut.

Linnæan.	Natural.
Tetrandria.	*Corolliflorœ.*
Monogynia.	*Rubiaceœ.*

Very nearly relating to the madder, and possessing the same subtle quality of imparting its colour to the bones of animals feeding on it, is the bedstraw, or cleavers, the goose-grass of little children, the

"Pale gander-grass"

of Izaac Walton, the properties of which, as a red dye, are little, if at all, inferior to its more-valued congener.* In the island of Jura it is largely employed for this purpose. This quality, though extending to all the galiums, is more especially possessed by the large yellow bedstraw (*G. vērum*). The galiums are used either alone or with salt and nettle-juice, for the purpose of curdling milk, which gives rise to their old name "cheese rening," and also to the botanical *gālium*, which is derived from the Greek word γαλα (milk.)

* Curtis considers the *G. vērum* even superior to the madder.

The *G. vērum* is the bedstraw so prettily known in Scotland as the "hunder-fald," or hundred-fold, from the great number of blossoms densely crowded into its panicles of yellow flowers. It is the sweetest of all the genus, and was formerly much used for strewing floors and laying in beds, whence, probably, the name of bedstraw or strewe. The leaves and stem boiled with alum yield a good yellow, though the root, as before-mentioned, gives a red dye. According to Ray, the flowering tops distilled make a pleasant and refreshing beverage, and the dried plant, being astringent, is useful in cases of hæmorrhage. It is one of the brightest and prettiest little plants which decorate our driest sand-banks, gaily blossoming during full three quarters of the year.

The cross-wort bedstraw (*G. cruciātum*), which has also a yellow blossom, and abounds in hedge-rows, is distinguished from the last by its whorls of four leaves each, while the *G. vērum* has its whorls eight-leaved, or nearly so. This is the "galion" of Northumberland.

The next division has white flowers with *smooth fruit*. It contains the white water bedstraw, and the rough marsh (*G. uliginōsum*), and (*G. palūstre*), whose names bespeak their habitats in marshes, rarely overflowed boggy grounds, and wet ditch sides. The smooth heath bedstraw (*G. saxātile*), positively whitens hill sides and dry heaths in the months of July and August. Most probably the least mountain bedstraw (*G. pusīllum*), which occurs on the limestone in Cumberland, Derbyshire, and in two

or three localities in Scotland and Ireland, is simply a variety, more or less persistent, of this species; and so undoubtedly is the grey spreading bedstraw (*G. cinēreum*) of the "Edinburgh Catalogue," a rare variety of the upright plant (*G. erēctum*), if, indeed, this last may lay claim to the dignity of being a distinct species. Few plants are more difficult *accurately* to distinguish than the galiums, though variations of growth, &c., frequently appear to present very specific differences of character. Sir J. W. Hooker justly says, "scarcely any genus requires illustration more than *Gālium*."

The bearded *G. aristātum*, though very common in Angusshire, appears to be almost confined to that locality.

The great hedge (*G. mollūgo*), and the wall bedstraw (*G. parisiēnse*), we must pass over as much too doubtful to be either discussed or described in a work of the present character.

The warty-fruited bedstraw (*G. saccharātum*), is a rare, but very well-defined plant, occurring only in the north. Of the three blossoms crowning each peduncle the two outer ones are sterile, and die away to make room for the overgrown and warted fruit of the centre one.

The rough-fruited *G. tricōrne* occurs principally on the chalk, though it is by no means confined to that formation.

The smooth-fruited *G. spūrium*, which has been only found in corn-fields in the neighbourhood of Forfar, so closely resembles the cleavers or goose-grass (*G. aparīne*) that Sprengel considers them to

be the same. It is however apparently kept apart from this plant by the distinct smoothness of its fruit; that of the *Gālium aparīne* being distinctly bristled with hooked appurtenances, as is also the cross-leaved *G. boreāle*, on which account these two are separated from the remaining galiums; the *G. aparīne* is the grip grass of Scotland, from its cleaving, "gripping," or clinging to the dress of the passer-by, or to the coats, manes and tails of horses; it is the "bluid tongue" of Scotch children, so called from the schoolboy fashion of whipping the tongue with it in order to make it bleed.

GOOSE-GRASS OR CLEAVERS.
Gālium aparīne.

This is properly the "Robin-run-i-the-hedge," though the name is frequently applied to the stitch-wort (*stellāria*) which in the same manner runs and twines through every other hedge plant, so that when a blossom is found it is frequently a matter of no slight difficulty to trace the stem to its root.

A tea made from the *G. aparīne* is administered

for colds in the head, and its seeds roasted are said to be an excellent substitute for coffee, to which tribe of plants it belongs. In Sweden it is considered worth while to collect the seeds for this purpose, and in France the galium tribe are employed in cases of epilepsy; and the little town of Tain, in the department of Drôme, has been rendered famous by M. Larnage from his having effected wonderful cures by means of the galium, which the French call *G. blanc*,* and which they use instead of spermaceti in the ointments applied after a blister has been raised.

* Probably *G. saxātile.*

LIVE-LONG, STONECROP, ORPINE.

Sēdum.

Welsh, Brwydog, Bywlys, Briweg; (*Sēdum Anglica*), Gwennith y brain.—*French*, Orpin.—*German*, Hauswurz, Hauswurzel, Haus laub, Dach laub.—*Italian*, Favagello.—*Spanish*, Telefio, Fabacras.—*Arabic*, Hay álem.

LINNÆAN.	NATURAL.
Decandria.	*Cressulaceæ.*
Pentagynia.	*Sēdum.*

* * "HAUSWURZEL aufs
Dach gepflanzt, schlägt der Donner nicht im Haus.

says the old proverb of the Germans, who extend the rights of hospitality equally to the sacred stork, which so trustingly nestles in the roof, and to the stonecrop which clings so closely to the thatch; and that some such superstition should be attached to it is not wonderful, when we consider the unusual, dry, and to all appearance, not very promising situation which it selects as its chosen dwel-

LIVE-LONG OR STONECROP.—*Sēdum.*

ling-place. A similar feeling formerly prevailed in England, and probably still lingers in by-places, and unsophisticated districts, as it does in Wales, where the peasantry cling as fondly to the old belief in its power both to protect the house from thunder (on which account it may be observed to be always carefully planted on smith's forges, which from the quantity of iron lying about, may be supposed doubly attractive to lightning), and to ensure the prosperity of the inmates, as the most home-loving German. In some parts of England it is considered unlucky to let this plant flower, on which account the flower-stalk is constantly cut off before it shoots up to any height. The idea may *perhaps* have arisen from the circumstance that after flowering the leaves of the plant sometimes fall off, leading the observer to imagine that the whole plant is about to die. Pliny mentions the stonecrop as infallible for procuring sleep. But to produce this effect, it is necessary to wrap the plant in a black cloth, and to lay it under the pillow of the patient, carefully avoiding any chance of his, or her, knowing that it is there.

In speaking of the stonecrops I include with them the closely allied houseleek (*sempervīvum*) as it is thus classed by all non-scientific observers, and shares the virtues, both supernatural and physical, attributed to the others. The *Hay álem* of the Arabs is the *Sēdum confĕrtum*, the only Egyptian species of this genus. We have in Britain but one true houseleek (*S. tectōrum*). All these plants, except one, are highly valuable as cooling and healing

applications to cuts, burns, and bruises. This exception is the "wall-pepper," or biting stonecrop (*S. ācre*), which is remarkably acrid; when applied to the skin it raises blisters, and when swallowed, acts as an emetic; though in skilful and cautious hands it is useful in quartan agues, and other complaints. On biting it, no acridity is at first observed, but after a minute or two an extraordinary sensation of tingling and burning in the throat is felt; first the lips, and then the throat begin to swell, and the last feels almost as if it were closed. This plant is perhaps the most beautiful of its beautiful family—so far as they occur in England—as it literally gilds the roof of time-worn cottages, or battered castle walls. And perhaps too it merits, almost more than the others, the name of "live-long," as it will live, and appear perfectly to flourish for months, if it be but occasionally sprinkled with water, or if its root or stem be immersed in water occasionally for a few minutes. On this account we sometimes see it in old-fashioned farm-houses, forming a fresh and pleasant fire-place screen or "chimney-board" the summer through: the plants being inserted into a frame of crossbars of wire or wood, so that their roots are towards the grate, and their closely arranged discs towards the room; the whole surface being occasionally sprinkled with water. There are few more interesting phenomena than those which relate to the time that plants, according to their succulency, will retain life without the application of soil to the roots. Aloes have this property in a remarkable degree, a circumstance well known

on such of our coasts as are situated within the influence of trade with the new world. In such places few cottages are without an aloe-plant suspended in their doorway or their window,* reminding the traveller of a belief which exists in some parts of the East that an aloe-plant so suspended will, by always turning towards Mecca, act as a charm in favour of the inmates of the house. Every observation however convinces me, more and more, of the fallacy of the popular opinion, so often discussed, that such succulent plants derive their nourishment, in *any marked degree* from the atmosphere. They *literally* feed upon the share of moisture contained within their own substance.

The sengreen-stonecrop (*S. reflēxum*) is frequently eaten in salads, and is considered very cool and refreshing in the hot days of summer.

In addition to the peculiar charm which the golden, silvery, or purple bloom of the different stonecrops give alike to the wild rock, and decaying, or cared-for, building, they have this extraordinary recommendation; that even in crevices where it is *impossible* for human fingers to insert a plant or proper cutting, they may be made to grow by simply dropping in scraps of the plant cut into fragments.

Britain possesses eleven species of the stonecrop; which are, in addition to those already mentioned, the true orpine (*S. telēphium*), whose leaves pre-

* In the Seignory of Gower, in Glamorganshire, these most treasured remembrances of the absent sailor, are termed "live-long" or "most glorious" while all the sedums are called house-leek.

sent a plane surface: the thick-leaved *S. dasyphŷllum*, with rose-tinged flowers: the sea-coast "English stonecrop" (*S. Ānglicum*): the white stonecrop (*S. ālbum*): the hairy *S. villōsum*, which, unlike its cogeners, flourishes in moist, though stoney places, as by the sides of mountain rivulets: the tasteless yellow *S. sexangulāre:* the glaucous (*S. glāucum*): the *S. rupēstre*, named in English, St. Vincent's stonecrop, from its occurrence on the St. Vincent rocks, at Bristol, though it also occurs at Darlington, in Yorkshire; and the Welsh stonecrop (*S. Fosteriānum*), which grows on some few rocks in Cardiganshire, and probably in other adjacent situations.

STITCH-WORT.—CHICKWEED.

Stellāria.

Welsh, Tafod yr edn.—*Irish*, Fluigh.—*French*, Mouron.—*German*, Hühnerdarm.—*Spanish*, Alsine.

LINNÆAN.	NATURAL.
Decandria.	*Caryophylleæ.*
Trigynia.	*Stellaricæ.*
	Stellāria.

THESE pretty little plants, very happily take their Latin name from *stella*, a star, in allusion to the silvery stars of their blossoms. But their English appellation is not so pleasing; though it refers to the very excellent, and very desirable property of curing stitches in the chest or side, which this plant, on not very evident grounds, is supposed to possess. The name of chickweed, or, "chicken-wort," is founded on the alleged increase in the number of eggs laid by hens which are supplied with this plant in their food. But why the pretty and well-known white star of our hedges in early spring should be called deadmen's bones, in the north of England, is not easily ascertained. The Welsh name, *Tafor yr edn*, signifies bird's tongue, and evidently refers to the form of the leaves.

The great stitch-wort, which is depicted in the

accompanying woodcut, is a popular remedy amongst village children, for the sting of a bee, as is also the *S. mēdia*, or common chickweed. This last plant, which, regardless alike of heat and cold, sunshine and storm, grows, flowers, ripens, and sows its seeds, the whole year through,* is a most excellent and wholesome vegetable, which, when boiled, can scarcely be distinguished from spinach; it is very commonly used as a "pot-herb," in broth and gruel; though a friend has described to me the alarm she once felt at having, in her childish days of experimenting, administered some broth thus flavoured, to an old woman, who was made violently ill by the

GREAT STITCH-WORT.—*Stellāria Nolostea.*

* This circumstance may be perhaps accounted for, by the curious manner in which, as the chill of night comes on, the leaves fold together in pairs, enclosing the tender germ of the young shoot at their *axil;* while the upper pair but one are larger than the others, and sufficiently so to cover over the last pair, and so to secure the end of the branch.

compound; but so common is the use of it, that this was probably an accidental circumstance.

The remaining British stitch-worts, are the pure white-flowered wood-plant (*S. nēmorum*); the least stitch-wort (*S. gramīnea*), which so abounds on dry heaths and pasture lands; the marsh stitch-wort (*S. glāuca*); the minute-flowered bog stitch-wort (*S. uliginōsa*); the Alpine stitch-wort (*S. cerastoïdes*), which has its most southern British boundary in the Bredalbane mountains, and which should perhaps more properly take its place with *S. cerāstia;* and the many-stalked *S. scapīgera*, a very marked and peculiar plant, which grows in the neighbourhood of Loch Ness, Dunkeld, &c.

LILY OF THE VALLEY, LILY CONVALLY, MAY LILY, LADDER TO HEAVEN, OR JACOB'S LADDER, LIRICONFANCIE, OR LIRICUMFANCY, ALSO SOLOMON'S SEAL, AND DAVID'S HARP.

Convallāria.

Welsh, Glych Enid.—*French*, Muguet, Gros muguet, Muguet de Mai, Lis des Vallées.—*Italian*, Mughetto, Giglio dei convalli, Scala cielo.—*German*, Maiblume, Mai glocken.

Linnæan.	Natural.
Hexandria.	*Similaceæ.*
Monogynia.	*Convallāria.*

William Coles, the old herbalist, who wrote "Adam and Eve, or the Paradise of Plants," enlarges on the celebrated "Doctrine of Signatures," in which our ingenious forefathers took such delight: and appropriates "to every part of the body (from the crowne of the head, with which I begin, and proceed till I come to the sole of the foot), such herbs and plants, whose grand uses and virtues do most specifycally, and by signature, thereunto belong, not only for strengthening the same, but also for curing the evil effects whereunto they are subjected." The signatures being, as it were, books, out of which men first learned their virtues; nature having stamped on "divers of them, legible charac-

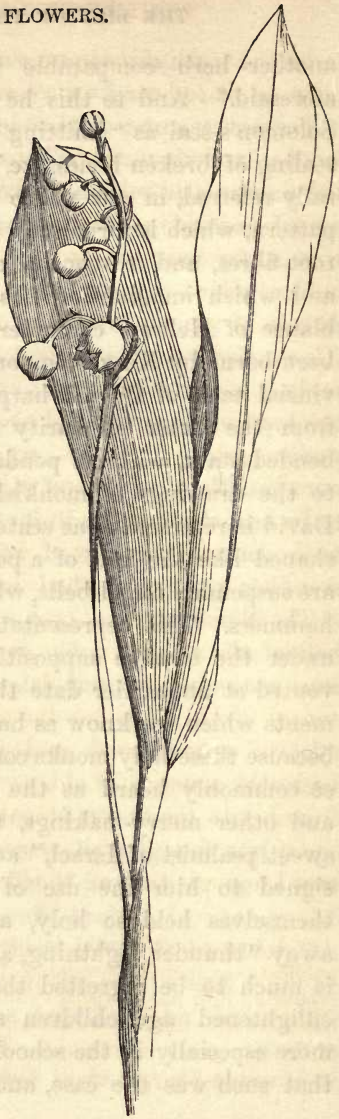
ters to discover their uses," though others have been left without any; that after "she had shewed them the way, they, by their labour and industry, which renders everything more acceptable, might find out the rest. . . . So too, the piony, being not yet blown, was thought to have some signature and proportion with the head of man, having sutures and little veins dispersed up and down, like unto those which environ the brain; when the flowers blow they open an outward little skin representing the skull:"—an appearance, which, according to Coles, indicates the plant as a cure for the "falling sickness." He adds that, amongst other things, thistles and holly-leaves, signify by their prickles, that they were excellent for pleurisies and stitches in the side; and that it has been "found experimentally," that all bark, roots, and flowers, which are yellow, cure the yellow jaundice. And *lilies of the valley*, by their same signatures, were assumed to be specific in apoplexy, for, he says, "as that disease is caused by the dropping of humours into the principle ventricles of the brain, so the flowers of this lily, hanging on the plants as if they were drops, are of wonderful use herein!" At the present day, however, these beautiful blossoms, which he so happily compares to drops hanging on the plant, are little used in medicine, though occasionally dried and powdered, in order to excite sneezing; and an extract is made by distillation, which is bitter and very purgative, resembling aloes in its qualities. This was the celebrated *Aqua aurea*, which was anciently held in such high repute, as a

preventative of infection from plague. It is esteemed, though apparently without good reason, in nervous disorders, being for this purpose, made into a conserve. The roots of its sister-plant, the Solomon's seal (*C. polygōnatum, verticillāta,* and *multiflōra*), is useful when applied to bruises, being, according to Gerarde, to be "stamped while it is greene," when it will take away, he tells us, "in one night, or two at most, any bruse, blacke or blewe spotts, gotten by falls, or *woman's wilfulnesse in stumbling on their hastie husbande's fists, or such like!*" A conserve is also made by beating up these roots with sugar; which is astringent and efficacious in cases of spitting of blood. These roots when macerated, yield a farinaceous substance which has, in times of scarcity, been made into an excellent bread; the Turks boil the young shoots in spring, as we do asparagus; and the leaves of the tribe, infused with lime, give a green dye almost as beautiful as the tender hue of their own semi-transparent leaves.

Gerarde thus descants on their virtues: "Galen says neither herb nor root is to be given inwardly, but note what experience hath found out, and of late daies, especially among the vulgar sort of people in Hampshire . . . that if any sex or age soever chance to have any bones broken, in what part of their bodies soever, their refuge is to stamp the roots hereof and give it to the patient . . . . it sodoreth and glues together the bones in a very short space, and . . . . . common experience teacheth that in the world there is not

another herb comparable to it for the purpose aforesaid." And to this he attributes the name of Solomon's seal as "knitting together, *soddering*, or sealing of broken bones, &c." But it is more generally referred, in our rustic districts, to a confused pattern, which is formed by the arrangement of the root-fibres, and is seen on cutting the root across, and which imagination has tortured into a semblance of Hebrew characters such as might have been borne by King Solomon on his seal. The provincial name of David's harp appears to have arisen from the exact similarity of the outline of the bended stalk, with its pendant, bell-like, blossoms, to the drawings of monkish times, in which King David is represented as seated before an instrument shaped like the half of a pointed arch, from which are suspended metal bells, which he strikes with two hammers. This representation is employed either under the strange supposition that bells were invented at an earlier date than the stringed instruments which we know as harps; or, more probably because these holy monks considered an instrument, so commonly heard as the harp in profane feasts and other merry-makings, too sublunary for "the sweet psalmist of Israel," and out of reverence assigned to him the use of the bells which they themselves held so holy, and employed to scare away "thunder, lightning, and other heretics." It is much to be regretted that in the present more enlightened age children should be taught, and more especially in the schools for the poorer classes, that such was the case, and edified by pictures of

King David engaged in playing on his bell instrument. The thing is in itself perfectly immaterial; but every untrue teaching, however apparently trivial, becomes of importance when in any way connected with the subject of religion; and we must remember that the scoffer is often furnished with matter for his unseemly mirth—the doubter oftener sunk into the hopelessness of that despair which dares not press forward because on all sides the ground appears to sink from beneath his feet — by the errors of those who in *feeling, though not in judgment,* are the real friends of Christianity, but who are, unhappily, so little imbued with the purity of its spirit as to *fear*



LILY OF THE VALLEY.—*Convallāria mājalis.*

to let the truth shine in on that which is all pure, all holy, all fit to bear its most searching light.

The pretty names of "Ladder to Heaven," "Jacob's ladder," and "*scala cielo*," are variously attributed to the emblematic meaning given to it in the middle ages, when this plant, as the "flower of humility," was so termed; or, from the resemblance to a ladder scaled by angels, which imagination may discern in the outline of the common Solomon's seal (*C. multiflōra*, or *vulgāris*), to which, more properly, the name belongs. For if we hold it above the level of our eyes, and so look up to the back, or under part, of the stalk, we may easily picture to ourselves the slender and ethereal-looking blossoms to be miniature angels in long white robes, bordered with delicate broidery of green, ascending and descending in pairs, by the celestial ladder.

The Welsh name, *Clych enid*, signifies literally, bell of the woodlark, but it appears to bear reference to the old and popular story of "*Geiraint, the son of Erbin*," the heroine of which—the national type of true-hearted and womanly gentleness—bears the name of Enid, a name justly transferred from her to the flower of patience and humility.*

Of our four British species of *Convallāria*, the best known is that of which the poet says:—

* A living poet is said to be employed in preparing for publication a metrical version of this beautiful tale. By thus producing it in an inexpensive form he will do good service; but those who desire to see the tale in the exquisite simplicity of its epic prose may be referred to the "Mabinogion," as translated by Lady Charlotte Guest.

"No flower 'mid the garden fairer grows
Than the sweet lily of the lowly vale,
The queen of flowers."*

It is the common lily of the valley; the very gem of English flowers, which once grew in such abundance on Hampstead Heath, and which still blossoms alike in our sunny, and in our shady, woods, as well as in our gardens, and our winter forcing-houses.

Very beautiful, also, are the Solomon's seals (*Convallāria verticillāta*, *multiflōra*, and *polygōnatum*), from the grand play of light and shade thrown on the varied and effective curve which outlines their delicate green leaves.

The first-named of these, the narrow-leaved Solomon's seal, is very rare in Britain, occurring only in certain districts of Scotland; the second, or common Solomon's seal, is so frequent in our shrubberies and coppices as to render any description of it needless; and the third, the angular Solomon's seal, is, like the first, a rare plant, found only in Yorkshire, Kent, and Somersetshire. It has green flowers, and is smaller in all its parts than the *C. multiflōra*, from which it is readily distinguished by the fragrance of its blossom.

* Keats.

BETONY.

Betōnica officinālis.

Welsh, Cribau St. Ffraid, Llys dwŷfawg.—*French*, Bétoine.—*German*, Betonie.—*Dutch*, Betonic.—*Russian*, Bukwiza.—*Italian*, Bettonica.—*Spanish and Portuguese*, Betonica.—*Illyric*, Bukvica, Sârpak, Ranjenik.

LINNÆAN.	NATURAL.
Didynania.	*Labiatæ.*
Gymnosperma.	*Tetrandræ.*
	Betonica.

"SELL your coat and buy betony," says the old proverb, expressing the high estimation in which our forefathers held the plant, in a manner truly characteristic of the practical and business-like traits of its British originators. "He has as many virtues as betony," is the saying of the more sedate, less business-like, and pre-eminently courteous Spaniard, in giving utterance to a similar estimation of the herb, which was formerly considered a sort of panacea for disease, or accident. But (alas! for the evanescence of herbaceous glories), though the plant is known to possess powerful qualities, it is totally discarded from the modern medicine-chest; being, in fact, too severe for a more enlightened system of practice; and it is even fast fading from the memory and the notice of our not over-scrupulous rustic quacks. When given in the smallest doses it is violently

purgative and emetic; exciting, when dry, excessive sneezing; and, when swallowed, in a fresh state, causing intoxication, under the influence of which, the most extravagant and extraordinary feats are performed; yet the old "Stockholm MS." (acting apparently on the principle, *similia similibus curantur*) declares that

> "Who so for trauayle, or for swynk
> Use early or late for to drynke,
> Use betoyn fastande, i *fay* [fasting *in faith*],
> He schalle not be dronken yt. ilke day."

Somewhat on a similar principle would appear to have been its employment by the old Iberian physicians in cases of insanity, mania, and even hydrophobia.

In addition to its medicinal virtues, the betony was formerly supposed to be endowed with "great power" against evil spirits; or, as Burton expresses it, "driving away devils and despair," freeing from their influence whatever place it grew in. On this account it was carefully planted in churchyards, and hung round the neck as an amulet or charm; sanctifying, as Erasmus tells us, "those that carried it about them," and being also, "good against fearful visions." Antonius Musa, too, the physician of Octavius Augustus Cæsar, whom Culpepper affirms to have been an "expert physician," alleging the very excellent reason that, "it was not the practice of Octavius Cæsar to keep fools about him," declares it to be a great preservative against witchcraft. It would, however, appear only to possess

these supernatural qualities under certain conditions, on which account it was to be gathered at a stated period :—

> "Who so betonye on him bere,
> Fro wykked sperytis it will hy were [guard]
> In ye monyth of August, on all wyse [always]
> It mwste be gaderyd or [e'er] sone ryse."*

Almost more remarkable are the feats which may be achieved with serpents through the medium of the plant; in which, however, it is to be observed that a manœuvre very like the schoolboy feat, of "catching a bird by putting salt on its tail," is to be performed :—

> "Who so wyll don a serpent tene,
> Make a garlonde of betonye grene,
> And mak a cirkle hy, rounde abowte,
> And he schalle neuer on lywe [alive] gon owte,
> But wt. his tayle he schalle hy schende,
> An wt. hys mowth hy self to rende."†

It may be regarded as a curious proof of that extraordinary immutability of manners and customs which prevails in Spain, that this herb is, at the present day, more used by the peasants of that country —the region of the *labiātæ*—than anywhere else; having been, in ancient times, regarded as an especially Spanish, or rather Iberian, remedy. Pliny asserts that it received its name from the Vetones, a tribe dwelling at the southern foot of the Pyrenees, a district in which it is still highly valued; Vetones being analogous to Betony, for we know how

* "Stockholm Med. M.S." † *Ibid.*

commonly the letters B. and V. are respectively interchanged. Modern authors, however, treat the derivation of the old naturalist with great contempt, asserting it to be inconsistent with the fact that the plant is called *Betonic* in the Celtic; and resolving the word into the primitive form of *Ben* (a head), and *ton* (good); it being good for complaints in the head. I am not aware of the word *ton* having this signification in any Celtic dialect; but without entering into the merits of the question, I should, of the two, prefer the opinion of Pliny; though I do not place much reliance upon it; and it will be observed, that the European prevalence of the same form of name, affects neither the one opinion nor the other.

The Welsh name of *Cribau St. Ffraid*, "St. Bride's comb," refers either to the notched outline of the lower lip of the corolla, or, to the hairy, or somewhat bristly, appearance of the whole plant; while doubtless its dedication to St. Ffraid, marked a sense of its valuable properties, she being a very favourite saint in the Principality. Indicative also of the same good qualities, is the name *Llys dwŷfawg*, "the herb of double grace," or "favour." It is, however, now merely used in Wales as a yellow dye for wool; a purpose for which it answers admirably.

So complete is the catalogue of its medicinal virtues, given in the "Stockholm MS.," that I will present it nearly at length, as it may probably be new to some of my readers. The following passage, which I select, may be strongly recommended to persons of studious habits.

"A playster of betonye I ye seye
Is good, on ye thonwongys [temples] for to leye
It abriggyth heed werke,
And zeweth brythnesse to syth derke!" [dark sight?]

But to return to the text;

"At betonye I wille begyne
Yt. many vertewys hath hy wt. ine [with wine]
Betonye sothy yese lechys [say these leeches] bedene
Yat kepyth manys body clene.
* * * *
Betonye boyled et dronkyn wt. honey
Is good ageyn ye dropesy.
And a playster of betonye
Is good to leyn to syth of eyne [sight of eyes]
Tows of betonye, with eurose [euphrosyne] clere
Counfortyth [comforteth] ye herynge of ye ere [ear]
Powdyr of betonye eke is good
Medelyd [mingled?] wt. hony for wyolent blood,
Ageyn ye nost [cough] wt. owte lae
Yat counfortyth ye brest wt. ye stak [stitch?]
Ye lewys of betonye wt. salt made nesche
Is good for woundys in the heed fresch;
Betonye also drounken et etyn
Terys [tears] of eyne it wyll letyn [let, stop.]
Betonye sothyn, ye soth to sayn [seethed, sooth to say]
Is good for ye bolnynge [boiling inflammation] of the eyn,
In lucure yt. whych wy [wise] men calley [call]
Whane ye eyne arn blod fallyn.
Betonye wt. rewe [rue] sothy et dyth,
For doth i nurked of manys syth;
Betonye sothy in reed wyn clene
Purgyth ye stomak et ye spleen.
iiij lewys of betonye fyn
And iij cupful of elder wy [wine]
And greynes of pepir xx et vij,
Alle to geddere groundg ewene [evenly ground]
And mad a drynke yer of clenlyke [cleanly?]
Yt. purgyth ye neris mythylyke [nerves mightily]

Betonye & plantain to gedere yn take
And wt. hoot water to gedere yn make,
As seyth Macer opynlyke [openly]
Yt covereth ye cotidyan [? quartan ague] mythilycke.
If yn of vomites wylt have bote,
Make a powdyr of betonye rote,
And drink it wyth water clene.
It distroith ye fe all be dene.
iiij lewes of betonye drounken wt. hoth wyn
Purgyth ye rewme weell et fyn ;
Ye seede of betonye in tyme
Is mythy drynke ageyn all venyme.

* * * *

Whoso take abene weyte [a bean's weight]
Of powdyr of betonye wt. hony weell dyth,
And ete it sone after hys sopere ryf,
It counfortyth ye stomack et mythys [mightily] digestif.

* * * *

Yorow [through] all yis woorld here on gronde
Beter erbys may non be fonde
Yane betonye, et myte [mighty] for ye stomack
And eke for peyne et werke in ye bak ;

* * * *

And zif it befalle to old or zing [young]
Newly to lesyn [lose] here hering,
Tows of betonye in hys ere de leyen [left (delayed)]
And it bringyth ye herynge ageyn ;
Zif on have ye toth ake,
Betoyn sothy et wy he take [betony seethed and wine]
And kepe it in hys mowth at ewyn et morise [evening and morning, *morn rise*]
And it schall drywy [drive] awaye ye sorrowe.

* * * *

For alle sekenesse in every stoude
Betonye is good wyhl is may fonde [found]
What manner hurt yt neddrys [adders] have
And he mowe [must ?] betonye crawe [crave]
He schall hy striky yer on anon [thereon anon]
And all his wo schall fro hy gon,

Yat have I seyn wt. eye [seen with my eyes]
Betonye is ye erbis name,
And Vetonye ike i same.
For dropesey, gode medycyne

Anoyer medycyne I fynde wrete also
Yat to ye cold dropesye is gode to doo,
Alisandir, betonye, et feukele, de take
Wt. anence [?annise] zewerne porcyon [7 portion] late make
Et in a lynen cloth these gresys [plants] betake,
It must be sothyn [seethed] in good olde ale
And late [let] hym drynkyn dayes sewene [seven]
Euerike [every] day aporcion zewene:"

Another, and even more curious, medical manuscript than that already quoted, is the "*Meddygon myddvai,*" or surgeons of Myddvai, which thus prescribes the use of betony in diseases of the *dura mater*. The bones of the head are first to be removed in such a manner as to expose the suffering brain; to which is to be applied an ointment composed of two parts of betony, and one part of violets, with *salt* butter; and this application is to be continued—if the injury be of long-standing—for nine days; or, in more recent complaints, for a very short time. At the termination of the period enjoined the already loosened bone is to be removed, and a salve applied of *fresh* butter and violets; or, if violets are not in season, the white of an egg; the composition is then to be left on until a membrane has grown over the brain. For this operation, performed by the physician "in his mercy" [*yn y hvnnvo*] he is to receive a fee of thirty shillings,* or of fifteen shillings and his food.

* So the expression "*punt a hanner,*" *a pound and a-half*, is

This rare manuscript, copies of which are to be found in the library of the Welsh school in Gray's-Inn-Lane, in the *Llyfyr coch o' Hengest*, and, I believe, in one or two other collections, and to which is attributed, from the style of its orthography, a date of about the commencement of the fourteenth century was—as we are informed by its compilers—written to set forth the best and the principal things in the art of healing with respect to the human body [*y dangoset y medeginaethau gorau ac yn benaf or yssyd wrth gorf dyn*], and of it, moreover, we are told, that those things were commanded to be written, lest there should be none possessed of so much knowledge as they* were found to have [*Sef achafs y peris ef eu hys-criuenu rac na bei afypei gystal ac a fydgn wy.*] In common with many of the earlier medical treatises this manuscript, or rather the prototype on which it must evidently have been founded,† has a fabulous origin attached to it, the legend of which runs thus:—

"Once upon a time there lived a farmer in a house called Esgair Llaethdy (which was situated in the parish of Myddvai, in the Black Mountains of Caermarthenshire), who went one day to feed his lambs near the margin of the dark *Llyn Fan Fach.* Presently he was surprised to see three beautiful females issue from the depths of the lake, and dis-

---

rendered by Mr. Lewis Morris, in the "Cambrian Register" for 1796, but I question whether it may not rather be referred to a *pound weight* of silver.

* The surgeons of Myddvai.

† The original is *stated* to have been written A.D. 1230.

port themselves on its silent shores. Attracted, as well as astonished, by the sight, the farmer endeavoured to catch the enchantresses, who, however, instantly disappeared beneath the waters, singing as they sank, the words :—

"Cras dy fara,
Anhawdd ein dala ;"

that is, "eater of hard-baked bread, it is difficult for thee to catch us." Baffled in his attempt, and unable to solve the meaning of the words, the "eater of hard-baked bread" determined to return to the *Llyn* on the following day, in the hope of obtaining the object of his wishes. While gazing on the dark waters, he observed a soft and dough-like substance floating on their surface ; and instinctively tasting a portion which was cast on shore, he was instantly rejoiced by the re-appearance of the water-nymphs, who no longer retained the power of escaping from one who had eaten of their own magical bread. The farmer seized the most beautiful of the three, who immediately calling from the waters a bull, two oxen, and seven cows, followed her captor to his home, telling him that she would be a true and dutiful wife to him until such time as he should strike her three times, "without a cause." Happy in the society of his docile, beautiful, and richly-dowered wife, and rejoicing in the birth of three fair sons, there appeared to be no risk of the master of Esgair Llaethdy breaking the spell which alone secured to him his present happiness ; but, alas ! for human forgetfulness, the luckless husband one day having sent his wife to the field to catch his horse,

struck her playfully on the arm three times with the bridle, as he exclaimed, '*dôs, dôs, dôs*' (go, go, go). Gazing for a moment with yearning sorrow on the husband and the children she loved with all the strength of human love, the naïad obeyed her spirit-doom, and without speaking, signalled to the animals which had accompanied her to follow her once more to the lake; and with the whole of them, she disappeared beneath the waters,* from whence she has only once more emerged. This occurred when her sons had attained to the age of manhood. The mountain gorge† is still reverentially regarded where she met them, and gave them a bag, telling them that by its contents they might benefit their fellow-creatures so long as the world existed. This bag was, on examination, found to contain the prescriptions which compose the book of the Meddygon Myddvai; and the neighbouring peasants still point —in confirmation of the tale—to a remarkable furrow-like indentation which runs along the side of the mountain, till it terminates abruptly in the still more remarkable *Llyn;* and which tradition asserts to have been caused by the plough with which the two water-oxen were ploughing in the field when their mistress signalled them away, and which they carried with them.

* Though the *story* of the nymph of the *Llyn Fan Fach* bears but little resemblance to that of the German Undine, we cannot but be struck with the similar manner in which these two tales blend together the doomed and mystical spirit-nature and the new-born sympathies of human love.

† That of Cwm Myddvai.

So runs the fable; while for the fact, I can only say that a family, who acknowledged no name or title but that of the Meddygon Myddvai, still exists, or very recently existed amongst the peculiar people inhabiting this mountain district, and that on the strength of their ancestral fame, and the possession of a copy of the celebrated manuscript they were actually the hereditary, though not legally, qualified practitioners, to whose sagacity difficult cases from all parts of the county were submitted. Mr. Lewis Morris, writing in the year 1796, states that the then possessor of these traditionary honours had so little inclination for the practice that he had wholly abandoned it; but it seems that his successor viewed the matter in a different light, as I can recollect being told by an old servant of several amongst her acquaintances who had sought the advice of the Meddygon Myddvai; though with what success I know not. It is far from surprising that success in the art of healing should, in early ages, have been regarded as springing from a more than human power. Most countries attach some such superstitions to their earlier medical experience. We may instance the Irish legend of Murogh O'Ley, who so lately as in the year 1668 was carried off to the mystical Isle of O'Brazil, or Begara, which only rises above the waves once in seven years, and then only appears to the inhabitants of the South Arran Isles; and of which Martin says, "whether it be reall and firm land, kept hidden by the special ordinance of God, as the terrestrial paradise, or else some illusion of airy clouds appearing on the surface of the

sea, or craft of evil spirits, is more than our judgment can sound." He was presented there with a book which enabled him to "practice physic and chirurgery, though he never studied or practised either all his life-time before;" but it is to be remarked that his ancestors were hereditary physicians. The book—supernatural or not—still exists in the library of the Irish Royal Academy, and I regret having had no opportunity of examining it.

And so :—

> "With betonye ende I,
> And begyne with centorie.*
>
> * *See* the "Stockholm MS."

CENTAURY.

Erythrǣa.

Welsh, Bustl y ddaer, Canrhi gôch.—*French*, Quinquine des pauvres, Petite centaurée.—*German*, Tausendgüldenkraut.—*Italian*, Fiele di terra, Centauro.—*Spanish*, Centaura.—*Illyric*, Gorko Zelje, Ghereizza, Mala Simencina.—*Arabic*, Kantariόon ?

LINNÆAN.	NATURAL.
Pentandria,	*Gentianaceæ.*
Monogynia.	*Erythræa.*

"YE odour of centorie et ye smel
Comforteth manys branys well,
Chasyth wickyd huork [? work] owte of ye heed,
Betwyn ye herbus it ye sched;"

continues the manuscript from which I have so largely quoted in the preceding account. But to what plant it refers becomes very doubtful, when it proceeds:—

"His flour is *whyth*, his smel is sote,
For every soor he may do bote."

Most certainly none of the *Erythrǣas* are white, as indeed their name shews, being derived from a Greek word ἐρυθρος, "*red*," and given in allusion to this the *prevailing*, though not *constant*, colour of the tribe; and it is as certain that one of the knapweeds, or blue bottles (*centāūrea*) is of that hue, namely the *C. ægyptīaca;* yet there are but slight grounds for supposing that this is the tribe here intended, as *centaury* is the established English

name by which old writers, in common with the peasantry of the present day, know the *erythræa*. It is greatly to be regretted that an appellation tending to cause so much confusion should be retained. In the plants of which we are speaking the confusion of names is increased by the circumstances of their supposed origin. Chiron, who is appositely fabled to be the son of Saturn, or—emblematically—of time and experience, is said to have been one of the founders of the science of medicine, with its attendants, botany and surgery. Hence the name of *chirōnia*, so long given to the *erythræa*, and which is still retained by a genus recently separated from the family; while the English name centaury (*erythræa*) and the botanical *centāūrea* (knapweed) refer to the same person under his mythological form of a centaur. Both the names, *centāūrea* and *chirōnia*, were attached by the ancients to some one plant, by means of which Chiron cured himself of the wound inflicted by a poisoned arrow from the bow of his pupil Hercules. Such perplexities are unnecessary; and as I am not amongst those

"Who *alliums* call their onions and their leeks,*

I would fain see them, and whatever else can tend to impart an air of intricacy or difficulty to the study of Nature's works, done away with.

All the *gentianăceæ*, as is elsewhere observed,† are exceedingly bitter, possessing valuable tonic qualities: and this is the case, to a remarkable degree, in the genus *erythræa*. Lewis, Dr. Cullen, and Dr.

* Crabbe. † *See* "Gentian."

Woodville all entertain the highest opinion of its remedial powers; and the latter, observes that it is the most efficacious medicinal bitter indigenous to our islands. Its anteseptic properties are almost equal to those of gentian, and its tonic principle quite so; while it is not unfrequently used with success in cases where quinine creates so much fever as to be injurious. Nor are these qualities of recent discovery, or partial application the plant has been long and familiarly used in rustic medicine, whence its French name of *quinquine des pauvres;* and it is perhaps the plant which in a long course of ages has done more good and less harm than any other popular "simple." Speaking of the blossoms of the centaury, Gerarde tells us "of some that gathered them superstitiouslie, they are gathered betweene the two ladie-daies," * but informs us that even without this observance they are good against dropsy and weakness, and a variety of other complaints, with "a peculiar vertue against infirmities of the sinews;" being also considered especially beneficial to patients of an irritable disposition, and—by analogy—to those whose constitutions are peculiarly sensitive and susceptible; and for whom, therefore, all kindly feeling will make us the more desirous to find some "balm medicinal." The older herbalists designate the plant *febrifūga*, from its efficacy in low fevers, and it is still largely employed in cases of incipient consumption.

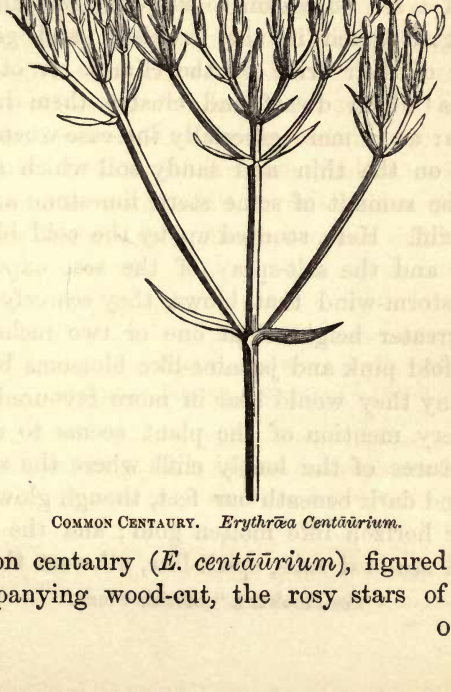
* The Assumption, August 15 (Maria Himmelfaart), and the Nativity, September 8th (Maria Geburt), of old authors.

The whole plant is intensely bitter, as is intimated by its popular Italian and Welsh names, *Fiele di terra* and *Bustl y ddaer*, both signifying gall of the earth; and the medicinal principle extends throughout the whole plant, though, I believe, that in the shops it is the corymb only which is sold. The best time for gathering it is in July and August, when it is in flower, and when, consequently, its juices are most vigorous, and its secretions most abundant; so that the so-called "superstition" respecting the two lady-days is in reality little more than an assertion of the proper time for gathering it, a sort of *memoria technica* to prevent the careful housewife from neglecting to store it up in due season. I may add that a decoction of the plant is employed as a wash for the purpose of destroying insects, and that the "leeches" of Southern Europe employed it in the sixteenth century, for the same purposes as their descendants still do. Battista Guarini, in his "Pastor Fido," after alluding to an herb which the woodgoat seeks when wounded, adds—

* * * "e quivi
Tratone succo, e misto
Con seme di verbena, e la radice
Giuntavi del *centauro*, un molle emplastro
Ne feo sopra la piaga.
Oh, mirabil virtu! cessa il dolore
Subiamente, e si ristagna il sangue;
E'l ferro indi a non molto,
Senza fatica o pena,
La man seguendo, ubbidiente n'esce.
Tornò il vigor nella donzella, come
Se non avesse mai piaga sofferta:

La qual però mortale,
Veramente non fù ; perocchè intatto
Quinci l'alvo lasciando, e quindi l'ossa,
Nel muscoloso fianco
Era sol penetrato."

Nor is the beauty of the tribe disproportioned to its usefulness; and, though inferior in size, our British species yield to none of their congeners of more favoured climes in brightness and beauty. The generality of botanists affirm that we are possessed of four species. Two of these are the



COMMON CENTAURY. *Erythræa Centaürium.*

common centaury (*E. centaürium*), figured in the accompanying wood-cut, the rosy stars of which

open on a stem of eight, ten, or even twelve, inches high, in all our dry pastures or open road-side spaces; and the broad-leaved centaury (*E. latifōlia*), with its broadly-elliptical and ribbed leaves, and its dense-forked tufts of blossoms, which occurs sparingly on the coast of Lancashire, in the islands of Anglesea and Staffa, and in the county Down,* with, perhaps, some few other localities. These two plants rank, without doubt, as distinct species; but I fear that the following have no legitimate claim to the dignity, though bearing the names of the dwarf-branched (*E. pulchēlla*) and the dwarf-*tufted* (*E. littoralis*) centauries. Though both varieties—if such they be, and I see no reason to suppose them anything else—gain much in the exquisite and gem-like beauty of their tribe by the climate or other influences which dwarf and cluster them in their growth: as is more especially the case when either occurs on the thin and sandy soil which spreads over the summit of some stern limestone and sea-laved cliff. Here, stunted up by the cold blasts of winter and the salt-spray of the sea, exposed to every storm-wind that blows, they scarcely attain to a greater height than one or two inches, and yet unfold pink and jasmine-like blossoms brighter than any they would bear in more favoured spots. The very mention of the plant seems to conjure up pictures of the lonely cliffs where the sea lies blue and dark beneath our feet, though glowing on the far horizon like molten gold; and the white-winged sea-bird sails, spirit-like, athwart the dark

* *See* Hooker's "British Flora."

face of the rock far, far below us; while on the arid turf around the little centaury sleeps with quietly-folded buds in the breeze, which blows straight upon it.

The centaury delights in the light of the sun; and it is, I believe, the first of all our native flowers which folds together its petals when the sun begins to wane, being rarely, if ever, seen unfolded after he has passed the meridian.

SPEEDWELL, PAUL'S BETONY, FLUELLEN.

Verōnica.

Welsh, Llysiau Llewelyn, Rhwyddlwyn.—*French*, Véronique.—*German*, Ehren-preiss, Blümchen der Treue.—*Dutch*, Eer en prüs.—*Danish*, Œren prüs.—*Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese*, Veronica.

LINNÆAN.	NATURAL.
Diandria.	*Scophularineæ.*
Monogynia.	*Ringentes.*
	Veronica.

How pleasantly sounds in our ears the familiar old English name of *speedwell*, and how brightly, how beautifully, does the little blue flower which bears it correspond to its meaning, as it seems to look up to us like some clear and earnest eye, whose glance willingly meeting our own indicates thoughts that are uninterrupted currents of good, and gives all-sufficing, guarantees of their sterling worth. In almost all countries this flower appears to have been looked on with peculiar favour by the eyes whose gaze it so honestly meets. *Blümchen der Treue*, the flower of truth, is the title by which the German knows its blossoms; or, with the same prevailing idea, terms it *Ehren-preiss*, the praise of honour, as do also his Dutch and Danish brothers. Such names

have a beautiful significance to those who, like the Germans, take the plant for the emblem of friendship; and its hue, from its resemblance to that of the heavens, is everywhere regarded as emblematic of truth. Thus the poet sings:—

"Blaue Blüthe, *Bild der Treue*,
Blauer als des Himmels Bläue;"*

and his words are re-echoed in the popular symbolism of many a land.†

Weary disputes have, nevertheless, arisen about the very name of the plant:—disputes originated by men accustomed only to in-door study of the natural objects respecting the etymologies of which they so unceasingly raised doubts, and yet to whom we will, notwithstanding, acknowledge a debt of gratitude for their having thus brought to light many a trait in the "lore" of popular natural history, which might have remained unnoticed. These disputes, therefore, it becomes a duty to lay before the reader.

The name of veronica is generally admitted to signify *true image*, and to have been attributed by the monkish legends to that saint who is said to have wiped, with her handkerchief, the face of our Saviour when on the path to Calvary; in memory of which pious action the impress of the Divine

* Rückert.

† It must, however, be acknowledged that a somewhat different feeling is expressed in the German popular name of the plant *männer-treue* (*man's faith*), or, more properly, *truth:* in allusion to the way in which the whole of the beautiful corolla falls off at the slightest breath.

countenance was supposed to have been indelibly stamped upon the linen. But I do not see why the mysteries of philological science should demand from us an acknowledgment that we descry in the blue stars of the speedwell certain spots "resembling human features," which—despite the theoretic assertion—most certainly do not there exist. It is, moreover, generally agreed that the name Veronica was only by tradition applied to a saint, and arose from the circumstance of the words *vera icôn* (true image), being attached to the supposed original handkerchief preserved at St. Peter's,* which words were at length believed to be the name of a real person, whose appellation was then conjecturally traced to Berenice, the woman who, according to the apocryphal gospel of Nicodemus, was healed by touching the garment of Christ.† Dr. H. F. Halle objects to this, and pretends that Berenice was the Macedonian, and subsequently the Latin, construction of a Greek word signifying *victory bearer;* a meaning, he remarks, which renders the name, if thus derived, very inappropriate to the meek-eyed little flower. He, therefore, with considerable ingenuity attributes to it an oriental derivation, supposing it to be compounded of some Eastern words (he does not say in what language), signifying *beautiful remem-*

* It is almost unnecessary to remark that there are several of these so-called *originals* preserved in different places.

† *See* "Notes and Queries," vol. vi., p. 252, *et seq.* There are two saints of the name of Veronica in the Romish calendar, who must be distinguished; the second having only been canonised in the year 1517.

brance; thus making it a forget-me-not with an Eastern title; an hypothesis, in some degree, supported by the frequency with which we hear the plant confounded with the true forget-me-not,* yet I cannot feel satisfied as to the correctness of his derivations.

If the flower be regarded as the emblem of truth —and the concurrent testimony of different languages proves that it is—then the derivation from Berenice would give a signification of singular appositeness and force; while if, as some suppose, it be derived from ἱερα, sacred, and εικων, picture or image, it might, perhaps, signify the image, or symbolical representation of that which is sacred, *or true;* since nothing can be more correct, in poetic imagery, than the substitution of the subjective for the objective. The same idea occurs in the names the plant bears throughout Southern Europe, as well as in the Slavonic dialects. But these appear to be forced resemblances; the half Latin and half Greek name of St. Veronica, *vera* εικων, probably originated in the seventh century, when the use of the lamb, and of other common emblems and emblematic figures of Christ, was forbidden, and the human representation of Him "was directed to be lifted up before all eyes." Hence, in San Giovanni Laterano, under a picture by Giotto of Pope Boniface III., we find this inscription: "IMAGO-ICONICA-BONIFACI-III. PONT. MAX;" and at the church of S. Domenico in Bologna, under an old picture of the Virgin, is "R. V. MARIÆ AD RHENVM ICONEM ANTIQUISSIMAM." And the saint was derived from this compound name.

* Also "Notes and Queries."

The name of *fluellen*, by which English writers not unfrequently designate the speedwell, is a corruption of the Welsh, *Llys Llewelyn*, the herb of Llewelyn; or, more properly, an attempt to assimilate to English pronunciation the peculiar sound of the Cymric *Ll*, and which is certainly a more felicitous imitation than the more modern custom of substituting for it the sound of *Th*.* The name of *Rhwyddlwyn*, signifying the plant of prosperity, or success, is probably similar to that of the English *speedwell;* and we find an analogous idea expressed by the poet Rückert:

> "Ist eine Pflanze, die trägt Ehr'
> An jedem Reis;"

though it may, perhaps, point to the manifold remedial powers which have been attributed to the whole of the veronicas, and more especially to the bright little germander-speedwell (*V. chamædrys*), which, according to Gerarde, is a specific in all wounds and eruptions, including the small-pox and measles; in which, he tells us, it acts as a "purifier of the blood." He also prescribes it, in the form of a poultice, for inflamed eyes; and recommends the powdered root as a cure for "pestilent fevers," and for inflammations of the lungs; for which last complaint he declares that it must be distilled and redistilled in wine. The peasantry, however, still use

* As, for example, Lanelly, of which the ordinary English pronunciation is Lane*th*ly or Lanel*th*y. Shakespeare, it will be remembered, makes Llewelyn, Fluellen, in his "Henry the Fifth," and another familiar instance occurs in the Anglicised word *Flumery*, for *Llymru;* a preparation from oat-bran.

a simple infusion in pulmonary attacks, and most probably with quite as much effect as if the herb had undergone these processes. In a similar form it was anciently administered at the commencement of dropsy, and in yellow jaundice; while it formed a principal ingredient in the vaunted medicament known as English "treacle,"—a term which originally signified *any* remedial agent, though derived, through the French *thériaque*, from the Latin *theriaca*, which medicine was composed of many ingredients. Chaucer twice uses it in this generic sense;

* * "I have almost caughte a cardiacle,
By Corpus Domini, but I'll have a triacle:"

and again, with a very different meaning;

"Crist; which is to every harm a triacle."

One of our old divines says, the true Christian not only slays Satan (or the serpent), "but like the skilful apothecary, makes antidote and treacle of him;" and Berthre de Bourniseaux, in his "Précis Hist. de la Guerre de la Vendée," thus speaks of viper treacle: "Chacun sait que les vipères du Bas Poitou étoient autrefois particulièrement recherchées pour la confection des thériaques de Venise: depuis la révolution ce commerce est entièrement tombé," &c.

The veronica is said to have been used by the Emperor Charles V., as an "*arcanum*" for gout; and the *V. elātine* (?) is declared, by the old writers, to be of great efficacy in cancer, as well as in dysentery; being for the latter malady given

in what our more sophisticated age terms "chicken broth," but which sturdy old Gerarde styles—with an attention to matter-of-fact readily appreciated by any managing housewife—"broth of a hen!"

As a natural result of the extended knowledge and commercial intercourse which have placed more potential agents in our hands, the veronicas are not now included in our *materia medica;* and their qualities may be summed up in a very few words: the whole of them being astringent, while the brooklime (*V. beccabūnga*), is anti-scorbutic, on which account its mild and succulent leaves are frequently employed in early spring salads. The Welsh peasantry, so far as my own observation extends, still "attribute greate virtues to the same," just as Gerarde describes them to have done in his time; and the employment of the germander, and common speedwells (*V. chamædrys* and *officinālis*), as a substitute for tea, is by no means confined to them, extending to Sweden, Germany, and other countries.

The germander-speedwell is sometimes, though erroneously, called eye-bright; a name which, in reality, apertains to the *Euphrāsia*, and poets, to whom we must attribute the confusion, have also called it "milkmaid's-eye." Wordsworth falls into this error, and Ebenezer Elliott, whose poems are not sufficiently known to those who so mistakenly shrink from him as a mere political, or even party, rhymer, uses the same name in the following exquisitively appreciative lines:—

"Blue eye-bright! Loveliest flower of all that grow
In flower-loved England! Flower, whose hedge-side gaze
Is like an infant's! What heart doth not know
Thee, clustered smiler of the bank, where plays
The sunbeam with the emerald snake, and strays
The dazzling rill, companion of the road
Which the lone bard most loveth, in the days
When hope and love are young? Oh, come abroad
Blue eyebright!"

Who, indeed, loving nature does not know the speedwell, and the early banks on which it blows? mingling its stars with those of the golden loose-strife. Who has not seen them thus united the spring tide through, painting the highways with living illustrations of the words of one of the truest of poets? Words, which I make no apology for transcribing, familiar, as they must be, to all :—

"Spake full well, in language quaint and olden,
One who dwelleth on the castled Rhine,
When he called the *flowers so blue and golden,*
Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine.

Stars they are, wherein we read our history,
As astrologers and seers of old;
Yet not wrapped about with awful mystery,
Like the burning stars, which they behold.
* * * * *
And the poet, faithful and all-seeing,
Sees alike in stars and flowers, a part
Of the self-same, universal, being
Which is throbbing in his brain and heart.
* * * * *
Everywhere about us they are glowing;
Some like stars, to tell us spring is born;
Others, their blue eyes with tears o'erflowing,
Stand like Ruth amid the golden corn."

There can be little doubt, I think, that the same

author in his "Hyperion"—his prose, but yet his greatest, poem—refers to the same familiar plant when he makes his hero stoop "to pluck one bright blue flower, which bloomed alone in the vast desert, and looked up to him, as if to say, 'oh, take me with you—leave me not here companionless.'"

Where ideas are *equally* the offspring of imagination we are free to choose between them as our fancy lists, but pleasanter far is the image thus expressed—the yearning for human sympathy, for human companionship, attributed to the inanimate creations of the vegetable world—than that conveyed by the school of pseudo-benevolence, which declares its philo-phytological sensibilities to be so tender as not to endure the thought of severing a blossom from the parent stem, which it endows with positive feeling. For my own part I feel a real pleasure in gathering the flowers in which I delight; and if we must—like the Greeks of old—endue with sentiment all beautiful things, we should in our imagination attribute to them some moral meaning rather than endue them with physical feelings. I can yet look back with the disgust of early childhood on the poems, and diluted story-books vainly—though with the very laudable desire of making us tender-hearted and merciful—urged on our attention to prove to us the *cruelty** of gathering the flowers which made our very lives glad. Such lessons proceeded from a very inadequate conception of the nature or requirements of a child's mind, and

* A kind of poetical instinct makes one regard as very beautiful the belief of the natives of the Society Isles, that

were, indeed, of a different cast from those we received from our mother's lips—when she counselled, that on one day only in all the week, we should not return

"Flower laden"

from our rambles; that on Saturday every wild flower should be left in the hedgerows to cheer, on the following day, the sight of the closely pent-up town-workmen, with their wives and children, and whose only opportunity of seeing them was on that one weekly "day of rest."

Dr. G. Johnston, in his "Botany of the Eastern Borders," has repeated, and satisfactorily answered, the often-raised question as to what plant is indicated by the *blewart* of Hogg's beautiful "Spring Pastoral." The poet wrote:

"When the blewart bears a pearl,
And the daisy turns a pea,
When the bonnie lucken-gowan
Has fauldit up her e'e," &c.;

---

plants, as well as animals, have souls; but in a Christian country in the nineteenth century, the whole thing wears a different aspect. Though, indeed the beauty of such lines as the following might almost tempt us to forget the fallacy of their reasoning.

"It is, and ever was, my wish and way
To let all flowers live freely and all die
Whene'er their genius bids their souls depart,
Among their kindred in their native place.
I never pluck the rose; the violet's head
Hath shaken with my breath upon its bank
And not reproached me; the ever-sacred cup
Of the pure lily hath, between my hands,
Felt safe, unsoiled, nor lost one grain of gold."

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

and his readers somewhat precipitately concluded that he referred to the corn-flower, knapweed, or blue bottle (*Centāūrea cyanus*), the *bluette* of the French; till the observer of nature came to the rescue with the remark that the *centāūrea* is a corn-plant,* not a blossom of the commons, that it flowers in autumn, and is not a sleeper at the eventide; while the germander-speedwell entirely answers to the description given, even to its bearing a pearl when it closes for the night, incurving its pretty buds until, instead of displaying their brilliant upper surface, they only shew the pearly and "pale glaucous" exterior of the petals.

This is the best known of our English species, which altogether includes eighteen individual plants; all of which, with the exception of the flesh-coloured marsh, and shrubby speedwells (*V. scutellāta*, and *fruticulōsa*), are blue; and which are representatives of three of the four great divisions into which the family is arranged: namely, those having the flower-spikes terminal, and the leaves opposite; those in which the spikes are lateral; and, lastly, those with solitary axillary flowers.

In the first group are contained: 1. The spiked-speedwell (*V. spicāta*), which occurs sparingly in dry or chalky pastures; 2. The thyme-leaved *V. serpyllifōlia*, which is often confounded with the alpine-

* The *Chicōreum īntybus*, and the *Scābius succīsa*, are both called "corn-flowers," but it was the *Centāūrea cyanus* which was formerly so remarkable in the corn-fields of England and France, for the brilliant contrast of its blue flower with the scarlet poppy.

speedwell; 3. (*V. alpīna*), which, however, is distinguished from it by its larger, and more decidedly serrated leaves, and the increased brilliancy of its few blue flowers; 4. The rare rock-veronica (*V. saxātilis*), whose beautiful corymbs tempt many a botanist to scale almost inapproachable and perpendicular Scottish rocks; and 5. The flesh-coloured *V. fruticulōsa.*

In the second division we have: 1. the second flesh-coloured marsh-speedwell (*V. scutellāta*); 2. The water-veronica (*V. anagāllis*), which appears to hold

BROOKLIME.—*Verōnica beccabūnga.*

an intermediate position between this and the following, and which is yet clearly and definitely distinct from each; 3. The brooklime (*V. beccabūnga*),

which is represented in the woodcut, and which takes its name from the German appellation, *bachbunge*, so pleasantly recalling to us the old provincialism still retained in the slightly altered form of *beck* for a brook; 4. The common, or *V. officinālis*, which, as its name suggests, was the plant most employed as a medicine; 5. The, so-called, mountain-speedwell (*V. montāna*), which, however, is an inhabitant of moist and shady woods; 6. And last, though not least, the beautiful *V. chamædrys*, the germander-speedwell; of which Professor Henslow records a curious and interesting variety with chocolate-coloured blossoms.

The third division contains: 1. The prettily-growing, and early-flowering, ivy-leaved speedwell (*V. hederifōlia*); 2. The green; and 3. The grey, field-speedwells (*V. agrēstis* and *polita*), which bear so great a resemblance as to be barely separable; 4. The buxbaum, or *V. buxbaūmii;* 5. The wall-speedwell (*V. arvēnsis*); 6. The very rare blunt-fingered; and 7. Vernal, speedwells (*V. triphȳllos* and *vērna*).

The following anecdote, extracted from Mr. Hibberd's "Brambles and Bay-leaves," is too pleasantly told not to be a welcome addition to this account of the veronica:

"During the earliest and happiest years of the life of Rousseau, he was one day walking with a beloved friend. It was summer time, the evening was calm, quiet, and serene. The sun was setting in glory, and spreading his sheeted fires over the western sky, and upon the unrippled surface of the

lake; making the still water transparent with a vivid and glowing light. The friends sat on a soft, mossy bank, enjoying the calm loveliness of the scene, and conversing upon the varied phases of human life, in the unaffected sincerity of true friendship. At their feet was a bright tuft of the lovely germander-speedwell, covered with a profusion of brilliant blue blossoms. Rousseau's friend pointed to the little flower, the *Verōnica chamæ-drys*, as wearing the same expression of cheerfulness and innocency as the scene before them. Thirty years passed away! Care-worn, persecuted, and disappointed, acquainted with poverty and grief, known to fame, but a stranger to peace, Rousseau again visited Geneva. On such a calm and lovely evening as thirty years before he had conversed with the friend of his bosom, and had received a teaching from the simple beauty of a flower, he again was seated on the self-same spot. The scene was the same. The sun went down in golden majesty as before; the birds sang as cheerfully in the soft light of eventide; the crimson clouds floated solemnly in the western sky; and the waters of the lake were skimmed by glittering boats as heretofore. But the house wherein the first feelings of love and friendship, and the first fruits of his genius, had budded, was now levelled with the ground. His dearest friend was sleeping in the grave. The generation of villagers who had partaken the bounty of the same beneficent hand was passed away, and none remained to point out the green sod where that benefactor

lay. He walked on pensively; the same bank, tufted with the same knot of bright-eyed speedwell, caught his eye, the memories of past years of trouble and sorrow came upon him, he heaved a sigh, and turned away, weeping bitterly."

MOUNTAIN FLAX, MILMOUNTAIN.

Līnum cathārticum.

Welsh, Llîn y tylwyth têg, Llîn y munnydd.

Linnæan.	Natural.
Pentandria.	*Lineæ.*
Pentagynia.	

In Wales the elegant little mountain flax is called "Llîn y tylwyth têg," or Fairy's flax.* Whether any attempt has ever been made to spin it by mortal hands I know not, but the slender stem, when snapped across or slowly stretched, exhibits the same fibrous threads by which all the tribe are distinguished; and which in this plant are remarkable for extreme delicacy with which minuteness and strength are united; so that if the fairies did spin—and we have the authority of old chroniclers and bards without number for supposing that they did—we may very well fancy their gossamer robes to have been fabricated from this plant, even though it might not have produced a web which should quite vie with the "woven wind" of old.

It must frequently occur to the reflective mind that there is an innate disposition in the human heart to trace to some higher intelligence the know-

* Literally flax of the *Fair family.*

ledge of such arts or sciences as materially influence its comfort or its happiness; and to the perversion of this ineffaceable aspiration for the rendering of worship we may trace, in every age, in every land, the dark fables with which early history is enveloped. Demigods, genii, fairies, and elves of every description, attest the constancy of this feeling of dependence on a superior being, which is, as it were, a natural instinct of the uninstructed, but not unendowed, mind, which, *as yet*, looks not up to the true "cause of every cause."

The origin of flax-dressing is one of the economic arts which, from its great industrial importance, has been thus attributed to supernatural teaching. And it is said that even yet the Irish peasantry repeat the mythical story of its introduction into their island by the "dwellers on the Shahbna mountain." These genii, who bear the generic name of *Mann*, are said to have been "long, long ago," foreigners from far-off lands, whose families settled on this mountain, and first instructed the natives in the art of *shiris*, or *ouris*, *i. e.*, the management of flax and hemp, as well as of cattle and tillage. In lapse of time these *mann* became invisible and supernatural beings, who still, however, exercised a kind of helpful supervision over the arts they had introduced. The word *ouris* is even yet applied by the peasants of the west, to the meetings of women at each other's houses for the purpose of carding the stock of wool or spinning the crop of flax.* And at no

* Meetings similar to the carding gatherings of the Sardinians, or the "Bees" of the Americans.

very remote period, it was believed that wherever these social neighbour-like gatherings took place the *mann* were present invisibly, and gave their assistance, astonishing the workers by the speed with which the task was accomplished. "Many hands make light work," says the proverb, and I suppose that it never occurred to any of these damsels that their own merriment and lively conversation in the midst of these labours made them appear less wearisome than when pursued in solitary silence. I must, however, distinctly state that this admission does not authorise any impertinent remarks on the alleged volubility of the daughters of Eve, the indulgence of which has—by a most gratuitous assumption—been supposed to afford them relief during their hardest labours. For it is to be remembered that the more taciturn sex are constrained to acknowledge a similar assistance from the world invisible—in the form of an opportunity for a "long chat"—for when a *seiserac*, or ploughing-match, on the same joint-stock principles occurs, there are also the *mann* assisting in the shape of extra, but unseen, horses, causing the husbandmen great amazement at the large quantity of ground which they find to be ploughed in the day. How it was ascertained that these *invisible* beings assumed the *shape of horses* I must leave to the imagination of the reader. The monks of olden time being, probably, unable to eradicate this superstition turned it, as we are informed by Vallancy, to practical account by inculcating the belief, that if the *ouris* or *seiserac* were commenced on the Sabbath, or continued one

moment after the hour of twelve on Saturday night, the *mann* would assuredly break the spinning-wheels, or spoil the corn.*

I think, as I write, that I can see the gravely criticising looks of some venerable and venerating lover of antiquity; I think I hear scarce suppressed murmurings respecting the folly of permitting a popular and worthless—even if a pleasant—legend to obscure the presumed historical fact of the introduction of the flax plant, and its manufacture, into Ireland by the Phœnicians. For it may be asked why the *mann* should not be the spiritual remains of those commercial men of old? Why the "five-horned† chief" of the Shahbna mountain should not have been one of the "princes of Tyre," or colonists from some other land? men having been deified e'er now for less benefits conferred on their fellows! However, I agree with the learned Professor Hodges, and Dr. O'Donovan, of Queen's College, as to the improbability of their having been from Tyre;‡ and the former asserts that the Phœnician theory is an unsupported assumption, while the antiquarian and philological researches of the latter shew that the term *anart*,§ which is applied to the kind of coarse

* "Anglo-Irish History."

† The *ouris*, say the old chroniclers, wore a stated number of horns on their head-dresses, in accordance with their rank, those of a chieftain amounting to five. In *connexion* with the Phœnician theory, it will be remembered that the horn is the oriental symbol of power.

‡ The occupation of Ireland by the Phœnicians, and their relationship to the Irish, are now reckoned among fables.

§ From *Anairt*, Irish, *soft*. (?)

linen worn by the Irish peasantry, is not only not Phœnician, but "has no cognate term in any language" with which he is acquainted."* Such are the opinions of men who have studied the subject.

At a very early period the culture of flax became of such importance in the internal economy of Ireland, that the "*Brehon laws*"—that "rule of right," unwritten but delivered by tradition from one to another," as Spenser terms it, declared that every *brughaidh* or farmer, should be legally obliged to acquire a full acquaintance with the best mode of dressing and working it.

Intimately as the progress of the manufacture of linen and cotton is connected with civilization in every part of the world, it is not a little curious to find writers, even after the close of the middle ages, inveighing, and lawgivers legislating, against the over-luxurious use of linen amongst the "barbarous Irish," as they were pleased to designate them. The gentle Edward Campion, the Jesuit, who was executed on charge of high treason in the year 1581, declares of the "meere Irish" that linen shirts the rich do weare for wantoness and bravery, with wide hanging sleeves, playted;" and adds, "thirtie yards are little enough for one of them." Spenser, the poet, too, declaring the inefficiency of the laws against the "wearing of Irish apparel," enumerates, amongst other enormities, "the greate linen roll which the women weare to

* *See* a paper on the composition and economy of the flax-plant by Professor Hodges, M.D., in the "Report of the British Association," 1852.

keep their heads warm after cutting their haire, which they use in sicknesse; besides their thicke folded linnen shirts, theire long-sleived coates," &c., and inveighs (with that conscience-obscuring bitterness which seems to take possession of all who are determined to regard the ordinary and unimportant actions and habits of an adversary as so many aggravations, or intentional causes, of offence) against the whole nation on account of their considering "this preciseness in reformation of apparall not to be materiall, or greatlie pertinent." When we remember the quantity which Campion asserts to be required for one shirt we may reasonably conclude that, though not mentioned by name, these folded linen shirts were included in the poet's further invective against loose "mantles" of the people, in the uttering of which he is carried away by his hatred in a manner which may furnish us, not unreasonably, with considerable amusement.*

While nations which considered themselves, and which, in reality were, farther advanced in civilization, were thus suffering their minds to be agitated by the extravagance of the "barbarous" Irish in the article of linen, it is, at least, consolatory to know that they were consistent in their practice, as we may conclude them to have been, when we learn that the queen of Charles VII., of France, the contemporary of our Henry VI., rejoiced in the possession of no more than two linen shifts, a scantiness of supply which might have satisfied the most prejudiced politicians of the day, or the greatest

* *See* his "View of the State of Ireland."

economists, even if these last were the descendants of that family of old Rome who would not permit their wives and daughters to wear linen.*

It would be unnecessary to make any further allusion to the early importance of the culture of flax in Ireland, but the following passage, from the works of Sir William Temple, bearing the date 1750, is not a little singular from the manner in which it treats the subject, as if it were one which had but lately attracted the attention of the English public. "No women," he says, "are apter to spin flax well than the Irish, who, labouring little in any kind with their hands, have their fingers more supple and softer than other women, of the poorer condition, with us; and this may certainly be advanced and improved into a great manufacture of linen, so as to beat down the trade both of France and Holland, and draw much of the money which goes from England to those parts upon this occasion, into the hands of his Majesty's subjects of Ireland."

That flax, the Arabic *kettán*, and the Coptic *mahi*, was cultivated in Egypt, is shewn by the mention of this crop in the Scriptural account of the plagues which preceded the departure of the Israelites from that land.† Pliny ("Nat. Hist.," vii. 55), says the Egyptians were the first to make textile fabrics; and

* "Varron, rapporté part Pline, dit que c'était une coutume de père en fils dans la famille des Serrans, que les femmes n'y portoient point de robe de lin."—MONTFAUCON. We must, however, mark his continuation: "Celà étant remarqué comme une chose extraordinaire, il paroit certain que l'usage du lin était ancien à Rome pour les femmes," &c.

† Exodus, ix. 31.

that they manufactured linen at a very early period has been proved by microscopic examinations of the threads composing clothes in which their mummies are enshrouded; and here, as in many other cases, the light of science has proved the reliableness of the records of remote history; which, in the present instance had assured us, that the Egyptian laws compelled all to bury their dead in linen. Herodotus and Plutarch tell us, that it was not permitted to any Egyptian priest to enter a temple unless he wore a linen garment; and the same custom was adopted by the priests of Isis among the Greeks and Romans, as well as by those who were initiated into the Egyptian mysteries.

By the Greeks linen was used in the time of Herodotus, who especially refers to their trading for it to various countries, and also to their distinguishing, by name, the linens of different districts. Montfaucon, to whose researches on the subject I have already adverted, finds no mention of the use of linen by the Romans in male attire before the time of Alexander Severus, with whom it was a favourite material; but it would appear to have been worn by women at a much earlier date. For further information on this question I must refer the reader to this author; while such as are interested in the subject of the growth and manufacture of flax, will find ample information in the paper of Professor Hodges, before alluded to,* which also contains much valuable matter with regard to the particulars of the experiments com-

* *See* above page 311.

menced by Charmes, and carried on by Lady Moira and Herr Clausen, with a view to the economy of material by employing the refuse of flax after the manufacture of linen as a substitute for cotton.

And now we must return from the rich cultivated vallies, required for the growth of the *Līnum usitatīssimum*, to the hilly pastures where blossoms the *Llín y Tylwyth tég*—from the tumultuous world of politicians, antiquaries, and utilitarians, to the breezy commons, the home of the fairy flax. Not that I would have it imagined that this child of the mountain is without its use, any more than its more valuable congener is without its beauty and grace. For, in common with the *Līnum selaginoïdes* of Peru, it possesses qualities which make it a valuable rustic medicine, and place it high in the estimation of the Welsh peasants, who have not yet forgotten, nor learned to despise, the simple remedies growing untended on their own mountains and moors. The herb, which is administered in the form of an infusion, is regularly sold in the markets of the Principality, being even still found in that of the modern capital of South Wales, the no longer unsophisticated town of Swansea.

Pagenstecher has extracted from the mountain flax a principle which he describes as *linine*, and which, though containing some characteristics similar to those of the oil of common flax, is not to be identified with it. It is, probably, in this peculiar principle that the medicinal property resides, and it would be satisfactory to know whether an identical product occurs in the *L. selaginoïdes;* as these two

species are, I believe, the only *Līnums* which have other than mild, emollient, and mucilaginous qualities; notwithstanding which, we learn from Sir John Herschell the astonishing fact, that old linen rags will, when treated with sulphuric acid, *yield more than their own weight of sugar.** Verily chemists are the real alchemists; the genii whose wands are more potential than those of the most wonderful fairies of old! It is something even to have lived in days when our worn-out napkins may possibly re-appear on our tables in the form of sugar!

A mere description of the little plant, *L. cathārticum*, could convey no adequate idea of its appearance; and rather than attempt it, I would guide the reader to the hill-sides where it abounds, and show him how its silvery-shaped blossoms open in the bright sunshine, or gently incline their delicate heads towards the dew-laden turf, through which its white blossoms gleam like a pearly web: I would guide him to the spots where the pink stars of the lesser centaury, and the pretty wild spurrey grow on the open grounds; for there he would usually find, in the months of June and July, the fairy's flax in all its native beauty.

In Great Britain we have only four *Līnums*, the common flax (*L. usitatīssimum*), the perennial (*L. perēnne*), the narrow-leaved (*L. angustifōlium*), and the *L. cathārticum;* and doubts have even been raised as to whether the first is not an introduced plant, though now truly wild in many localities.

* *See* his "Natural Philosophy."

At least twenty-six species, exclusive of varieties, are in cultivation in our gardens, of which they form conspicuous ornaments, yet not one of them has greater beauty than the flax of commerce, whose blossoms of turquoise-blue, waving on its slender stems, give so great a charm to the spring aspect of flax-growing countries; and the depth and purity of whose colour is strikingly illustrated by the deceptive appearance of the flax fields in some sequestered Pyrenean valley, which, when viewed from a distant height, may be mistaken for sheets of deep and still blue water; while the intervening spots of young corn increase the illusion by standing out from the surrounding blue, like islands in a lake.

The exquisite delicacy of the flax plant is not unworthily pictured in the words of Coleridge;—

* * * "The unripe flax;
When, through its half-transparent stalk at eve,
The level sunshine glimmers with green light."

And its transparent and delicate texture adds a graceful appropriateness to the pretty custom, by means of which the youth of Brittany formerly celebrated their having passed the boundary of childhood, and entered on the more important stage of life. I allude to the June fête, in which all who had attained to the age of sixteen years danced round one of the ancient dôlmens, with which that interesting country abounds; the boys being crowned with ears of green corn, as emblematic of strength, while the girls were adorned with bouquets of the flax blossom. These bouquets were afterwards care-

fully preserved in the belief that they would remain fresh for weeks, if those to whom their wearers had given their young hearts were worthy of the boon so confidingly entrusted to them; but they were sure to fade if the lovers became inconstant and faithless;*—a belief which it were very prosaic to term a mere superstition, since we cannot but suppose that a lover of sixteen would take special care that the flax blossoms of his chosen one should not be seen in a faded state, so long as the fields continued to supply him with the means of renewing them unobserved. We might almost lament that customs so perfectly innocent, and so simple in their nature, should become extinct as a consequence of the dawn of a higher and brighter era of civilization; for however we, who take a truer view of life, may scorn the follies of the sentimentalist with his "language of flowers," and his petty and languid appropriation of vapid and insignificant meanings to the works of his Creator, yet there is, in truth, more of affinity between young and trusting hearts, and their best emblems,—bright and delicate flowers, than those who have faced the bitterness and the struggle of longer life will always acknowledge. The custom of attributing particular meanings to flowers has been common in all ages, and in many countries, and as the Welsh, Germans, and others, consider the flax and other blue flowers to be emblematic of friendship from their resembling the heavens in colour, so the predilection of the ancient Egyptians for flax was supposed by some to have

* Villemarque's "Chansons Populaires."

arisen from its azure blossom resembling the clear blue colour of the sky.*

This, as Plutarch hints, may have been a misconception, but still the reverence attached by the Egyptians to the lotus and other flowers is evident; and Plutarch himself admits that particular meanings were attached by them to certain flowers.

* *See* above, pages 115 and 293.

THISTLE.

Cārduus.

Welsh, Ysgall.—*French*, Chardon.—*German*, Distel.—*Dutch*, Distel.—*Italian*, Cardo.—*Spanish*, Cardo.—*Danish*, Tidsel.—*Polish*, Bodiac.—*Russian*, Osèt.—*Illyric*, Oset, Badetj, Kravacsac.

LINNÆAN.	NATURAL.
Syngenesia.	*Compositæ.*
Polygamia æqualis.	*Cynarocephalæ.*

THE thistle is so intimately connected with Scotland, that I cannot offer to the reader any account of the plant, until I have introduced some notice of its selection as the emblem of that country, derived from the materials which tradition and history have placed at our disposal. These two authorities, which are but too often placed in antagonism where they should rather serve to explain each other, offer us very different accounts of the cause —as well as of the date—of the first adoption of the Scottish emblem.

There can be no very good reason for rejecting—in default of all credible testimony—the old legendary tale of the Danes who stole by night into the camp of the sleeping Scotch; but were defeated in their intention by the chance occurrence of one of their number having trodden, with naked foot, upon

the sharp spines of a thistle, which made him cry out from pain; and thus warned the unconscious sleepers of their danger. If this account be not the true one, its chief error may consist, not—as is usually supposed—in attributing too *early* a date to the first choice of the emblem, but rather in placing its adoption so *late* as the first invasion of Britain by the Danes. The simplicity of clothing which prevailed at that period, when, if regimental uniforms were unknown, warriors were at least attired in the most uniform costume, would necessarily make it desirable that opposing parties in the battle-field should wear some distinguishing mark, enabling them to discriminate between friend and foe; and it may not be going beyond the bounds of probability to suppose that the thistle was selected by the Scot, simply as a hardy and frequent plant; which, in the most desolate and sterile district, should readily be found when required, even in sudden affrays. We might, therefore, without inaccuracy, read *when*, for *where*, in the lines of Campbell, substituting also *grew*, for *grows*;

> "Triumphant be the thistle still unfurled;
> Dear symbol wild! On freedom's hills it *grows*,
> *Where* Fingall stemmed the tyrants of the world,
> And Roman eagles found unconquered foes;"

—a passage which is often erroneously supposed to attribute the adoption of the symbol to Fingall, in his defence against the Romans.

Much of the controversy on the subject has apparently arisen from confounding the use of the *symbol*, and the establishment of the *order*, of the thistle;

although even the last, and more modern, event has been a fertile source of dispute. Dr. G. Johnston, of Berwick-upon-Tweed, points out that, according to Pinkerton, the first notice of the *badge* of the thistle in Scotland is contained in Dunbar's "Thrissell and the Rose;" which was written on the occasion of the marriage of James IV. with Margaret Tudor, in the year 1503. In this composition the author mentions the plant as being *chosen* by that king, and as being emblematic of every kingly attribute; telling us that he—

* * "callit scho all flouris that grew on field,
Discerning all thair fassionis and effeiris:"

until he took notice of

"The awfull thrissell * *
And saw him kepit with a busche of speiris;
Considering him so able for the weiris,
A radius crown of rubeis scho him gaif,
And said, 'In field go forth, and fend the laif.'"

Many historians, however, agree in attributing the establishment of the Order of the Thistle to the Scottish king, Achaius; who, in the ninth century, is supposed to have made a treaty, offensive and defensive, with that "*thatenreichsten Mann*" of Von Platen, Charlemagne; while Lesley, Bishop of Ross, assures us that it dates from the battle between Athelstan, King of Northumbria, and Hungus, King of the Picts; on the eve of which, he says, the *Order of St. Andrew, or the Thistle*, was instituted, to commemorate the appearance of that saint in the heavens, as an earnest of victory to his countrymen.

Such are the marvellous tales of olden time. But

when we quit them we do not find ourselves on more certain ground. Some writers assert that it owes its origin to Charles VII. of France, who died the year of the accession of James III. of Scotland, and to whose reign the existence of the badge has been successfully traced back by Sir Harris Nicholas, who meets with "thistles" in this monarch's "roll" of jewels. The order is said to have been re-instituted in 1687, and in it the old legendary account of its origin under Achaius is gravely alluded to.

We may here remark, in passing, that the thistle is by some persons considered to be the *Bourbon* emblem; and, *as such*, to be introduced very frequently in the scrolls and other ornaments of the Bourbon Chapel in the Cathedral of Lyons. There is, however, every authority for believing its occurrence, in this instance, to be in accordance with that species of emblematic punning which was, as before observed, at one period esteemed the most courtly and delicate mode of conveying a compliment. In short, Pierre de Bourbon, the son in-law of Louis XI., when he built this chapel, used the thistle allusively, in reference to the *cher don* (*chardon*) of the king who had given him his royal daughter as a bride. Such were the puns which men in those days were not ashamed to perpetuate in all the architectural dignity and durability of stone!

The Order of the Thistle is most usually stated to have been established as late as the year 1500; but it is to be remembered, as Dr. G. Johnston shews, that the plant was "peculiarly the badge of the clan Stewart;" and it is not, therefore, unreason-

able to suppose that its dedication to a regal and national order might be connected with the accession of that family to the throne of Scotland. James V. was the first Scottish king who stamped it *on his coins;* and James VI. adopted its well-known and appropriate motto, "*nemo me impuné lacessit.*"* This motto, indeed, speaks with some force to all who seek to elucidate the subject; for if, wearied with the doubts and disputes which are so antagonistic to human comfort and happiness, we turn from these "vext questions," and inquire what plant the Scottish thistle really is, we find ourselves still further from the point than in the inquiry respecting the use as an emblem, and the establishment of the order. Here again I will give the opinions quoted by Dr. G. Johnston,† though I confess that my sympathies, as well as my convictions, go rather with those who consider that it is *the* thistle, *par excellence,* and *not* any one particular species, which is the real national emblem; including under this head the tribes of *cārduus and cnīcus,* each of which is classed by the Scottish peasant under the generic name of *thristle.* And in truth, it is lamentable to think that even the grave of Burns should have remained undecorated in consequence of the *correct thistle* which was to be placed there being so long under dispute among his admirers. In this instance, however, the palm and the place of honour were finally awarded to the cotton-thistle (*Onopōrdum acānthus*), which is also

* *See* Dr. Johnston's "Botany of the Eastern Borders."

† Op. Cit.

the thistle borne, in their processions, by the Freemasons of Scotland; having, as Dr. G. Johnston suggests, obtained this dignity in virtue of its stately and vigorous growth. Yet there is a strong party who assert that the drooping character of the musk-thistle (*C. nūtans*) distinguishes it, undeniably, as the genuine Scotch thistle; while another, amongst whom Dr. G. Johnston would appear to take his stand, contends for the rights of the milk-thistle (*C. mariānus*), to the prickly stings of which some cynical old bachelor of former days has attached the name of "maiden's lips." The author, however, of that pleasant little volume, "The Wild Flowers of the Year," alludes to the circumstance, that although this plant is so very frequent in England, it is extremely rare in Scotland; nay, that "*almost* the only spot of that country" in which it grows, is, on the rocky cliffs in the vicinity of Dumbarton Castle, where tradition declares it to have been planted by the hands of Queen Mary of Scotland. Yet only so much further south as in Berwickshire, Dr. G. Johnston and Mr. Goldie found, that wherever the soil was turned up to a depth of three or four feet, quantities of this plant sprang up. A similar objection may be made to the cotton-thistle (*Onopōrdum acānthus*), as Professor Balfour states that it is "a doubtful native of Scotland, though not unfrequent in England."

One party, on what grounds I know not, has determined the Scotch to be the so-called melancholy-thistle (*Cnīcus heterophyllus—Cārduus heterophyllus* of the "E. Bot."), which takes its name

from the sombre hue of its leaves and blossoms; but as it is not armed with the spines which distinguish the rest of the family, it would appear to have no claim—so far as prickly defence is concerned—to the thistle motto, "Ce que Dieu garde, est bien gardé;" so that the decision of its adherents would place the Scotch in the unenviable, and inapplicable position of the poet Southey, where, in one of his comico-pathetic moments, he exclaims: "The thistle might be my emblem, though I shall never assume its motto, because asses mumble me with impunity, and to their own contentment."

And thus, leaving my readers to settle the question in dispute

"As each shall list,"

I proceed to inquire into the various uses to which the thistle has been applied, classing together for the purpose the several and distinct families of *Cārduus*, *Cnīcus*, *Onopōrdum*, and *Carlīna*, which are commonly known by the general English name of *thistles*.

The milk-thistle is the *Cārduus mariānus*. It is said to have derived its English, as well as its botanical, name from the Virgin Mary. Evelyn notices it as an esculent vegetable; and the same may be said of the footstalks of nearly all the species, or even the genera, which might with advantage be blanched, or, as Loudon suggests, treated like cardoons; although the very exhausting nature of a crop of plants, rejoicing in such vigorous and deep-searching roots, would forbid their extensive cultivation. In ancient Rome and Carthage, as well as in Corduba,

the high price of a particular thistle is a subject of historical remark; and this one is supposed to be the *C. lactucārum* of Zuinger, and apparently the same as our *C. mariānus*. The receptacle of the great burr-thistle, (*Cnīcus lanceolātus*), a plant which is familiarly known from its magnificent size, from the practice of using its dried flowers for the purpose of curdling milk, and from the employment of its cockade-like involucrum by little children in their games, is, as Dr. G. Johnston observes, dressed like artichoke bottoms. The *C. nūtans* and *Arābicus*, the musk and Arabian thistles, and, amongst the Portuguese, the *Cardo do coalho*, Cardoon thistle (*Cynāra cardūnculus*), are also used in the same manner at table; and the tender stalks of the marsh-thistle (*Cnīcus palūstris*) as well as those of some other species, are peeled and eaten raw by children; or, as recommended by Evelyn, are boiled, or baked in a pie. The latter custom must certainly have originated in Cornwall—the very land of pies—where even parsley, which is usually regarded as a mere seasoning herb, to be used sparingly, does not escape that fate; the dread of which is said, by the old proverb, not only to ensure the holiness of all stay-at-home Cornishmen, but to keep the Evil Being from visiting that county, lest he should be put into a pie! Evelyn states that in his time the milk-thistle was commonly sold in the markets as a proper diet for nurses. The Siberians use the *Cnīcus cĕrnuus* as a table vegetable, and the boiled leaves of the pale-flowered-thistle (*C. olerāceus*) are a favourite dish among the Russians. But it is as a fodder for

cattle that the thistle is most valued. Before turnips took their place in the ordinary routine of agriculture, the thistle was an important article in the economy of the Scottish hill-side farmer; and Dr. G. Johnston tells us that, "the *dues* or *customs on thistles, sold* at St. Boswell's fair, are still unrepealed, so that if any were to be carried to it for sale, the customary rate (fee) might still be demanded." Moreover, the Vicar of Norham, at one period, actually found it worth his while to assert his right to the tythe of the thistles of his parishioners; and it has been shewn that few, if any, of our ordinary fodder plants, afford so much nourishment, in the same bulk, as the thistle; which is eagerly eaten both by horses and cows, if the plant be but slightly crushed or pounded. Indeed, it may be observed that the milk-thistle is eaten by cows without any preparation, and, apparently with as much satisfaction, as it is by the school-boy's pet rabbit.

The seeds of the thistle yield a most valuable oil, which is clear, fine, and bland; and though they are far from being a heavy substance, the quantity of the oil is nearly equal to three-fourths of their weight, when deprived of their winged down. This oil, which is admirably adapted for cooking purposes, is also excellent for burning; and the beautiful down, which wings these seeds, makes a most silky and beautiful paper, though, as will be readily supposed, the extreme difficulty of collecting a substance of so volatile a character, renders its employment for that purpose both rare and costly: floating away, as it does, on the passing breeze, almost as soon as it attains

to maturity. It is however collected in considerable quantities by the industrious peasants of Sens-sur-Yonne, and probably of other districts in France.

Nor is the tribe without its medicinal properties. The blessed-thistle (*C. benedīctus*) most probably received its name from the very high esteem in which its medicinal properties were held, as observed by Boderus. The *Cnīcus helenoïdes*, or elecampane-leaved-thistle, as it is now erroneously called—the original English name of melancholy-thistle having been appropriated to the *C. heterophyllus*—was formerly considered efficacious in disorders of the brain; while the beautiful *Carlīnas* (which however are admitted amongst the thistles by custom, not by right,) are said to owe their name to the gratitude of a monarch whose army was cured of the plague by their use. Oliver de Serres believes this monarch to have been the Emperor Charlemagne, and adds that the remedy was pointed out to him by an angel; but Linnæus assigns the occurrence to the time of Charles V. and says that his army was so cured when quartered in Barbary.* The whole of the *Carlīnas* are considered by the old writers to be "Alexipharmic," and also serviceable to "stimulate the solids, and dissolve the humours:" properties, the consideration and expounding of which, I, with the utmost deference, refer to those more learned in physic than myself—confining my own attention to the more intelligible fact, that the whole of the sub-order *Cynarocēphalæ*, to which they belong, are tonic and stimulant; and, as such,

* *See* Loudon's "Encyclopædia of Plants," &c.

might probably be sometimes used with advantage.

Allusion has already been made to the exhaustive nature of a crop of thistles. Of this the facts given by Mr. Curtis, form no inadequate illustration. In the month of April he planted a portion of the root of the common corn or way-thistle (*Cnīcus arvēnse*), of about two inches long, in his garden. When examined in the following November this mutilated root-stock was found to have thrown out several underground shoots or stolones, some of which were eight feet long; while it had also produced leaves which shot up to a height of five feet. The plant was then dug up, and the root found to weigh *four pounds*, yet in the following spring, from forty to sixty young plants sprang up from the fragments of root-stock which had eluded a very careful search, when the plant had been, to all appearance, eradicated in the autumn. An instance, too, is on record of the roots of one of the same species descending to a depth of nineteen feet.* Nor are the tribe less persistent. In very early days a celebrated hill in Holy Isle obtained the name of Thristley Hill; and still existing entries of the expenses of the Holy Isle Priory, for the year 1344–5, as quoted by Dr. G. Johnston, shew, amongst other items, the expenditure of 2*s.* 8*d.* for "gloves for fourteen servants when they gathered the tythe corn." This protection might with advantage be used there even at the present day. The roots of the corn-plants, on which man depends for the "staff" of life, reach, at the

* "Farmer's Magazine."

utmost, only a few inches below the surface, and the whole plant disappears or degenerates into uselessness, if unfostered for a few years; while the roots of the "rugged thistle," perennial amidst ruin, penetrate far deeper than those of many a stately forest tree. Thus it is that the plants which are especially named as forming a part of the "curse" of the ground, consequent on the first sin of man, are ever those which take root most effectually, and are the most difficult to eradicate. But so *also* is it, that these very plants are most usually the indicators of the richest and most fertile soil. Whence the saying attributed to the blind man in choosing a piece of land: "take me," or "tie me to a thistle." They may, therefore, be looked upon not merely as cruel weeds, but as guides, and, as it were, inducement for man to struggle against the natural world, to overcome it, and make it his own, by that labour which God, in His mercy, has made at once the punishment *and the greatest blessing* of mankind. Thus, in the physical as in the moral world, where difficulties lie thickest, there only are the best fruits of conquest to be won!

"Cursed is the ground for thy sake; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life; thorns and thistles shall it bring forth unto thee." And in tracing out the literal fulfilment of this sentence we cannot but be impressed by the fact that, however persistent may be the thistle in a land so long tilled as our own island, it is not there that we must look for an exemplification of what the plant, in its unsubdued state of mighty strength, be-

comes. For this we must turn to the South American Pampas, where it springs up—in one brief summer's growth—to a height of nine or ten feet; and stretches out far, far beyond the limits that the searching eye can reach, forming a level "sea of thistles," beneath whose giant stems the traveller, on losing his way, is more completely at fault than in the densest labyrinths of a tropical forest; since in them he could, at least, climb into the branches to ascertain in what direction his route should lie; whilst in the thistle-thickets that chance of escape is denied him, though the surrounding vegetation rises far above both horse and rider.* In the once fertile and smiling valleys of the Holy Land, too, the thistles shoot up tall and strong, where of old the fig-tree and the vine fruited amid the golden corn;† and on the great Russian steppes the peasant's hut is reared beneath the shelter of the thistle:—the *Perikatipole* of the Russian, the "wind witch," or "leap-in-the-field," of the German colonist; which, after taking possession of every spot which the plough or the spade leaves free by the most momentary relaxation of toil, forms, in its stately summer splendour, the *burian*, so bitterly complained of by native and settler. Shrivelled and dried up in autumn, in such a manner that its stems contract into a ball, while the roots loose their hold of the earth, it suddenly becomes free, and rolls away before the autumn blasts; now bounding onwards in fantastic and gigantic strides, now springing in

* *See* Sir F. Head's "Pampas."

† *See* Dr. Clarke's "Travels," &c., &c.

quick short leaps, or anon whirling in great circles over the plain, until caught up in the air to a height of perhaps a hundred feet; then, falling again to the ground, the rolling ball rushes forwards with the storm-wind, and frequently united with others, like a band of armed men, the huge heap of thistles hooked together by their prickly spines, charges with headlong speed some flying company of wandering Tartar horsemen; who, not unnaturally, look with superstitious dread at a "*thing*" which leaps and bounds over the vast level with so unearthly a movement; stalking onwards, as Köhl expresses it, like a giant in his "seven-leagued boots."*

Again, in Australia, we may observe the growing alarm excited by the rapid spread of the milk-thistle (*C. mariānus*), which, having been accidentally introduced by the European settlers, has found the rich and virgin soil most congenial to its requirements; for it not only frequently there attains to a height of six or eight feet, but disseminates itself in such a manner that districts of a hundred acres are frequently seen in New South Wales *densely* covered with this exotic plant. In the same manner the *so-called* Bathurst burr—a Patagonian plant, the hooked seeds of which were carried to the vicinity of Bathurst in the flowing tails and manes of some Patagonian horses imported to that district—has literally taken possession of whole districts; actually approaching so near to the Equator as Brisbane-town (South), which lies in the parallel 27° 30′ S.

* *See* Schleiden's "Plant," &c.

To such a serious extent has this evil increased in the colony of Victoria, that an Act of Parliament "against the growth of thistles," which received the Royal assent on the 19th of March, 1855, enforces penalties of the greatest severity against persons suffering thistle-plants to remain on their land. According to this Act, which, of course, applies equally to the public lands and to private holdings, any owner, lessee, or occupier of land in Victoria upon which, or on the half of any road adjacent thereto, thistles are growing, is bound, after fourteen days' notice, signed by a justice of the peace, to destroy all thistles upon such land, or failing to do so, he incurs a penalty of not less than 5*l.* nor more than 20*l.* Service of the notice at the occupier's usual or last known place of abode is held good, and all cases under the Act are determined in a summary way by two or more justices of the peace. The justices, however, have power to suspend the conviction on proof that the occupier has used, and is using, reasonable exertions to destroy the plant. No information can be laid against any owner of land until the Act has been enforced against the occupier or lessee, and no second information can be laid within thirty days after a previous conviction. If any owner, lessee, or occupier neglect, or refuse to destroy thistles on his land for a space of seven days after the receipt of notice, any person armed with a written authority from a justice of the peace may enter on the land, with sufficient assistants to destroy and eradicate the nuisance, and may cause the expenses to be assessed by two justices of the peace,

and recover them in a summary way. Persons armed with the written authority of a magistrate may enter on lands to search for thistles without being guilty of a trespass, and are not liable for any damage done unless inflicted unnecessarily and wilfully. Justices are empowered to issue orders for search, and to order the destruction of thistles.

Of the united species pertaining to the genera *Cārduus*, *Cnīcus*, *Onopōrdum*, and *Carlīna*, Great Britain possesses fifteen. These are, the musk-thistle (*Cārduus nūtans*); the welted-thistle (*C. acanthoïdes*); the slender-flowered-thistle (*C. tenuiflōrus*); and the milk-thistle (*C. mariānus*); the spear plume-thistle (*Cnīcus lanceolātus*); the marsh-thistle (*C. palūstris*); the creeping plume-thistle (*C. arvēnsis*); the bog-thistle (*C. Fōrsteri*),—which, however, Mr. Borrer suspects to be a hybrid between *C. palūstris* and the meadow plume-thistle (*C. pratēnsis*);—the woolly-headed plume-thistle (*C. eriōphorus*); the tuberose plume-thistle (*C. tuberōsus*); the melancholy-thistle (*C. heterophȳllus*); and the dwarf plume-thistle (*C. acāūlis*). The *Onopōrdium*, and the *Carlīnas*, each boast but one British species; viz., the *O. Acānthium*, or cotton-thistle; and the common carline-thistle (*C. vulgāris*), which is sparingly found in the Isle of Arran, and in Bermanhead, &c.

Some of our own thistles are of a most stately and majestic growth; though we habitually associate them so closely with the idea of desolation and neglect, that we turn indifferently from the aspect of some dreary hill-side clothed with a mantle

of thistles, all of equal height; or sadly, from some small neglected corn-field, in which they threaten to overpower the struggling crop. Yet we should find, on examination, that they are plants of extreme beauty, delicacy of proportion, and even grace. How great, how characteristic, a beauty does the autumn landscape derive from even so trifling a thing as the far-floating thistle-down; those winged seeds, which, in obedience to Nature's command for their universal dissemination, fly forth, in ceaseless silence, on their mission.

In the words of Thomson;—

> "Wide o'er the thistly lawn—as swells the breeze,
> A whitening shower of vegetable down
> Amusive floats:"

and Ossian describes the zephyrs as chasing these "thistle threads" through the air. The venerable naturalist, to whom we have so often referred, describes these "frolicsome and uncertain" dances; most truthfully remarking that, though but "miniature traits, they are as essential to the completion of the landscape, as are, to the completion of human happiness, the many little emotions and impressions, the numerous trivial incidents, which separately pass away, almost unfelt and unperceived."*

Another beauty has the thistle, when every delicate hair arrests a dew-drop on a showery April morning; and when the purple blossom of a roadside thistle turns its face to heaven, and welcomes the wild bee, who lies close upon its flowerets on the

* Dr. G. Johnston's "Botany of the Eastern Borders."

approach of some storm-cloud, until its shadow be past away. For, with unerring instinct, the bee well knows that the darkness is but for the moment, that the sun will shine out again ere long, and that he may safely remain without the shelter of his own home, to which, were a torrent impending, he would at once hasten; while he offers us one of the many lessons of trust and submission often to be learned from the apparently most trivial, though, in reality, the most instructive, circumstances, exemplifying, as they do so beautifully, the care shewn by the Creator for His smallest works.

BINDWEED.

Convōlvulus.

Welsh, Cynhafawg.—*French*, Liseron, Liset.—*German*, Winde.—*Dutch*, Vinde.—*Danish*, Snerli.—*Italian*, Vilucchio, Vitecchio.—*Spanish*, Convolvulo.—*Portuguese*, Oliserâo.—*Illyric*, Slek, Slak.—*Arabic*, Olleýk, Lubbayn, Middayd.

LINNÆAN.	NATURAL.
Pentandria.	*Convolvulāceæ.*
Monogynia.	*Convōlvulus.*

THE *Convolvulāceæ* are an order of peculiar beauty and interest, which occur both in temperate and tropical regions; assuming, in some parts of South America, quite an arboreous character; but everywhere preserving the beauty of their vase-like blossoms, and the grace of their wandering and flexile stems. This is even the case in the leafless genus *cūscuta*, or dodder. In the valley of the Nile the common striped-bindweed (*C. arvēnsis*) grows everywhere in the fields; and one name it bears, *olleýk*, applies to its "suspending," or "climbing," habits, as the other, *lubbayn*, does to its "milky" juice. That of the desert derives its name, *middayd*, from its "stretching forth," or "creeping," habit; and it is probably the same as the *C. Forskalii*, whose other appellation, *bayád*, signifying "white," is derived from its juice. There are also other natives of the

BINDWEED.

Convōlvulus.

WILD. *Vernacular.*—*French*, Liseron, Liset.—*German*, Winde.—*Persian*, [illegible].—*Danish*, Snerli.—*Italian*, Vilucchio, Vi[illegible].—*Spanish*, Convolvulo.—*Portuguese*, Oliserão.—*Syrian*, Sirk, Slak.—*Arabic*, Olleyk, Lubbayn, Middayd.

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Pentandria.	*Convolvulāceæ.*
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SEA BIND-WEED
AND SMALL BIND-WEED.

Convolvulus (calystegia) Soldanella.
and Convolvulus arvensis.

B

London: Published by John Van Voorst 1858.

desert, as the *C. armātus;* and, besides the large white convolvulus, the gardens of Cairo abound in the rich blue and red-striped *C. Caïricus*, known there as *Sit-el-hosn*, "the beautiful lady," and *Sherk-felek*, or "rainbow;" but this last is properly the passion-flower.

Almost the whole of the convolvulus tribe possess medicinal powers of high order; as, for instance, the *C. scammōnia*, and the *Exogōnium pūrga* (*Ipomœa pūrga*, or *Convōlvulus jalapa*), which, respectively, yield scammony and jalap. Some are stimulant—as the *C. flōridus*, and *scopārius*, and *Ipomœa quamōclit;* while others do not contain sufficient of the acrid juice belonging to the order, to prevent their use as a common article of food. This is more especially observable in the *C. batāta*, or sweet potato, and the *C. ēdulis*, which are both wholesome. In every case it is the root of the convolvulus which is used, whether for food or medicine.

Correctly speaking, we have but one British species of convolvulus; the small-bindweed (*C. arvēnsis; see* plate), which is remarkable for the sweetness of its scent; but as the *Calystēgias* form a very artificial genus, being distinguished from the true convolvulus only by the presence of bracteas, and by the capsule being one-celled; and as, moreover, they have only recently been separated from the convolvulus—being still retained under that head in some of the most valuable of our standard works—I shall follow this example; feeling that to call the great-bindweed (*Calystēgia* [*Convōlvulus*] *sēpium*) "by any other name" than convolvulus, would be—

despite the authority of the poet in an analagous case—to take away half its beauty, by depriving it of an appellation by which it has been so long known. I think that it will not be necessary to offer any description of this most beautiful plant; which wreathes in the most graceful festoons over our hedgerows, or around the gooseberry and currant-bushes in our gardens, opening its large tender white or rose-tinted blossoms in the bright sunshine; or gathering their convolute folds together when a threatening rain-cloud obscures his beams, as if to husband its beauties till the return of fair weather after the summer shower. Instead, therefore, of presenting a melancholy wreck after the storm, or hanging in unsightly decay on the shrubs from which, in brighter hours, it received support, it opens its flowers as if they were merely refreshed by the storm which has destroyed blossoms of a far less tender description. How often, in watching the re-opening of these fair blossoms, are the lines of the poet recalled to the memory:

> "Summer showers, that fall above
> Fainting blossoms, leave with them
> Freshened leaf, and straightened stem;
> Sunshine oft doth give again
> Bloom the bitter storm hath ta'en;
> And this human love of ours,
> To the world's poor faded flowers,
> May be found as dear a boon
> As God's blessed rain and sun,
> To restore their native hue
> And their native fragrance too:"

—lines which recall those of the older Italian poet:—

"I pianti pietosi
Dei teneri amici
Pe'l cuore infelice,
Che 'l duolo colpì,
Son come del Cielo
Le molli rugiade,
Sul languido stelo
Del fior' che appassi."

These are the "hedge bells" and "withiwinde" of the old writers; of which every flower, leaf, stem, and spiral fold, is a *perfect* study for the artist; whether as regards form, the play of light, or the shade on its surface. And were an artist, from any cause to be restricted to a single plant, he might well be satisfied with this, so innumerable are the models it presents for his pencil.

Nor is beauty the only merit of the plant: the root has properties similar to those of the *C. scammōnia*, and has been used as its substitute, under the names of Montpellier, Bourbon, and scammony; and Galen, as we are informed by Gerarde, recommends the leaves to be laid on hard swellings, in order to disperse them. Gerarde, however, will by no means admit that any plants of the tribe are medicinal, treating the whole of them with the utmost contempt as "not fit for medicine, and unprofitable weedes, and hurtfulle unto each thing that groweth next them:" and classing them amongst the herbs employed by "runnagat physick-mongers, quacksaluers, old women leeches, and abusers of physick, and deceiuers of people!" But in spite of this strange category of ill names, Gerarde admits that the *Calystēgia* (*Convōlvulus*) *Soldanēlla*—

which was however made admissable by not bearing the objectionable name*—was used for scurvy in the county of Hampshire, and was good for flesh wounds, and efficacious in dropsy, though from its acrid qualities it, he says, "hurteth the stomachs of delicate persons."

This handsome flower, which is represented in the engraving, is almost as large as that of the great-bindweed; though the plant itself is low and creeping, with small and scantily distributed leaves, resembling in shape a horse-shoe; from which the plant obtains the old names of sea-foal-hoof and sea-horse-hoof, corresponding to the Welsh name *Ebol-garn-y-môr*. It occurs on sandy *dunes*, as they are termed on the Eastern coast—or sand-hills as we more generally designate them, and is a very common plant on all our sandy shores; seldom rising to a greater height than two or three inches; it trails along the ground, and makes the desolate spots where it grows bright and gay with its pink blossoms, whose effect is considerably increased by the reddish-yellow tint assumed at a very early period by its bracts, stems, and leaves. The seed of this convolvulus furnishes a curious example of germination, not merely while the seed-vessel is remaining on the plant, but *actually within it when still closed;* and in this, though deprived of light and air, the seminal leaves of the cotyledon assume a large size, and even a green colour, some time before they burst from their bonds and take root in the earth on which their cradle already lies, afford-

* *Soldanella* was then the *generic* name.

ing a very clear idea of the relative arrangements of the different internal parts of the dicotyledonous seed. The same peculiarity of internal growth from a seed sometimes occurs in hot climates within the water-melon while still entire, and may possibly be met with in other plants.

It is almost unnecessary to remark that the botanical name of this tribe is derived from the Latin *convolvo*, from its entwining character. The name *Calystēgia* is formed of two Greek words, signifying *beautiful* and a *covering*, and has been adapted to the plants it distinguishes, in allusion to the office of the bracteas before referred to.

Most of the European names are synonymous with our bindweed and withiwinde.

PERIWINKLE.

Vīnca.

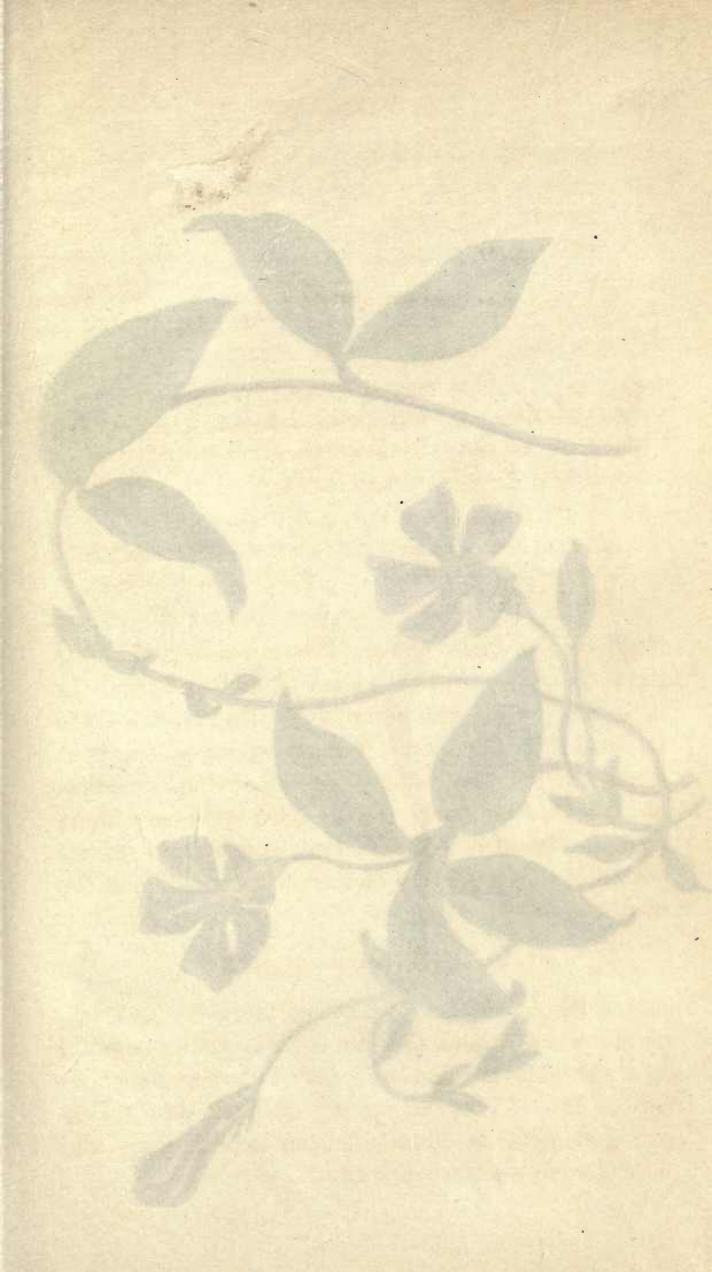
Welsh, Llys y cyrph, Erllysg eleiaf.—*French*, Pervenche.—*German*, Sinngrün, Wintergrün.—*Italian*, Pervinca, Fior di morto, Vitalba.—*Spanish*, Caracol marino.—*Portuguese*, Congossa.—*Danish*, Singrön.—*Illyric*, Kârvinjak, Zimozelen.

LINNÆAN.	NATURAL.
Pentandria.	*Apocynaceæ.*
Monogynia.	

THIS bright little flower (*Vīnca minor*), with its dark, glossy, evergreen leaves—which procured for it, in olden time, the name of "little laurel"—is to be found in April and May, with its procumbent stems creeping over shady banks and bushy nooks; or is, more frequently, seen in gardens, where, apart from its beauty, and the long continuance of its period of flowering, the fact of its flourishing, in the words of Wordsworth,—

"Like carpet of Damascus loom,"

under the shade and "drip" of trees—or in dark, dank corners where the sun seldom shines—makes it a valuable acquisition. Rahel thus prettily describes it:—"Vergrüngen wo ist auch das? Vergrüngen stezt in Blumenkelcher und kommt alle jahr allemal als Geruch herauf."



PERIWINKLE.

Vinca.

Welsh, Llys y cyrph, Erllyg eleiaf.—*French*, Pervenche.—*German*, Sinngrün, Wintergrün.—*Italian*, Pervinca, Fior di morto, Vitalba.—*Spanish*, Chrasol marino.—*Portuguese*, Congossa.—*Danish*, Sinngrün.—*Illyric*, Kürvinjak, Zimozelen.

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LESSER PERIWINKLE Vinca minor.

B

London: Published by John Van Voorst 1858

As in all plants of the family of the *Apocynaceæ* (the *Contortæ* of Linnæus) the segments of the corolla are slightly twisted, that is, they do not stand at right angles from their centre—a circumstance which may account for the confusion existing amongst the old herbalists with regard to the plant called St. Catherine's wheel. The names, in fact, applied indifferently to various members of this family; the greater part of whose members are poisonous, though it numbers several which are valuable astringent medicines, while a few yield edible fruits, and others present an entire contrast to their congeners in the character of their juices, which instead of being virulently acrid, are soft and bland. One instance of this may be pointed out in the celebrated *Hya-hya*, the cow-tree of Demarara (*Tabernæmontāna ūtilis*), the juice of which is used as a substitute for milk. The vincas are acrid, and so astringent that they have been successfully employed in tanning; while amongst the French peasantry they are extensively used, in the form of poultices for contusions and swellings. Gerarde tells us that the juice expressed when the leaves are "stamped," and mixed with "red wine," never fails to stop the spitting of blood; and Culpepper mentions the same property; and, after dwelling at length on their "physical" qualities, declares that "the leaves eaten together by man and wife causeth love between them;" an opinion thus expressed by the "Stockholm MS.":—

"Zif [if] wyf et husbande it drynke et mete
Et vsyn oftyn et not forgete; [forget]

What discorde be'twen hem [them] be
It schall hem brynge to vnyte
And don hem lowȳ [loving] togedir weell
As euer dedion yei [did they] in ony scell [cell]."

This quality we may imagine the plant to have derived from its own happy habit, to which we have before alluded, of decking with its bright little blossoms the very darkest, roughest, and least sunless of spots, just as tender and gentle words, or kindly looks fall, sunlike, on the heart, be it never so stern and sad. A friend of mine, however, who has seen a most serious case of long continued ulceration of the mouth produced by the gardener's habit of holding the pruning-knife between the lips during the intervals of its use, while trimming a periwinkle bank, suggests that in the case alluded to, the desired and desirable "unity" would rather have proceeded from the death of the couple who ate the leaves together.

The medicinal properties of the plant, together with its description, are thus further given in the above-named MS.;—

"Pariwynke is an erbe grene of colour,
In tyme of May he beryth blo [blue] flowr
Hys stalkys arn so feynt [feeble] et feye [weak]
Yt neuer more growyth he heye;
On ye grownde he renyth, et growe
As doth ye erbe yt nyth [night] tuhowe,*
Ye lefe is thicke, schinede [shining] et styf
As is ye grene jivy leef,
Renche brod et nerhand rownde
[Running abroad and wandering round ?]
Men call it the jivy of the grownde.

* Tunhoof, ground-ivy (*Glēchoma hederācea.*)

[Anoyer erbe is callyd soo
Yt he cally tuhoo]
Zif it be gaderid in May sel
And dryed, et mad to powdyr wel,
And wermys, twey anglys,* be name
Mad to powdyr et meukte [mixed] i same,
Zif wyf et husbonde," &c.
* * * *
Take of ye powdyr a lytyl also
And do a lytyle bren [burn] yer to
And in a fysch pond late it caste,
Ye fysches schwln [shall] deyin iche on i host.
To a nettis [nedr, adder] mowth yif yis powdyr be done
It schall to brestyn [bursting] sone anon,
Yis is soth [soothe] et perwyd [proved] thynge
Of oure elders not owte lesinge.
Yet wyl peruenke done meche more,
Yow man blede of wondys sore,
It wyll dryen ye blod wondirly
And staunche ye blod redely ;
Lete hym take lewys tweyne
And helden hym be twin hys leth I seye,
Where so he blede et in what place
Ye blod schall stawnchy throw Goddes grace ;
Yis have I seyn perwyd wt. owty fable
And yer for sertys I helde it stable."

And then prescribes this "medycine for blood."

"Take perwyke, et holde it in zin
Mowth ye whyle yt men
Letyn ye blod et ye schall comej owte al
Ye wonde.
A man yt wyll han helpe at nede,
And see a ma makyl at his nose blede,
Take hy peruenk, a gres [herb] wel cowthe [known]
And hold atwyx his teth i hys mowthe.
In all yt tyme yt it be yere
He ne schal blede no drope more."

* "Kinde of wurme." Note to MS.

In France the periwinkle is considered the emblem of purity, and in Béarn and the Western Pyrenees, it was formerly the custom to place a spray of it in the bridal coronal. The name periwinkle is evidently the same as pervenche, or pervinca; but there has been a question respecting the origin of *vinca*. It has been thought by some to have been derived from its power of resisting the effects of weather; "Vinca pervinca, quia vereat semper, acresque injurias vincat et pervincat."* Others, again, are of opinion that the name *vinca* has been given to it from the circumstance of its being used to *bind* or *wreathe* the bodies of the dead; a custom which is still observed in some parts of Italy, where it is called *fior di morto*, and which would seem to be indicated in the Welsh name *llys y cyrph*, "the plant of the dead." I am not, however, aware that it is, at the present day, more used than any other flower for funereal purposes; while the other name it bears, *erllys geleiaf*, signifies a small rod, or branch, which pushes forward in allusion to the speedy and trailing growth of the plant.

Chaucer celebrates the flower in the following passage:—

> "There sprang the violet alle newe,
> And fresh pervinke, rich of hewe,
> And flouris yellow, white and rede;
> Such plente grew there, nor in the mede
> There lack'd no floure to my dome,
> Ne not so moche as floure of brome,
> Ne violet, ne eke pervinke,
> Ne flowre more than man can on thinke."

* Vossius.

The periwinkle is a plant very extensively distributed over the world, and was found by Monro to ascend almost to the snow-line upon Mount Lebanon. Great Britain has one periwinkle of upright growth, namely, the *V. major*, which abounds in our hedgerows, whose stems though weak and requiring support, can scarcely be called trailing; the other (the *V. minor*), of which I have given an engraving, may possibly be indigenous, though more probably it is introduced from abroad.

The Germans say, that if garlands of the *sinngrün* be gathered on the eve of St. Matthew, thrown on a flowing stream, and picked up by a maiden who has previously danced in silence about the water, it will ensure to her a "bridal wreath."

WORMWOOD, MUG-WORT, AVEROYNE.

Artemīsia.

Welsh, Chwerwlys (*A. marītima*), Cherwlys ar fôr, Sythflodenog (*A. absīnthium*), C. llwyd.—*Irish*, Bofullan.—*Gaelic*, Liath lus.—*French*, Absynthe, Armoise, Herbe St. Jean, Garderobe.—*German*, Wermuth.—*Italian*, Assenzio.—*Spanish*, Axenjo.—*Illyric*, Pellin, Akscenoz.—*Arabic*, Bytherán (*A. Judāica*), Sheëh (*A. incūlta*), Shaybeh, "grey hairs" or "old man" (*A. arborēscens*), Andther (*A. monosperma*).

LINNÆAN.	NATURAL.
Syngenesia.	*Compositæ.*
Polygamia superflua.	*Corymbiferæ.*
	(Sub-tribe) *Tubifloræ.*
	Artemīsia.

IN the days of King Edward III., when men met in strife to clear their honour through "trial by battle," they pledged their knightly word that they had "nothing to do with witchcraft, nor magic, nor carried any herb or other kind of charm." And so universal, even at a far later date, was the belief in the efficacy of some "herb of power" as a charm, that it is amusing to find the simple and credulous old Gerarde turning philosopher, and sneering at Pliny for saying "that the wayfaring man that hath the herbe (wormwood) tied about him feeleth no wearisomenesse at all, and that he who hath it about him can be hurt by no poysonsome medi-

cines, nor by any wild beast, neither yet by the sun himself," when he himself complacently avows that he thrust sticks into the ground, with other sticks "fastened also crossewais over them," "about the place where cyclamen" grew in his garden, in order to prevent "the danger and inconvenience" to those who came "neere unto it," or had to "stride over it;" giving, at the same time, numberless other proofs of concurrence in the easy belief of his age. This is, moreover, by no means the only occasion on which he expresses his virtuous indignation against "old wives fables, fit only for writers who fill up their pages with lies and frivolous toies!" So much for consistency!

Gerarde, however, highly esteems the herb for more legitimate uses, strongly recommending it for weak stomachs and eyes, loss of appetite, fainting fits, worms, and jaundice. For these complaints, he tells us, it is to be taken internally, ten or twelve spoonsful of the tea, three times a day, as "withstanding putrefactions;" while it is much commended as a poultice or fomentation, as well as for driving away gnats—for which purpose it is much used by Asiatics, being burned in torches. He says it is also of use for "helping them that are strangled with eating of mushroomes or toad-stools," for the "biting of a shrew, or of a sea-dragon," and as an antidote to the "poison of Ixia;"* while the "sea cypress" (*A. maritima*) "cureth such as are splenetic;" and "cattle-going near the sea, and eating it, get fat and lusty." In the

* He supposes this to be the juice of the thistle chamæleon. (?)

East the artemisia is used as a charm against witchcraft; and after certain ceremonies have been duly performed in gathering it, such as plucking it on the fifth day of the fifth moon, it is hung up in doorways for the purpose.

The wormwoods are successfully employed by the peasantry in cases of pulmonary weakness, and even of consumption; and any old woman on the Scottish coast can tell how it happened that the herb was first tried for these complaints. The universally-believed story is, that, in the good old days, a young and lovely girl lay dying of consumption, when her lover, wandering out disconsolately on the silent shore, was attracted by the sound of a gently murmured song, to which, for some time, he paid no attention: until, on turning round the point of a rock, he observed a mermaid sporting in the ebbing waves. Arousing himself from his all-absorbing grief, he soon discovered the burden of her song to be the following words:

> "For why should maidens die,
> When the nettle grows in March,
> And mug-wort in July?"

and naturally obeying the oracular advice, he hastened home to administer an infusion of mug-wort to her in whom his every hope was centred. This done, she fell into a quiet and natural sleep, and, by a continued use of the prescribed remedy, she was ultimately restored to health; from which time, as may be supposed, the injunctions of the benevolent mermaid were implicitly followed in similar cases.

As, in common with all the *corymbīferæ*, the

wormwoods have a bitter and essential oil, which is a valuable aromatic, and stimulant, tonic; yielding a simple and useful remedy for a great variety of common complaints, without leaving any injurious after effects. The flowers of the *Artemīsia Judāica* are often placed about the beds in an Eastern house to drive away bugs, or are burnt to keep off musquitos; and Burton recommends pillows of wormwood in order to procure sleep. Dr. Home, too, gives an instance of a woman who was cured of hysteric fits of many years standing, after assafœtida and other more powerful drugs had entirely failed. The tribe is, however, quite rejected by the London College, though happily retaining its place in rustic medicine.

Among the superstitious it still retains its credit; and an old belief continues to be connected with the circumstance of the dead roots of wormwood being black, and somewhat hard, and remaining for a long period undecayed beneath the living plant. They are then called "wormwood coal;" and if placed under a lover's pillow they are believed to produce a dream of the person he loves.

Pellets made of its down are used, as well as cotton, for the *Moxa* of Eastern Asia, which, being lighted and placed on any part requiring external, or counter, irritation, is suffered slowly to smoulder down until the pellet is consumed.

In Wales and Ireland the wormwoods are, as of old, largely employed, instead of hops, for flavouring beer; and the "purl" for which Dublin and other Irish cities are so celebrated, is also prepared

from it; though the fellows of All Souls' College, Oxford, pride themselves in the belief that this drink is unknown except at that particular abode of learning. They even give to their silver cups the peculiar title of "ox-eyes," and speak distinctively of their favourite beverage as "an ox-eye of wormwood." This drink, with a slice of lemon, and herb of grace, "taken fasting," is put forth as a preventive of plague in a broadsheet of the seventeenth century, which is most profanely entitled, "Lord have mercy upon us." The Germans also prepare a similar beverage, called *Wermuthbier;* and the French liqueur, *eau d'absynthe,* is well known throughout Europe.

We possess four, or perhaps five, wormwoods: one of which, the lavender-leaved (*A. cærulēscens*), is recorded as occurring on the coast near Boston, and also in the Isle of Wight; though, as Sir W. Hooker observes, it is no longer found in either place; another, the common wormwood (*A. absīnthium*), which, from its plentiful growth and the spots it selects for its habitat, is that most usually employed in medicine, abounds in dry waste places about houses and villages; and marks out so definitely the dwellings of man, that in the Pyrenees and other places the spots where shepherds' huts formerly stood are indicated by the occurrence of the plant, though no other trace of them remains. The common mugwort (*A. vulgāris*), also frequents similar places, but may be distinguished by its ranker growth, as it usually attains a height of from three to four feet, or about double that of the *A. absīnthium,* as well

as by its naked receptacle, that of the *A. absīnthium* being distinctly hairy.

The sea-wormwood (*A. marītima vel Gāllica*) (*Willde*) or "garden cypress" is the holy-wormwood, or *semen sanctum* of old herbalists (of which Gerarde observes that it is "sold evriewhere by the apothecaries"), and flourishes abundantly on our sandy shores or salt marshes, where a so-called variety with drooping racemes, may frequently be observed growing on the same root as the original plant.*

The southernwood, "boy's love," "old man," or "old man's beard"—the "grey hairs," or *shaybeh*, of the Arabs (*A. arborēscens*, or *campestris*)—occurs, though sparingly, on the dry sandy heaths of Norfolk and Suffolk, especially in the neighbourhood of Thetford and Bury. I cannot, however, believe it to be a really indigenous plant; though it may be heresy even to hint that either the agency of man, or of the waves, first brought it to our shores. It may, most probably, be ascribed to the former. This pleasant old-fashioned plant is known to everybody, gladdening, as it does, the cottage garden, and forming a prominent feature in the village nosegay. This is the plant of which the "Stockholm MS." says;—

"More of whych, Goddys grace,
Think I to seyn on oyer place; [in another place]
At ye hed will I be gyne
For sicknesse fallyth ofty yer ine [oft-times therein]
Zif man or woman, more or lesse
In his hed haue gret sicknesse

* *See* "Hooker's British Flora."

Or gruiance [grievance] or ony werking,
Awoyne he take wt. owte lettyng, [without delay]
Zt is callyd *sowthernwode* also,
And hony eteys et spurge, [*Euphorbia*] stamp yer to,
And late hy yis drink, fastind drynky
[And let him this drink, fasting drink it]
And his hed werk away schall synkyn [sink].

SAXIFRAGE.

Saxīfraga.

Welsh, Tormaen, Tormaen tribys (*S. tridactylītes*), Clôr y brân (*S. granulāta*).—*Irish*, Gloris.—*French*, Saxifrage.—*German*, Steinbrech.—*Italian*, Sassifraga.—*Spanish*, Saxifraga.—*Illyric*, Dvidac.

LINNÆAN.	NATURAL.
Decandria.	*Saxifrageæ.*
Digynia.	*Saxifraga.*

THE saxifrage, called in Old England, "stone-break-root" from the wonderful manner in which the tender fibres of its rootlets penetrate the most stony and unpromising places, thus finding footing on the barest rocks, is taken from the Latin, and bears a name of the same meaning in Welsh (*Tormaen*), and in several other languages. Its medical uses appear to be either very trifling, or almost undiscovered; and Gerarde only remarks that "it comforteth the stomach," and "helpeth choler;" dismissing the rue-leaved saxifrage, or whitlow-gras (*S. tridactylītes*) the *Tormaen tribys*, or three-fingered saxifrage of the Welsh, with the remark that; "as

RUE-LEAVED SAXIGRAGE.
Saxīfraga tridactylītes.

touching the qualitie hereof we have nothing to set downe, onely it hath been taken to heale the disease of the nailes called a whitlow, whereof it tooke his name, as also *naile-wort.*" But then he adds, triumphantly, that the saxifrages, and especially that which he calls *S. anglicāna*, are much used as rennet "in Cheshire where I was borne, where the best chiese of this lande is made."

The saxifrages of Britain are divided into four different classes. The first, which has the calyx reflexed and inferior, and the flowers in panicles, boasts amongst its numbers the London-pride, justly named "none-so-pretty" (*S. umbrōsa*), or the "St. Patrick's cabbage" of the Irish, the pride of our childish gardens; and the kidney-leaved (*S. gēum*), which occurs on mountains in the south of Ireland. It also includes the hairy (*S. hirsūta*), which though very distinct in its appearance, is most probably a hybrid between the kidney-leaved-saxifrage and the London-pride, which occurs in the gap of Dunloe, in the vicinity of Killarney; and the starry-saxifrage (*S. stellāns*) which abounds by the sides of rocky streamlets in mountainous districts in Scotland, and the north of England and Ireland.

The second division has but one British species, the clustered Alpine (*S. nivālis*), which grows in the rocky mountain clefts of Wales and Ireland. It has its calyx spreading and half superior, and a scape with a spreading head of flowers.

Among those saxifrages which have the calyx partly, or entirely, inferior, the stem leafy, and the leaves undivided, which form the third class, is the

exquisitely beautiful purple mountain-saxifrage (*S. oppositifōlia*), which decks with beauty the higher districts of the Welsh and Highland mountains, as it does the higher Alps, from whence it was imported as a precious garden plant long before it was known to be a native of our own land. This is not an uncommon case. Its beauty caused it to be eagerly sought after; and it is now regularly sold in pots in Covent Garden Market as an early spring flower. The yellow mountain-saxifrage (*S. aizoïdes*) with its bright yellow blossoms, gaily sprinkled with orange dots, also grows in our higher mountain districts at the side of rills, or in other moist situations; but the yellow marsh-saxifrage (*S. hīrculus*) is an exceedingly rare marsh plant; which, though found in the Arctic regions (at least of America), goes no further north in Britain than Berwickshire, yet it abounds in Iceland.

The remaining division of British saxifrages has the calyx spreading, the leaves divided, and the flowering stems erect, and more or less leafy; it contains no fewer than eight species, and some authors have magnified the *varieties* of the mossy-saxifrage (*S. hypnoïdes*) into six additional kinds, each with a specific name of its own. Probably the best known species of this division is the rue-leaved saxifrage already mentioned and figured, which is so familiar to us as mingling with mosses *on the top* of old walls, or on old dry banks, where its minute white blossoms in spring, and even winter, and its brilliantly scarlet leaves in autumn, make it an attractive and interesting object. Of this division the other

species are: 1. the white meadow-saxifrage (*S. granulāta*), the *Clŏr y brân*, crow's earth-nuts or potatoes of the Welsh, so called from the number of small clustered tubers which distinguish its root; 2. the bulbous-saxifrage (*S. cērnua*), which has frequently the peculiarity of bearing no flower, though at other times it has one large white terminal blossom, while it propagates itself by means of clusters of very small bulbs which grow in the axils of the upper leaves, giving, of course, a very distinctive character to the plant; 3. the Alpine rock-saxifrage (*S. rivulāris*), abounding on the Loch na gar, but exceedingly rare on the summits of Ben Nevis and Ben Lawers, which three are its only known British habitats; 4. the tufted Alpine saxifrage (*S. cæspitōsa*), occurring, though very rarely, on the higher mountains of Scotland, Wales, and Ireland; 5. the so-called pedatifid-saxifrage (*S. pedatīfida*), found only near the head of Clova in Angusshire, and there only by the Don, and appearing to be quite a distinct species; 6. the mossy Alpine saxifrage (*S. muscoīdes*), which is very well known in our gardens, and grows in Westmorland, and also in the highlands of Scotland, though Sir W. Hooker seems to think it but a doubtful native; and to these must be added 7. the mossy-saxifrage (*S. hypnoïdes*) with its varieties already alluded to.

The *Chrysosplēniums* are also, though erroneously, called saxifrages in English; and this practice of applying a known name to a different tribe has often led to considerable confusion.

HERB ROBERT, CRANE'S BILL.

Gerānium.

Welsh, Pîg y aran.—*French*, Géranium, Bec de grue.—*German*, Storchschnadel.—*Italian*, Geranio.—*Spanish*, Geranio.—*Illyric*, Babino xilice (*G. molle*), Igliza, Igla, Pastirska (*G. Robertiānum*), Iljca, &c.—*Arabic*, Temáyr (*G. tuberosum*), Murghayt, Gurná.

LINNÆAN.	NATURAL.
Monadelphia.	*Geraniāceæ.*
(*Pentandria.*)	*Gerānium.*
Decandria.	*Erōdium.*
	Pelargōnium.

THE wild geraniums are not to be confounded with the so-called geraniums of our gardens, which, though of the order of the *geraniāceæ*, belong to the sub-division *pelargōnium ;* and it is well known that the five petals both of the geraniums and erodiums are all of the same size, and frequently of aspect also ; while the inferior petals of the pelargoniums are smaller than the other two, and of a different character. These last, which grow in great profusion at the Cape of Good Hope, have been extensively introduced into our gardens, where they are admired for their variety and beauty ; but still our own humble geraniums have a beauty of their own, and when wild in their native localities we bestow on them almost as much admiration as on our

garden favourites. Neither the British nor the African species appear to lay much claim to economic usefulness; and even in Withering's "Arrangement of British Plants"*—that rich repository of the household, or industrial uses of our native-plants—we only find that the family generally "attract a variety of flies;" though one, the (*G. Robertiānum*, is recorded as a "vulnerary and abstergent." Such is the judgment too often passed, without further examination, on many things simply because they are beautiful; and certain it is that if uses be not sought, they will not be found. Very differently did the ancients view the tribe, which, in spite of their attractive charms for the flies, they employed as (what the old translator of Pliny terms) "a singular medicine for the phthysick;" adding, that "it is a rare hearbe,"† being a restorative for those "weakened and decaied in nature by long sicknesse;" while the juice of the root was considered a panacea for all complaints of the ears; and the seeds, mixed with pepper and myrrh, were administered in cases of spinal, or other, cramp. Indeed, in our own days, the crane's bills are successfully given in nervous complaints, and in the form of an infusion, to check hæmorrhages—not, however, on the doctrine of signatures, by which, as Sir John Hill informs us, this power is declared because the dying leaves assume so beautiful a sanguine

* Seventh edition.

† Hollande's "Pliny." The words *singular* and *rare* in the above passages are, of course, not to be read as we now use them, but as applying to the great value of the plant.

hue. In fact, it cannot be supposed that a tribe of plants possessing such marked resinous, aromatic, and astringent qualities, should be simply harmless, or inefficacious. The root of the *G. maculātum*, which is sold under the name of *alum-root*, is a powerful astringent, and is even said to contain more tannin than kino;* and, finally, the tuberous roots, of such species as possess them, are frequently used for food. One of these (the *G. tuberōsum*), grows in the eastern deserts of Egypt, where the Arabs eat its roots. It is called by them temáyr; but is unknown in the valley of the Nile.

So resinous are some species of the geranium, that the stems will burn like torches, yielding an agreeable and refreshing perfume. Several of the true geraniums have blossoms closely resembling those of the mallow, though they are far more beautiful. Amongst these may be mentioned the *Gerānium Sanguīneum*, which grows in such glorious profusion on our Western limestone coasts;† purpling over crag and broken earth-bank; or flourishing amidst the close-cropped herbage of the mountain sheep-walks, with a beauty which—in conjunction with the somewhat mallow-like form of its blossoms—seems to connect it with the Eastern notion, that geraniums were at first simply mallows, until Mohammed, delighted with the fine texture of a shirt made for him of mallow-fibres, turned that plant into the more beautiful geranium.‡ If

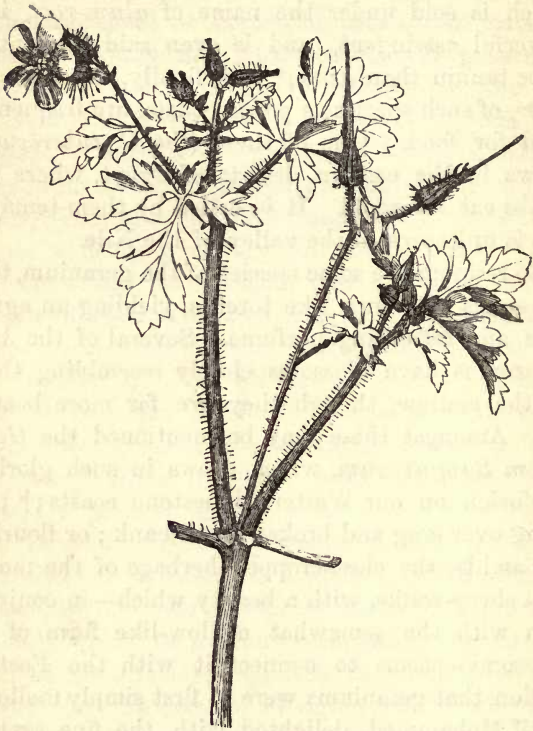
* *See* Balfour's "Manual of Botany." Third edition.

† In other localities it is well known as a garden plant.

‡ This tale is told with variations; some assert that his

so, the change has greatly lessened its useful qualities. This geranium is the only British species whose peduncles are one-flowered.

There are twelve other species in Britain, of which,



HERB ROBERT.—*Gerānium Robertiānum.*

perhaps, the most common is the herb Robert (*G. robertiānum*), whose small bright blossoms deck

shirt was spread to dry on a mallow-plant, and that when taken up the transformation had occurred.

our hedgerows and waste places throughout the greater part of the year. The origin of the English name of this plant is unknown; but it is certainly older far than the date of any botanical professor at Oxford, though generally stated to have been named in honour of one who bore the name of Roberts.

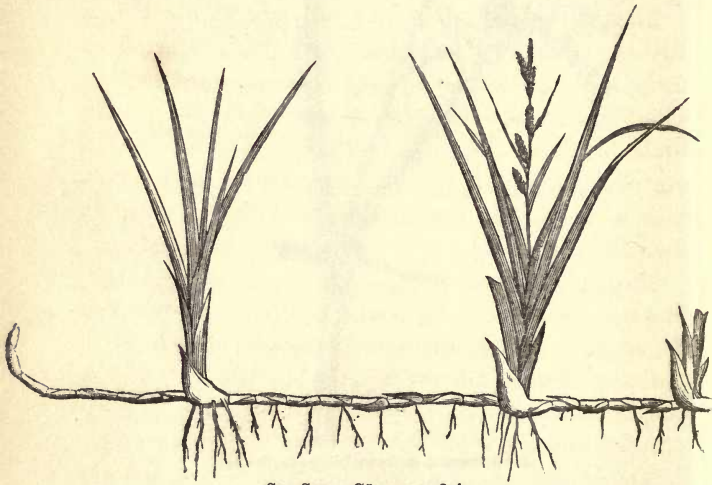
SEDGE, OR SEG.

Cārex.

Welsh, Hesgen. — *German*, Riethgras. — *Italian*, Carice. — *Spanish*, Lirio Espadañal.—*Illyric*, Rogosc.

Linnæan.	Natural.
Triandria.	*Cyperaceæ.*
Monogynia.	*Carex.*

The sea-seg (*Cārex arenāria*), though not quite boasting such extraordinary power as the *arundo*



Sea-Seg.—*Cārex arenāria.*

arenāria, or sea-reed, is not much inferior to it in binding together the loose and restless sands; and, like it, only occurs on the driest and least adhesive *dunes*. It is far less common on our coasts than is desirable, and might with great advantage be

more cultivated on our sand-drifts, where it would form a satisfactory bulwark against their encroachments on valuable lands, at the same time that it would gradually prepare for the growth of a better kind of vegetation; for its root-fibres penetrate into the most shifting sand-hills, while the tenacious root-stalk, or *rhizoma*, binds down its surface as securely as the thatcher binds down the straw upon the rick top. The roots are also used in medicine, being both sudorific and diuretic; and two celebrated physicians, Gleditsch and Sumacher, following the practice of their rustic brethren, found it most useful as an alterative in cutaneous diseases.

The sea-seg is, perhaps, the only one of our thirty British species which has very well-ascertained uses; though the whole of the tribe are most eagerly sought out and eaten by cattle; while the pretty little pendulous-seg (*C sylvātica*), so common in our shady woods, is manufactured by the Laplanders into a coarse but serviceable clothing,—a purpose for which the whole tribe is admirably adapted.

The term "*acuta*" applied to the carex by Virgil, has been supposed to present a difficulty, and even to argue that his carex was rather some kind of rush, or *juncus*, than a sedge; but the form of the leaves confirms, rather than opposes, its claim to that epithet, and the objection seems to be unnecessary.

The Welsh name *hesgen*, perhaps, shews the use of *h* for *s*, as in *hafern* for *Severn*. In this the Welsh and Irish are like Greek and Latin; thus, the Welsh *halen* (salt), is the Irish *salen; hals* (Gr.), is the Latin *sal; helike* (Gr.), is *salix* (Welsh, *helyg*); and *hēlios* (Gr.), is *sol* (Welsh, *haul.*)

PIMPERNEL.

Anagāllis.

Welsh, Gwrryw, Gwlydd Mair.—*Irish*, Ruinn ruish.—*French*, Pimprenelle.—*German*, Pimpernelle.—*Italian*, Pimpinella.—*Spanish*, Pimpinela.—*Illyric*, Kriviçiza, Krikka, Zelenikka, Krupnik, &c.

LINNÆAN.	NATURAL.
Pentandria.	*Primulaceæ.*
Monogynia.	*Anagallis.*

"PRITHEE, bring that tiny scarlet flower,
With eye of lustrous amethyst adorned,
Endued with prescience of the stormy hour;
Meek pimpernel,
Whose closing lids wise shepherd never scorned,
But heeds them well."

And again,

* * "Pimpernel, whose brilliant flower,
Closes against the approaching shower,
Warning the swain to sheltering bower,
From humid air secure."

Or,

"Closed is the pink-eyed pimpernel:
'Twill surely rain!—I see with sorrow
Our jaunt must be put off to-morrow."

All proclaim the familiar fact of the closing and expanding of this little flower, caused by the dryness or humidity of the air, from which it is called the "poor man's weather-glass." And an unfailing one

it is. It grows plentifully in northern as well as southern climates, and the *A. arvēnsis* is a common weed in the valley of the Nile. Its botanical name is the same as the Greek ἀναγαλλις, which some pretend to interpret, *the reviver of the spirits*, in allusion to the medical and magical properties for which it was formerly so highly valued, but which seem now to be doubted. A record of them may, however, be traced in the Welsh *Gwlydd Mair*, "Mary's (the Virgin) gentleness," which refers to her mercy, in bestowing it as a remedy for illness; and in *Gwrryw*, signifying manliness, which alludes to the strength it was supposed to impart against evil spirits.

SCARLET PIMPERNEL.
Anagāllis arvēnsis.

The valuable "Stockholm MS." so often quoted, thus describes the pimpernel family, and details the uses of the little scarlet species figured in the woodcut:—

"Pypnielle a noble gres
Yt pinpernolle callyd is:
Of yis erbe arn spycis [species] iij*

* It is difficult to tell to what plant the writer refers under his description of the first. We have in Britain but

Wel on lyk sawe i quauntyle
[Well (much) alike, save in quantity]
Ye feind on howys wt. lytyl whyth flowris
In gret plente et lytyl honour is.*
Wt smale blo [blue] flowris ye toyer [other] is wylde
Plente in what is growyth in felde [field]
Ye thrydde [third] is best of euerie chon [one]
A wel cowthe [known] erbe of on et on [one and one, for *every one?*]
In somer he beryth a smal reed flour,
Purpur in syth [inside] et in colour;
Hys stalke is flegged fowre square,
And beryth all wey [always] a flowur et is anhare [? preparing]
Al day ageyn [against] vndern et non [——? and noon]
He wyl try spredy et on don [to spread and undo]
And ageyn [against] ye ewene tyde [evening tide]
He lokyth [locketh, *shuts up*] hy self he ewery side [every side],
He growyth be [by] ye erthe lowe,
Ayh euery man wyl hy knowe [will him know],
He hath in hy [him] vertus manye,
Zif he be meynt clene wt. betonye.
Wt thre pater noster in monyth of May
It schulde be gaderyd in sprynge of day.
Yis [this] erbe alono yus [alone thus] gaderyd clene
Mythly he flowyth [? *flooreth!*] ye splene.
Ye man yt beryth it day or nyth,
Wekked spryt of hy [him] schal hau no myth [shall have no might, *power*],
It wt. stant fendys [withstands fiends] power,
And dystroyith weny yt syt hy ner
[And destroys (them) when that (they) sit near him].
Zif it be dronkyn wt. betonye

---

two anagallis plants; and his second species must be the *blue variety* of the *A. arvēnsis;* the bog-pimpernel (*A. tenēlla*) was evidently not recognised by him as of the same family.

* The first species.

Thow qweke wurmys be in ye manye
[Though many living worms be in ye],
Throw yis drynk it schwen out drywe
[Through this drink, it shall them out drive],
Yer [there] schal nozt [not] be lewy on on lywe [left one alive],
Ewene with oyer i porsion all
[Even with other (herbs) in (the) portion all],
He goth to ye merwall
And on euery oyer [other] halwe
He is good to euery salwe [salve],
To euery salwe et to ye syth [sight]
Mekyl vertue et meche of myth."
[Mickle virtue, and much of might].

It was also recommended, in the proportion of twenty grains four times a day, for epilepsy and "melancholia," for which last Pliny and Dioscorides highly commend it. At present its only use seems to be as a pot-herb, and it is also sometimes —more especially on the Continent—eaten as a salad.

Beautiful as is this most familiar flower, the palm of beauty might even be disputed with it by its sister plant, the graceful and delicate bog-pimpernel (*A. tenēlla*), which, however, is of minor importance from its occurring more rarely, and in unfrequented places; and therefore diffusing less of that real and exquisite pleasure created by every beautiful thing which Nature has given us to look upon and admire.

SPURGE, TYTHYMAL.

Euphōrbia.

Welsh, Dalen dda, Flamgoed, Llaeth y cythraul.—*French*, Euphorbe, Épurge, Ésule, Dithymal.—*German*, Milchpflanze, Purgirpflanze, Wolfsmilch.—*Italian and Spanish*, Euforbio.—*Portuguese*, Euphorbio.—*Illyric*, Euforbio, Mljecs, Veliki Mljkaz (*E. charācias*), Kapus (*E. frugīfera*), Tusct divii, Mliger mladi, or mljecserac mali (*E. pēplus*), Bukavaz (*E. spinōsa*).—*Arabic*, Melekeh (*E. pēplus*), Mományeh (*E. retūsa*), &c.

LINNÆAN.	NATURAL.
Dodecandria.	*Euphorbiaceæ.*
Trigynia.	*Euphorbia.*

AMONG the many old names of the spurge, there is one which has, as yet, completely baffled research respecting its origin; it is that of "welcome to our house," so generally applied by the peasantry to the sea-spurge (*E. parālia*). It would be interesting to ascertain it, as the other names are quite at variance — and justly so — with this kindly and pleasant title; so unlike "wolf's milk," "esula," *llaeth y cythraul*, or "devil's milk," tythymal, &c., all given in allusion to its deadly qualities. These qualities make the natives of Kashmir believe that if they dig up the *E. agrāria* out of the ground while standing to leeward of it, serious consequences will ensue from the poisonous vapours

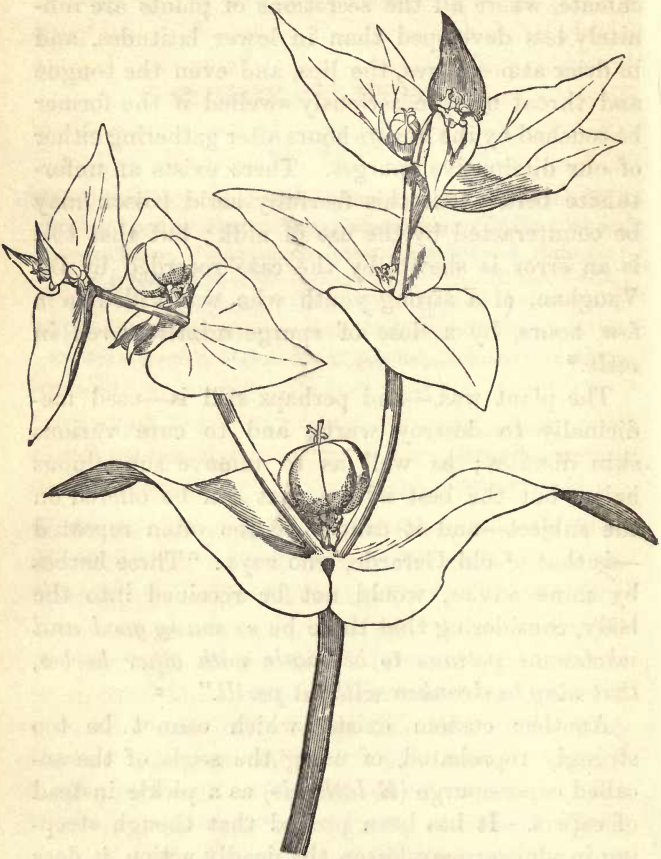
emitted by the root. Nor will this seem so exaggerated a fear, if we recollect that even in our own climate, where all the secretions of plants are infinitely less developed than in lower latitudes, and in drier atmospheres, the lips, and even the tongue and throat may be seriously swelled if the former be touched by the fingers hours after gathering either of our diminutive spurges. There exists an unfortunate belief that this fearfully acrid poison may be counteracted by the use of milk; but that this is an error is shewn by the case recorded by Dr. Vaughan, of a strong youth who was killed in a few hours, by a dose of spurge *administered in milk.**

The plant was,—and perhaps still is—used medicinally to destroy warts, and to cure various skin diseases; as well as to remove superfluous hairs; but the best advice that can be offered on the subject—and it cannot be too often repeated—is that of old Gerarde, who says: "These herbes by mine advise, would not be receiued into the body, considering that there be *so many good and wholesome potions to be made with other herbes, that may be dronken without perill.*"

Another custom exists, which cannot be too strongly reprobated, of using the seeds of the so-called caper-spurge (*E. lāthyris*) as a pickle instead of capers. It has been proved that though steeping in vinegar may lessen the deadly action, it does not destroy it; and serious illnesses have resulted from the use of this pickle instead of capers; or

* *See* Withering's "British Plants."

rather, instead of their proper substitute, where economy is required—nasturtium-seeds.



CAPER-SPURGE.—*Euphŏrbium lăthyris.*

The Abyssinians, like the Britons of old, use the euphorbia to poison fish; which, it is said, may

afterwards be eaten with impunity, though a case is on record (and many more are probably unwritten) in which several persons were destroyed by merely drinking the milk of a goat which had eaten euphorbia; the animal itself, being the last to close the long list of deaths which ensued.

The question whether this plant was the eisule of Shakespeare, has been much discussed; but—though myself inclining to the opinion that it was—I confess it is an intricate one; and *positive* evidence on the subject is too slight to permit of a satisfactory decision. The reader, however, who wishes to examine it, will find much valuable information in the pages of "Notes and Queries."

We have, in Great Britain, fifteen, or, perhaps more truly, thirteen species of the euphorbia; several of which are pretty, though inconspicuous plants. The order to which they belong is a peculiarly distinctive one, representing, as it does, in the old world the grand and varied *cacti* of the new. There are at least twelve species in Egypt, and more than sixteen in Dalmatia.

GENTIAN, FEL-WORT.

Gentiana.

French, Gentiane.—*German*, Enzian.—*Italian*, Genziana.—*Spanish*, Genciana.—*Illyric*, Vladislāvka, Trāva.

LINNÆAN.	NATURAL.
Pentandria.	*Gentianeæ.*
Digynia.	*Gentian.*

COLERIDGE has used, with happy observation, the effect produced by the heaven-like blue of the little gentian amidst the grander components of such Alpine scenery as he describes:—

"Ye ice falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain——
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of Heaven
Beneath the keen full moon? who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? *who with living flowers,*
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?
God! let the torrent, like a shout of nations,
Answer! and let the ice-falls echo, d!
God! sing ye meadow streams with gladsome voice!
Ye pine-groves with your soft and soul-like sounds!
—And they too, have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder God!"

and elsewhere;—

GENTIAN, FEL-WORT.

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French, Gentiane.—*German*, Enzian.—*Italian*, Genziana.—*Spanish*, Genciana.—*Illyric*, Vladislávka, Trāva.

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—And they too, have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder God!"

and elsewhere;—

FIELD GENTIAN. Gentiana campestris.

B

London: Published by John Van Voorst, 1858.

"Ye living flowers that skirt eternal frost;"

—words which are, in the strictest sense, literally true. For in no part of the world does the bright blue gentian smile so brightly as on the verge of the snow-line in our frozen Arctic regions, or, in the chilly Terra del Fuego; where the mountain crest that slept, but yesterday, shrouded in its mantle of snow, feels to-day the glad influence of the gentler spring; where the same ray that dissolves the snow of winter calls into life a thousand blossoms, dwarfed indeed, and nestling closely to the earth in which they so lately rested, yet bright-eyed, and clear-coloured, beyond anything ever witnessed in more favoured climes. There is an inexplicable charm in this

"Spring of the northern land.
It warms not there by slow degrees,
With changeful pulse, and uncertain breeze;
But sudden on the wondering sight
Bursts forth the beam of living light,
And instant verdure springs around,
And magic flowers bedeck the ground."*

And yet, with all the magic of its beauty few of us would exchange for it the less constant spring-tide of our own land;—

"Wie Feld und Au
So blinkend im Thau!
Wie Perlen-schwer
Die Pflanzenumher!
Wie durchs Gebüsch
Die Winde so frisch!

* W. Herbert, in "Hegla."

Wie laut im hellen Sonnenstrahl
Die suissen Vöglein allzumal;" *

when the blossoms, and the tender green leaves come stealing so timidly forth, and the sunshine gladdens the heart, and fills it with that nameless feeling of care-free happiness which the Welsh language expresses by the single word, *moeldesota*, signifying *"to be merry on account of the sunshine."* It is then (to borrow a beautiful expression from the same language) that despite every material cause for depression, we feel *gwynfydedig;* that is, we feel the *world is white to us;* we are happy, we are in a state of beatitude,† sensible of the power of enjoyment—which finds food for itself in that calm appreciation of little things, which after all constitute so great a part of our earthly happiness. And who is there amongst us who would not rather be that governor of Pisa, who employed the guard of soldiers at his command to keep night-watch over the flower-covered jasmine which he considered his greatest treasure, than that haughty Guise whose dislike to the rose was as unconquerable as his human sympathies were narrow.‡

The old English name of fel-wort evidently takes its name from the bitterness of the whole plant; though, with an etymological zeal strongly pervading our ideas, we might, perhaps, be tempted

* Goethe.

† Thus we say *gwyn ei fyd*, "happy is he," that is, "white is the world to him."

‡ *See* page 240.

to derive it from *fel*, a hill;* so peculiarly is the gentian a mountain plant. But, in the words of the poet:—

"Why so far excursive, when at hand?"

For we here have the simpler, and without doubt, the truer signification. Bitterness is the characteristic of the whole plant, and, indeed, of the whole family of the *gentianeæ*—a resinous bitter, highly increased in Arctic and Antarctic climes, which also give so large a size, and so bright a hue to the blossoms of the gentian.† This bitterness points out its valuable tonic properties; and we are not surprised to find that not only is the gentian an antiseptic, arresting animal decay, but also that it is a tonic of very valuable quality; as it does not, like many others, act (except in certain combinations) as an astringent. It is one of the most successful medicines used by our rustic practitioners; and one of those which has, probably, done less harm than many others.‡ A very favourite form in which it is administered by the English peasantry is as an ingredient in the so-called Stockton bitter, in which this plant, and the root of the sweet-flag (*Acōris cālamis*), play the principal part. It is, however, almost needless to say, that a simple infusion of the plant, whether dried or fresh-gathered

* As in *Hells-nab-fel*, and other mountains in Northern Britain.

† This is the case with the secretions of all plants of very high latitudes.

‡ *See* Centaury, page 286.

from the fields, is at once far more efficacious and far safer.

Two well-known preparations of the gentian are exported from the Himalaya Mountains. These are yielded by the same plant, the *G. kurroa;* the root being sold under the name of *kurroa*, and the dried leaves under that of *cheretta.*

Foremost in the list of beauty displayed by our English gentians must stand the glorious azure-lipped gentianella (*G. acaūlis*), so well known in our gardens, but whose claims to be indigenous rest on a somewhat dubious footing. Such, at least, is the general opinion on the subject; but I think that if it be candidly and carefully examined, the claim will be found to hold good. Or, if it be not admitted, a very large proportion of plants must be expunged from our Floras.

Scarcely less beautiful, and, if possible, even brighter, is the exquisite little snow-gentian (*G. nivālis*), which compensates, by the dense and moss-like tufts of its blossoms, for its inferiority in point of size to the gentianella. It grows, as its name implies, on our loftiest mountain ranges, as Ben Lawers, and Snowdon, but is far better known as a native of the Alps and Pyrenees, than of our land. This is the plant described in the lines already quoted.

Our remaining blue gentian is the marsh-gentian, or, the so-called, Calathian violet (*G. pneumonānthe*), which is quite different in character from the others. Its flower-stalks grow to a height of six, ten, or even fourteen inches, and are branched, and spiked

with many blossoms, faintly, *very faintly*, reminding us of some of the species of *campanula*, though a certain rigidity in the outline, the *twisted* and somewhat spiral markings of its many foldings, and the beautiful green tinting displayed on the exterior of its throat, serve to distinguish it, even at a distance. Unlike the two last-named species, the marsh-gentian is found in many accessible localities, abounding in certain districts in moist meadow land; as, for instance, in Norfolk, Lancashire, Cheshire, &c.

Our other gentians, of which one is given in the accompanying engraving, are purple; and, though beautiful little plants, have not that brilliancy of hue which gives so glorious an effect to those before mentioned. They are the little field-gentian (*G. campēstris*), which occurs sparingly on mountainous pastures in Western Britain, and which is, at first sight, with difficulty distinguished from the autumnal gentian (*G. amarēlla*), though a difference, well-defined and constant, is presented in the form of the calyx, which, in the *G. amarēlla, has its segments equal*, while the *G. campēstris* has the two outer segments, which are flat and upright, twice as broad as those between them. The *G. amarēlla* loves calcareous soils; and both these plants frequently exhibit flowers which are more or less double; a sort of deformity produced where the plants have been grazed down by sheep, or other animals.

RIB-WORT OR PLANTAIN, PLANTEN, WAY-BREDE, WAYFRON, WAYBORN, OR WAY-BRET.

Plantāgo.

Welsh, (*P. major*) Llyriad or Erllyriad, Sawdl Christ, Henllydan y fordd, Llyriad mwyaf (*P. marītima*), Bara can y defaid, Llys y defaid, Sampier y ddafaid, Gwerog mân y don.—*Gaelic*, Geuan phàdruic, Slan-lus —*French*, Plantain. *German*, Wegetritt, Paradies feige.—*Italian*, Piantagine.—*Spanish*, Plantano.—*Illyric*, Bókvica, Hàskvica, Bòkva-podvònja.—*Arabic*, Lissán-el-Hámal, Lógmet e' nága, Khanánt e' nága.

LINNÆAN.	NATURAL.
Tetrandria.	*Plantagineæ.*
Monogynia.	*Plantago.*

THE Rev. Mr. Talbot, as pointed out in the "Botany of the Eastern Borders," is certainly mistaken when he reads the old English name of this plant as way-*bread*, instead of way-*bred*; and another writer, following him, actually proposes it to the wayfarer as the "staff of life." "Merrily," he says, when alluding to the pleasant old English names of our wild flowers, "merrily might the traveller wend on his way when there was the little speedwell to cheer him, *waybread to support him*, gold of pleasure to enrich him, traveller's joy to welcome* him." Its signification is nothing more than that of "way-

* *See* "Notes and Queries," vol. vi., p. 503.

born," bred by the way-side; and it is ridiculous to bring the German name in support of the error, as although in some illegible old MS. the second initial consonants in way-*tread* and way-*bread*, might be easily confounded, such a mistake between the German *tritt*, tread, and *brod*, bread, is by no means so likely to have arisen. A similar meaning is expressed in the Welsh names *Llyriad erllyriad*, "creeping or overspreading, follower;" *Llyriad sawdl Christ*, "follower of the heel of Christ," and *Henllydan y fordd*, "old broad of the road." So universal is the dissemination of the plant wherever Northern nations make their home, and so perseveringly does it follow their path, that the American Indians have poetically named it "footstep of the white;" and its prevalence is, I believe, no less remarkable in the "settled districts" of Australia and New Zealand. Richardson derives the name of plantain, *plantāgo*, from the resemblance of the form of the leaf (of at least one species, the *P. mājor*) to the sole of the human foot; but I rather incline to the more general opinion, that this also relates to the way-side growth of the tribe, which seems to love situations trodden by the foot of man, humbly offering to the passer-by its leaves as a salve

COMMON PLANTAIN.
Plantāgo mājor.

for any bruises, burns, cuts, or sores, he may have received in the course of his travel. Hence the Gaelic name of *slan-lus*, or "healing-plant."

COMMON PLANTAIN. *Plantāgo māyor.*

The *P. lanceolāta*, which is astringent and slightly bitter, and esteemed by Dioscorides as a specific in many diseases, is, I believe, the only one of our British species whose seeds are covered with a mucilaginous coating, which causes it to be sometimes used by manufacturers for stiffening the finer kind of linen. It abounds to an unfortunate extent in our pastures; but may be employed for making paper—which now requires some new supply of materials for its manufacture — its leaves also yield a strong and serviceable fibre, as is apparent on their being broken.

The *P. marītima* is a most invaluable plant, especially for sheep; on which account probably, it is called in Welsh, *bara cân y dafaid, i.e.*, "white bread of the sheep;" *Llys y dafaid*, "sheep's herb;" *sampier ddafaid*, "sheep's samphire;" *gwerog*, "the suet producing;" from the extraordinary improvement seen in sheep and cattle when pastured on this plant. It is remarkable that the Arabic name of the *P. major*, *lissán el hámal* "the sheep's tongue" has a similar meaning; and the *P. albicans* is called in Arabic *lokmet* or *lógmet e'nága*, "the ewe's morsel. The names of *Llyriad mwyaf*, "tender or emollient creeper," and *mán y don*, or "dwarf overspreader," are also given it in Welsh.

The remaining British species are the hoary-plantain (*P. mēdia*) which occurs abundantly in England, but more rarely in Scotland; and the buck's-horn-plantain (*P. coronōpis*) which flourishes in gravelly and sterile soils, where, not unfrequently, little else will grow.

POPPY, JOAN SILVERPIN.

Papāver.

Welsh, Drewg, Drewlys (*P. rhœas*), Cryn-ben-llyfn, Llygad y cythraul.—*Anglo-Saxon*, Papig.—*French*, Pavot, Coquelicot.—*German*, Mohn.—*Italian*, Papavero, Fico del inferno.—*Spanish*, Adormidera, Amapola.—*Arabic*, Aboo-l'-nôm.—*Illyric*, Mak, Trava.

LINNÆAN.	NATURAL.
Polyandria.	*Papaveraceæ.*
Monogynia.	*Papaver.*

SOUTHEY, in his "Doctor," tells us of the apt deceptions practised by the cooks of old, ere Soyer, Ude, or other such *chefs* of scientific merit, enlightened the civilized world in the refinements of their art, and abolished from our cookery books mystifications as simple and innocent as "rabbits surprised," and other metamorphoses of a like nature,* where, though the dish bore the name, the eater was the victim for whom the surprise was intended.

* It is amusing to observe how, in old cookery books, every exertion was directed to the endeavour to make the edible look like something wholly different in nature and taste; creams and fruit appearing under the guise of bacon and eggs, &c. These dishes were designated so and so *surprised.* We are content at present with disguising the substance of the dish we cook.

The same writer also tells us that "once upon a time" a somewhat exacting king of Bithynia being on an expedition against the Scythians, and therefore far away from the sea, and being, moreover, frozen up in the winter time, demanded for his dinner a certain small and unattainable fish called *aphy*. Now kings of Bithynia were not to be trifled with; aphys were not to be obtained; and, therefore, his cook, cutting out mock fish from the root of a turnip, and duly frying and salting them, powdered them well with the "grains of a dozen black poppies," and so completely deceived his Bithynic majesty, that he declared the "fish" to be unusually good.

Lord Bacon derives from the poppy a different use, when he recommends the introduction of the poppy-head into the food of little babies; and he certainly appears to have more consideration for his own peace and quiet on this occasion than for the health of the poor children. If, too, he gives it the complimentary name of "*benedictum*," it is rather for his own benefit; and nurses have not been behindhand in making the same discovery, when they have recourse to Daffy's Elixir, syrup of poppies, and other preparations of a similar nature.

Poppies were not always used in a furtive manner for food; as Zuinger informs us that the white-poppy (*P. somniferum*)—meaning probably their heads—was toasted, and eaten with honey;* an accompaniment which modern opium-eaters have probably not attempted. The Persians mix poppy-heads with their wine; and Ronsard talks of eating poppies in

* "Theatrum Humanæ Vitæ."

a salad; but this last was probably for a medicinal purpose, as he complains that even this gave him no sleep.

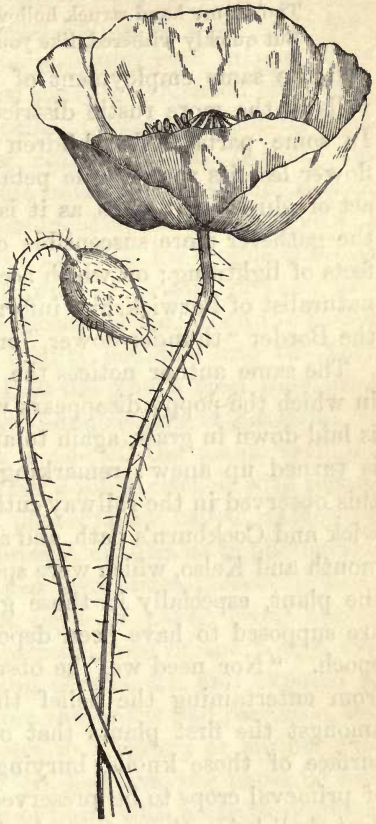
It would be superfluous to refer to the medicinal properties of the poppy, which are already so well, and often too well, known in their first effects, though not sufficiently contemplated in their fearful after consequences.

In modern mythology the poppy is dedicated to St. Margaret of Antioch, for—

* * "Poppies a sanguine mantle spread
For the blood of the dragon St. Margaret shed;"

or, as others say, on account of their being, from their sanguine colour, emblematic of martyrdom in general. More anciently they were sacred to Ceres; doubtless from their constant occurrence in the place in which, of all others, they look most beautiful, namely, amid the golden corn, where they stand in glorious contrast with the celestial blue of the corn-flower. This is, of course, the common and brilliant *P. rhœas*, with the petals of which the delicate tapestry-bee (*Apis papaveris*) drapes her cell, and of which William Turner, writing in 1551, says; "This kind is callid in English corn-rose, or red corn-rose, with us it growith moche amonge the rye and barley;" adding, "it is called *Papāver errāticum* in Latin—in Greek *rhœas*—because the flowre fallith awaie hastilie." "Nature, methinks," says Hooke, "does seem to hint some very notable virtue or excellency in this plant, from the curiosity it has bestowed on it. First, in its flower; it is

of the very highest scarlet dye, which is indeed the prime and chiefest colour, and has been in all ages of the world the most highly esteemed; next, it has as much curiosity shewed also in the husk or case of the seed, as any one plant I have yet met withall; thirdly, the very seed themselves the microscope discovers to be very curiously shaped bodies; and lastly, Nature has taken such abundant care for the propagation of it, that one single seed grown into a plant is capable of bringing some hundred thousands of seeds."*



COMMON SCARLET-POPPY, CORN-POPPY, CORN-ROSE. *Papāver rhœas.*

Theocritus alludes to the use of red-poppies as love-charms:—

* "Mirographia." Linnæus says that 30,000 seeds have been counted in the head of a single red-poppy.

"By a prophetic poppy-leaf I found
Your changed affection, for it gave no sound
Tho' in my hand struck hollow as it lay,
But quickly withered, like your love, away;"

and the same employment of the flower still prevails in the more rustic districts of our own land. In some parts little children fear to gather the flower lest its very fragile petals should fall in the act of plucking it, thus, as it is believed, rendering the gatherer more susceptible of the dangerous effects of lightning; on which account, as the veteran naturalist of Berwickshire informs us, it is called on the Border "thunder-flower," or "lightnings."

The same author notices the remarkable manner in which the poppy disappears when ploughed land is laid down in grass, again to appear when the soil is turned up anew; remarking on an example of this observed in the railway cuttings* between Berwick and Cockburn's path, and also between Tweedmouth and Kelso, which were speedily covered with the plant, especially in those gravel knolls which are supposed to have been deposited in the glacial epoch. "Nor need we," he observes, "be hindered from entertaining the belief that the poppy was amongst the first plants that occupied the naked surface of those knolls, burying therein the seeds of primeval crops to be preserved intact until accident shall bring them up, and within the influences of vivifying agents."†

* These railway cuttings furnish considerations which botanists would do well to study; their earliest vegetation having frequently a very distinctive character.

† *See* "Botany of the Eastern Borders."

I must, however, enter a protest against his inference, when, in connection with this fact of their primeval burial in those knolls, he goes on to say; "there is a far distant antiquity *even* in one of its provincial names. In the neighbourhood of Gorden I heard this weed called *Cockeno*—evidently from *Coch*, the Celtic for *red*." Antique indeed, and Celtic too, this name must be, like the French *Coquelicot;* yet the staunchest Celtic philologer will scarcely indulge in the idea that his tongue afforded names to the wild flowers of Britain in the "primeval"* days of the glacial period, when the frozen ocean launched its mighty boulders into the very heart of our land. Had the knolls been sepulchral tumuli we might have admitted the connection.

The scarlet-poppy is one of the plants included in the discoveries of Sir John Herschell with regard to that branch of photography called *anthotype*, which, by a simple process, enables us to photograph certain flowers in their own juices, preserving their natural colours. A piece of paper being evenly coated with the expressed juice of the poppy, violet, stock, rose, young cereals, &c., and exposed to light, will quickly lose the tint it had received; and the same thing occurs to a watery or alcoholic infusion of the plant. If, however, the paper be submitted to the action of light, with a carefully spread flower or other object upon it, the surrounding parts only will blanch, and a perfect coloured representation of the object will remain. This blanching is to be traced to the demonstrated fact that the *vital*

* The word is that of Dr. G. Johnston himself.

principle of vegetation prevents those changes of colour which immediately take place when that influence is destroyed. Unfortunately there is as yet, I believe, no discovered mode of *fixing* the representations so obtained, which, in their turn, fade away on the admission of light; but doubtless the progress of science will ere long remedy this deficiency.

The yellow horned-poppy (*P. glāūcum*, or *Glāūcium lutea*) of our sandy shores—so named from the protrusion of its long and horn-like pistil—abounds also on the shores of middle and southern Europe, and on those of Virginia and Carolina, thus shewing a very marked lateral zone of geographical distribution. It is the "squabs" of the Portland islanders.

These horned-poppies however, of which we possess, in addition to the above, the following species: the scarlet horned-poppy (*Glāūcium Phœnīceum*), and the violet horned-poppy (*G. violāceum*), are no longer considered genuine poppies, being separated into a group termed *Glaucium;* in the same manner as the following species is now recognised as belonging to the genus *Meconōpsis.*

The Welsh poppy (*Papāver*, or *Meconōpsis Cāmbricum*) is so named on account of its occurring more abundantly in the Principality than in any observed part of the world. It occurs, however, in tolerable quantity on the Pyrenees, the French Alps, and also on the river Jenisen in Russia; while in England it is found at Cheddar, and near Kendal; as also in some parts of Ireland.

The true poppies of Britain are: 1. the *P. Rhœas*, already alluded to; 2. the long prickly-headed-poppy (*P. argemōne*), which frequents similar situations, and is distinguished by the *narrowness* of its petals; 3. the rough round-headed *P. hȳbridum*, which occurs, though sparingly, in the chalky or sandy fields of Norfolk, Durham, Cornwall, Essex, and Kent; as well as about Ormeshead in Ireland; 4. the long smooth-headed *P. dūbium*, which we know by its much paler hue; and 5. the white, or opium-poppy (*P. somnīferum*), which we cannot consider to be really an indigenous plant, as it is only found in the neighbourhood of districts where it has at some time been cultivated.

I must beg to dissent from those writers who tell us that the name *papāver* (whence our poppy), is applied to this plant "because it is administered with pap (*papa*, in Celtic), to induce sleep," though I am not in the satisfactory position of being able to offer a better etymology. This, however, does not necessarily compel me to rest satisfied with a false one.

The Arabs justly term this plant *aboo-'l-nôm*, or the "father of sleep;" but it is quite beyond the limit which I have marked out for myself to enter into the very familiar subject of the produce of opium from the poppy. William Coles, in his "Adam and Eve, or the Paradise of Plants," affirms that, according to the "doctrine of signatures," a decoction of the poppy is good for all diseases of the head, "as their crowns somewhat represent the head and brain" of man.

THE IRIS, FLAG.

Iris.

Welsh, Gladdon, Gladwyn, Camminiad, Llys hychgryg y glosia. —*French*, Fleur de lys, or de luce, Flambe aquatique.—*German*, Schwertel, Iris.—*Italian*, Iride.—*Spanish*, Iris. —*Illyric*, Perunika, Bogista, Sabljica, Csmin, Macsinac (*I. Germanica.*)

LINNÆAN.	NATURAL.
Triandria.	*Irideæ.*
Monogynia.	*Iris.*

SPEAKING of coronary herbs, Gwillim says: "But of all others the flower de lis is of most esteem (in heraldry), having been from the first bearing, the charge of a Regall escocheon, originally borne by the French Kings, though tract of time hath made the bearing of them more vulgar: even as purple was in ancient times a wearing only for Princes, which hath now lost that prerogative thro' costome * * * This flower is in Latin called Iris, for that it somewhat resembleth the color of the rainbow. Some of the French confound this with the lily; as he did, who doubting the validity of the Salique law to debarre the females from the crowne of France, would make it sure out of a stronger law; because (forsooth) lilia non laborent neque nent, 'the lilies neither labour nor spin;' which reason excludes as well a *laborious* Hercules as a spinning Omphale." This last idea, however incomprehensible, is by no means so singular as Gwillim

appears to believe, as we have the authority of M. Henri de Thilleville, "Référendaire au Sceau de France,"* for saying that, "*Suivant la plupart des heraldistes, cette devise fait allusion à la loi salique,*" though in what way the supposed allusion is to be explained he does not say. It is usual amongst historians to refer the adoption of this flower as the royal arms of France to St. Louis, the ninth king of that name, who began to reign in the year 1226, but there is evidence to shew that the device was borne by Louis VII., surnamed *Le Jeune,* who began to reign in the year 1137, and was, perhaps, the first to adopt it, as it is generally stated that no shield, seal, or other article impressed with it, as a real *heraldic device,* exists previous to his reign, in which the scientific heraldry of France first commenced; and it is supposed that the first assumption of the device by this monarch dates during the second crusade, which commenced in the year 1145. Nor was it before his time on the royal standard of France. This was, till then, the celebrated oriflamme of St. Denis, with the painted image of St. Martin, the *right* to bear which had been acquired by Philippe I. between the years 1060 and 1108.† Some of the French heralds maintain that the kings of France, until the death of St. Louis, bore the shield, azure irregularly

* "Armorial Historique de la Noblesse de France."

† This oriflamme had been before borne in battle and crusade by the kings of France, but Philippe I. having contracted an obligation to protect the Abbey of St. Denis, in exchange for the right of bearing its oriflamme in battle, legalised, as it

semé, with numberless *fleurs de luce*, or fleurs de lys, like the escutcheon gules of the Vicomtes de Chateaubriand, which was granted to Geoffroy, the fifth baron, by this monarch, after the battle of *La Massoure* in 1250; and that Philippe III., surnamed *Le Hardi*, the successor of St. Louis, or, according to others, a later monarch, perhaps Charles V., reduced them to three, disposing them, as at present borne, *in two and one*. It is, however, well known that three toads were borne as the French device, and disposed in like manner in two and one, long before the arrangement of the fleur de lys was adopted; and they are still borne by Meulan and several other small towns of France. They are said to have continued in use till the reign of Louis IV.; and are supposed by some antiquaries to have been afterwards altered into, or exchanged for, the more comely lilies. The shield of Clovis is, therefore, represented at Inspruck bearing three toads. But the modification of the toads into fleurs de lys is highly improbable, as the latter, or at least a similar device, had been long used as an ornament on royal crowns, swords, and other objects; and it is not impossible that the introduction of the fleurs de lys *semées* may date from the time of the new dynasty of Hugues Capet, A.D. 987. In any case they cannot come under the head of *armorial bearings* before these had been brought into use; which is said by some to have been in the reign of Louis VII., in

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were, its adoption as the banner of France. The oriflamme only ceased to be used in the reign of Charles VIII.

the middle of the twelfth century, though generally thought to be much later.

There is a well known figure in the Cathedral of St. Julien (now transferred to the museum) at Mans, said to represent Geoffrey Plantagenet (the father of our Henry II.), who died in 1150, bearing devices on its shield which are supposed to be heraldic; in the mosaics of S. Lorenzo, at Rome, of the time of Pope Honorius III., about 1220, real arms on shields, banners, and housings, having a bend separating two lions passant, are borne by two men on horseback; and the kings of England adopted the three lions in the time of Richard I., or, perhaps, of Henry II. And we have already seen that the present arms of the Chateaubriand family were granted in 1250. There are, therefore, instances of heraldic bearings before the time of our Edward I. (1272–1303), when the first instance of *quartering* is supposed to have occurred; and though those devices said to have been borne by Hugues Capet, and other early personages, were not really heraldic, coats of arms appear to have been hereditary earlier than 1150 in France, and 1170 in England, which are the periods assigned by some authorities for their institution.

It has been supposed that the original device from which the *fleur de lys* was borrowed was the head of a javelin, halberd, or lance, formed by a centre-piece, or point of iron strengthened by two cross-pieces, which were tied or bound by a ligature, or key-piece, of the same metal;* and it was evidently

* This has been more particularly insisted upon in cases where it is employed, in the thirteenth and fourteenth cen-

the prevailing opinion when Dame Juliana Barnes wrote, that the arms of the King of France "were certainli sende by an Aungell from Heaven, that is to say, iij flowris in maner of swordis in a field of azure, the which certain armys were giuen to the aforesaid King of Fraincee in sygne of euerlasting trowbull, and that he and his successors always with battle and swords should be punished."

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turies, as an architectural finial; and Planché shews that it was employed for the top of the sceptre, or for the sword hilt, from the earliest period of the French monarchy. It was also adopted in England, and elsewhere in Christendom. Selden mentions an extant MS., written under the instructions of King Edgar, on the reformation of monastic manners, and ornamented with a contemporaneous portrait of that monarch, wearing the crown *fleuri;* in which, also, Edward the Confessor is represented on *some* of his coins: that is to say, with the open crown, or bandalet (the *cynebænd*, or royal fillet, of the Saxons, as their *cynehelme* was the helmet encircled by the fillet, which is now represented by the modern crown) surmounted with *fleurs de lys* set at intervals. William the Conqueror, on his great seal, wears a similar crown, with crosses alternating with the *fleurs de lys;* as does Henry I., both upon his seal and his coins: these monarchs did not—like their successors—adopt their emblem in proof, real or fancied, of their claim to sovereignty in France; and, as is justly remarked by Mr. Leake, in his valuable "Notes on Crowns," Edward the Confessor probably selected it (for though given in the above-named drawing of Edgar, it does not appear on Saxon *coins* until the time of this saintly monarch) on account of its still earlier application to the kings of the Bible, as seen in almost every early Saxon drawing illustrative of Scripture narrative. (*See* a MS. in the "Bib. Cottoniana," &c.) The sanctity attached to the flower will easily explain this. The flower itself was formerly called *flos gladioli*, whence our botanical tribe of *gladiolus*, or sword-flower, in allusion to the form of its leaves.

Others, again, incline to the belief that the flower was the original device; and it certainly is difficult to suppose that the name originated in that of the king who adopted it, or that the *fleur de Louis*, or *fleur de St. Louis*, as it was sometimes written, was gradually corrupted into *fleur de luce*, and thence into *fleur de lys*. Indeed, the love of punning devices,* and of play upon words, common in those days, is more likely to have discovered a resemblance between the name of the flower and that of the king, *after* it had been employed as a device, than to have led to its adoption. Nor is there any proof of its having been first adopted by a Louis. The device is very unlike the real flower; and it has, therefore, been conjectured that it was derived from some other object, the form of which had obtained for it a particular respect, in consequence of its being considered a proper symbol of the Trinity. At the same time we must admit that the conventional mode of drawing in those days may have so represented the lily.

This plant was considered peculiarly sacred to the Virgin Mary, as shewn in the pleasant and suggestive

* *See* above, "Broom" and "Thistle." In the same spirit is the old representation of the Dominican friars under the form of dogs—Domini canes—which protect the flock and kill the wolves; and they are thus figured by Simone Memmi in the chapter house of S. Maria Novella, at Florence. A dog is sculptured, among the figures in the porch of the Duomo of Verona, habited in a white dress with a cowl, and bearing an open book, in which is written A. B. Porcell. But this, probably, refers to some individual. I believe it to be of the twelfth century.

old tale of the knight, who, as noble and zealous as he was ignorant and untaught, became from conviction, a monk; and being too advanced in age to acquire the "book learning" not imparted to him in his earlier days, could never repeat more than two words of a single prayer. These were *Ave Maria*, and with these he constantly addressed his prayer to Heaven. Night and day the prayer ceased not until the good knight died, and lay buried in the chapel yard of the convent, when the acceptance of his brief, but earnest, prayer was shewn by a plant of *fleur de lys*, which springing up on his grave, and blossoming, displayed in every flower the words *Ave Maria* shining as golden letters. The sight of this induced the monks, who had formerly despised him on account of his ignorance, to open the grave which had produced so great a miracle; when they found that the root of the plant rested on the lips of the pious old soldier who lay mouldering there.*

Some writers again assert that France adopted this device in honour of her noblest son, Bertrand du Guesclin; but the date of this brave Breton at once contradicts it, although the mistake *may* have arisen from his monarch Charles V., having during his lifetime re-arranged the shield, as before stated.†

Reconsidering, then, the various opinions to which I have referred, the reasonable conclusion is: 1. That the *fleur de lys* was a conventional symbol used long before it entered into the *arms* of France;

* "Golden Legend."

† Du Guesclin died in the year 1380. During the reign of Charles V. considerable attention was paid to the subject of

2. That it was commonly employed in that country as an ornament more than two centuries before the reign of Louis IX.; 3. That already in the year 1125 the banner of France was "*semée de fleurs de lys,*" and that various objects had on them the same emblems of indefinite number; and that these were reduced to three in the reign of Philippe III., or even later.

In confirmation of the two former it will be sufficient to direct attention to the fact of their appearing on the crown of Edward the Confessor, and of their being one of the devices throughout the border of the Bayeux tapestry. The triple leaf also occurs on the crown of Charlemagne, in a Latin MS. of the ninth century; and this was commonly attached to royal crowns at those periods.

It is scarcely necessary to observe that devices were represented on shields ages before they were used heraldically; and this custom is sufficiently shewn to have been universal also among the ancient Greeks, by the authority of classical writers, and more particularly by the subjects of their painted vases. Certain districts of Greece had also their peculiar emblems. Even the round shields of the Mexicans bore similar devices.

The *fleur de lys* was first used on the mariner's

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heraldry; and at that period women began to bear arms in an heraldic point of view, which had previously been confined to the suit of armour worn by their husbands. They now wore robes—embroidered on the right side with the arms of their husbands, and on the left with those of their fathers.

compass to symbolise the north by its reputed inventor, Flavio Gioia, of Amalfi, in the year 1302, who thus intended to pay a delicate compliment to the French descent of the then King of Naples.

Iris, the ancient name of the plant, preserved in modern botany, was bestowed by the Greeks, either from the varied and delicately blended hues which the greater part of the tribe present; or, according to others, from the arc-like form given by the reflexed petals, though Pliny says it was from the variety of its colours resembling the rainbow. The flower was called, according to Philinus, "the wolf," from its supposed resemblance to the lips of that animal; and some made it the symbol of a messenger on account of its name of iris.* It was also held in the highest esteem as a medicine: curing coughs, bruises, "evil spleens," convulsions, dropsies and serpent-bites, and, as Gerarde says, "doth mightilie, and vehementlie, draw forth choler." It was even employed as a cosmetic, and still finds favour for this purpose in the eyes of our rustic maidens. But it is to be used with caution, as Gerarde thus refers to its powers; "clene washed, and stamped with a few drops of rose-water, and laid plaisterwise vpon the face of man or woman, it

* By a strange misconception of Plutarch's statement respecting the pupil of the eye, this plant has been said to signify in the hieroglyphical language of ancient Egypt, the *eye of Heaven*. But the eye represented the land of Egypt, according to Plutarch, from the blackness of the soil resembling that of the pupil of the eye, and the eye with a sceptre signified Osiris, his name, according to some, being interpreted "many-eyed."

dothe in two daies, at the most, take awaie the blacknesse and blewnesse of any stroke or bruse; so that if the skinne of the same woman, or any other person, be very tender and delicate, it shall be needful that ye laye a piece of silk, sendalle, or a piece of fine laune between the plaistre and the skinne, for otherwise in such tender bodies it often causeth hete and inflammation." I can but attribute to these qualities the Welsh name of *Llys hychgryg y glosia*, or, rough-blowing herb-of-pain, though the explanation is scarcely satisfactory. *Llys Camminiad* signifies herb of the falcon, or more properly of the peregrine falcon. Withering mentions a case in which the fresh root of the corn-flag (*S. pseudacōrus*) having been given to some swine bitten by a mad dog, they entirely escaped the disease; while some others bitten at the same time, having been kept without it, died with all the symptoms of confirmed hydrophobia. The Romans called it "*consecratrix*," for its being used in purifications, and Pliny mentions certain ceremonies in digging up this plant, which are very similar to those described by him and by Theophrastus in other cases. "Those," he says, "who intend taking up the iris, drench the ground around it some three months before with hydromel, as though a sort of atonement offered to appease the earth; with the point of a sword, too, they trace *three* circles round it, and the moment they gather it, they lift it up towards the heavens." I do not know whether the Dalmatians had the same custom, but if so the Illyric name *Bogisca* may have some connection with it: *Bog* signifying

"God" in the language of the successors of the ancient Illyrians. The iris of that country is said by Pliny to have been the finest in quality, and it was of two varieties; "the best kind being that which causes sneezing when handled."

The *Iris germānica* and *sisyrīnchium* are both natives of Egypt; and the latter grows abundantly in the alluvial plain near the desert, below the Pyramids.

The Hottentots of the Cape have a most poetical, and even touching, mode of reckoning their ages, or the death of those whom they have loved, by the number of times the blossoms of the *oenkje* have opened to the sun. These *oenkjes* are a species of iris, the roots of which they roast in the ashes, using them as an article of food, which bears a close resemblance to potatoes. The word *oenkje* is employed by them, not only as a name for the plant, but also for marking a period of time; the new year commencing when the plant first peeps out of the ground. The signification given to it is similar to that attached to *arista* by Claudian, who uses it for summer.

Britain possesses two native species of the iris, the *I. pseudacōrus*, with yellow blossoms, and the *I. fœtidissima*, with small flowers of a dull vivid purple: for, as Sir J. W. Hooker justly observes,—"It is much to be regretted that our Flora is now encumbered with the *Iris tuberōsa, L.* (E. Bot. Suppl. Ed. Cat.) a native of the Levant and other countries bordering on the Mediterranean, formerly cultivated for its medicinal properties, and a well-

known inhabitant of our gardens." In fact, though this plant constantly *appears* to grow wild, it will be found on further examination to be merely an outcast from cultivated ground.

The common and handsome yellow water-iris, or corn-flag, which is also called the *gladun*, or sword-grass, from an Anglicised form of the Welsh names, *gladdon* or *gladwyn*, affords an excellent black dye, and is sometimes employed in making ink; as well as for the cure of tooth-ache, and all such other medicinal purposes as I have before referred to; while the roasted roots form an excellent and wholesome substitute for coffee.

This name *gladun* agrees well with the fact of the iris having been sometimes called, in ancient times, *gladiolus*, from its resembling a sword, like the plant of that name. The strong smell of the iris is mentioned by Theophrastus and other ancient writers, and Pliny tells us that its root was extensively employed in perfumery as well as in medicine. The roots of the Florentine iris, which are known to us as orris-root, have a very agreeable odour, very different from our *Iris fœtidissima;* the smell of whose leaves when crushed, is most offensive, though compared by the peasantry to that of roast beef; hence its common English name of "roast-beef plant." The juice of its root is sometimes used to excite sneezing* for the relief of headache; but it is a practice which cannot be too strongly condemned, as the most violent convulsions have been known to ensue from it. The plant is very common

* This, which is mentioned by Pliny, is too hastily denied by Fée.

in the south-west districts of England, especially in Devonshire, and presents a very gay appearance in autumn, when its capsules open and display the bright masses of scarlet seeds they enclose. So persistent are these that the plant frequently remains decorated with them until the months of March or April ; reminding us, all the long months of winter through, that the happy spring tide—the *neuez amser*, "new time," of the Breton, or *newydd amser* of the Welsh—will assuredly come once more, when these adhering seeds shall quietly leave the plant they have so faithfully adorned, and shall lie quietly down in the earth to germinate once more, and with glad young blossoms deck anew the banks they have adorned so long. From these, as from other things in Nature, true and happy lessons may be learned; and truly happy indeed is the heart that treasures them carefully up: a harvest store for days of care and trial; and so, in the words of Wordsworth:—

"Do you for your own benefit construct
A calendar of flowers, pluckéd as they blow,
Where health abides, and cheerfulness, and grace."

And—

"Bist du krank, verstimmt, erbos't;
Komm' in grünen Auen
Deine Welt zu kauen."*

* Mayer.

APPENDIX.

ON RECEIVING SOME CUTTINGS OF ROSE-TREES FROM YORKSHIRE.

By Miss Jane Williams.

(*See* p. 219.)

In early spring, one Sabbath morn,
Palm Sunday called by fame,
Two bannered hosts, at early dawn,
In rival glory came.

Never till then on English ground
Such numerous hosts had stood,
Led by so many chiefs renowned,
Arrayed for mortal feud.

The cause of rival kings to try,
By force of sword and shield,
Came England's strength and chivalry,
That day to Towton field.

Masked in their sallets, mad with ire,
Brothers on brethren drew,
And many a son laid low his sire,
And sire his offspring slew.

Fierce Clifford, proud Northumberland,
And valiant Dacres stood,
Each with his pole-axe of command,
Imbrued in Yorkist blood.

These desperate leaders, one by one,
'Mid heaps of followers slain,
Gave place to York's emblazoned sun,
On that Pharsalian plain.

The wind, the snow, for Warwick wrought,
In sleet his arrows flew,
Through the long day the armies fought,
Then Henry's host withdrew.

To earth, death wrested then from hate,
Cross-bows and axes fell,
Rich belts and ornamented plate,
And graceful casquetel.

And heaped in many a lofty mound,
By pitying victors then,
That battle-field gave burial ground
To forty thousand men;

And on those mounds the Roses twain
Of civil strife, were set,
To mark the parties of the slain,
With symbols of regret.

Almost four centuries have fled
Since that disastrous day,
Each proud Plantagenet is dead,
Their race has passed away.

Scarce can the characters be read
Which edge Lord Dacre's tomb,
Yet still the roses, White and Red,
On Towton's ridges bloom.

And thence a wandering Cymo's hand
These tiny cuttings sent,
Which may, perchance, yet live to stand
Their poet's monument!

In the "Memoirs Illustrative of the History and Antiquities of the County and City of York. July, 1846, published by the Archæological Institute, will be found an interesting paper on this subject written

by the Rev. G. F. Tounsend, Vicar of Brantingham. Part I., pp. 12—17, Mr. Tounsend says, "It is reported that the soldiers were buried in one large mound on the field of battle, and that the Yorkists either in affection or in triumph, planted some rose-trees on the tombs of their countrymen. These mounds, through the lapse of four centuries, have worn nearly down to the level surface of the soil, but you may see a kind of circles in the field above the quarry which I have mentioned, and these circles are covered with patches and clusters of rose-trees. The rose is white, and now and then on the appearance of a pink spot on the flower, the rustic, happy in his legendary lore, traces the blood of Lancaster."

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LONDON:
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